



ATHENS THE MOLET-CROWNED

LILIAN WILDEING

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THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE

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THE JOY THAT NO MAN TAKETH FROM YOU

THE FLORENCE OF LANDOR

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LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, Poet and Friend

PARIS THE BEAUTIFUL

LIFE TRANFIGURED

THE BROWNINGS : Their Life and Art



THE NIKE, RESTORED

Frontispiece

ATHENS THE VIOLET-CROWNED

BY
LILIAN WHITING

AUTHOR OF "THE BROWNING'S: THEIR LIFE AND ART," "THE FLORENCE
OF LANDOR," "ITALY, THE MAGIC LAND," ETC.

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TO

FRANKLIN SIMMONS

(COMMENDATORE DELLA CORONA D'ITALIA)

WHOSE CLASSIC STATUES HAVE MADE GREEK SCULPTURES.
LIVE AGAIN

LILIAN WHITING.

ATHENS, May, 1913.

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*“Wherefore the city of the Violet Crown?”
One asked me, as the April sun went down;
Look round
And see the question answered.*

*For we were
Upon the summit of that battled square,
The rock of ruin, in whose fallen shrine
The world still worships what man made divine,
The maiden fane, that yet may boast the birth
Of half the immortalities of earth.
Cithaeron’s ridge and all the islands close
The mountain ring, like sapphires o’er the sea,
And from this circle’s heart aetherially
Springs the white altar of the land’s renown,
A marble lily in a violet crown.
And fairer crown had never queen than this
That girds thee round, far-famed Acropolis!
So of these isles, these mountains, and this sea,
I wove a crown of song to dedicate to thee.*

SIR RENNELL RODD.

ATHENS, THE VIOLET-CROWNED

I

ATHENS, THE VIOLET-CROWNED

“When we sailed from the blue Piræus
Under the Violet Crown,
The sun hung over the mast-head
Like Pallas, above the town.”

THE incomparable glory of Athens lies not only in her stupendous monumental art, as seen in the Parthenon, the temples of Olympian Zeus, of the Nike, the Horologium of Andronikus, the Erechtheum, the theater of Dionysius, and other mighty ruins of a great and historic past, but even more in her rich heritage of immortal power; in the influence upon all subsequent time of her poetry, philosophy, and art, and in a beautiful mythology whose significance permeated the national life and which contains the key to Hellenic history and the religious faith of the Greeks. One very curious fact is that the Athens of the golden age of Pericles and the Athens of the twentieth century join hands to-day across the gulf of more than two thousand years. Unlike

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Italy, Greece has had no Renaissance. To linger in the Athens of to-day is almost to solve one of those strange and intricate problems in Time that are presented in the brilliant philosophic concepts of Henri Bergson. Or one may fancy he has stepped on the magic wishing carpet of Teufelsdröckh, and, by some witchery, been transported to the Athens of the Golden Age. For the Hellenic capital to-day is dominated far more by her mighty Past than is either Rome or Florence. No such largely prevailing order of modern life has been grafted upon Athens. The solemn, majestic ruins of sacred temples have not been turned into picnic pastimes and utilized as the scenic background of modern festas. The motor-car is hardly seen in Athens. There are no fashionable drives. It has no Monte Pincio, no Villa Borghese, Monte Mario, or Janiculum; no Cascine; no Bois de Boulogne; no Central Park. Nor are the colossal ruins guarded by guide or custodian. There are no admission prices, no fees to reckon with, unless the visitor voluntarily engages a special guide of his own. The study of classic Rome is bought with a price. There are few scenes of the Roman past that are not matters of ceremonial admission. But the Spanish Steps are not more free to every passer-by in the Eternal City than are all the storied monuments of Athens to every visitor and student who comes

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and goes or comes and lingers, at his personal will. This fact in itself lends to the very atmosphere its significance in a manner peculiarly impressive. The temples of the gods are far removed from all question of trade or traffic. The very air is no more free. They are thus invested with that majesty that surrounds them with isolation from the common life. They are of the order of things that recognize no market-place.

“Earth gets its price for what heart gives us;
At the Devil’s booth are all things sold;
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
• • • • •
“T is Heaven alone that is given away,—
“T is only God may be had for the asking.”

Into these solitudes of the mighty Past the voices of earth do not penetrate. One may have in his life the music of the spheres, or the voices of earth; it is a question of choice; but the two do not mingle.

“Who loves the music of the spheres
And lives on earth, must close his ears
To many voices that he hears.”

The scenic grandeur of Athens is so entirely different from that of other countries in Europe as to demand a different order of descriptive terms. Beauty, grandeur, sublimity, are not wanting in Italy, Switzerland, and many other of the favorite lands of the traveler. But for

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the ineffable enchantment of sea and sky at Naples; the stately splendor of Rome; the picturesque towers and domes and historic old palaces or charming villas of Florence, with the indefinable loveliness of the landscape as seen from the heights of Bellosuardo or San Miniato,— for all these and many other of the especial happy hunting-grounds of the traveler and sojourner, it is possible to give a reason for one's rapture; but in this palpitating, shimmering, dazzling radiance of the Athenian scene one is only conscious of ethereal spaces. The ground, the buildings, are all white. The streets are of the glittering white of the Paris boulevard. The graceful pepper-trees with their swaying fringe line every street, turning it into an avenue embowered in green. The vast plain of Attica is accentuated by the Acropolis in the center, its noble temples seeming to fairly hang in the air like a vision disclosed of Paradise. Far away gleams the silver line of the sea; the peaks of Pentelicus and Hymettus sharply accentuate themselves against the line of the horizon; diagonally opposite the Acropolis rises Mount Lycabettus, over nine hundred feet high, crowned with the chapel of San Georgio; the lonely monument to Philopappus, on the summit of the hill bearing his name, is silhouetted against the melting blue of the sky;

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Mars Hill lies near the Acropolis; and encircling and guarding all, like solemn, spectral shades from some unexplored region of Persephone, is that Violet Crown of the mountains that enchanted the muse of Pindar. Sea and sky dominate, as they have always dominated, the Hellenic kingdom. The national epic of Greece is a story of maritime adventure; her great cities are all on the sea; and Greek civilization and Greek culture are inextricably interwoven with cruise and adventure. Every bay and gulf and inlet is still vocal with its legends of heroes who were companions of the gods. That Ulysses should

“. . . sail beyond the sunset
And the paths of all the western stars . . .”

is a part of the very fiber of local color and tradition.

In all these entralling temples closely associated and identified with the most glorious period of history in the ancient world, the visitor may wander and loiter at his own sweet will. Everything is open; everything is as free as the air. One hardly even encounters the professional guide, and if he is in evidence at all, it is only to courteously proffer a service, and, if declined, he does not further pursue. The persistence, if not the enthusiasm as well, of the guide that seems indigenous to the place in Italy, is in curious contrast to this gentle

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yielding. In Italy, you forgive the guide his unceasing persistence because of his inborn enthusiasm. "*Si, bella Napoli!*" you echo, as he pours out to you his ecstasies over the color and light and glory of the scene from the Posilipo, or share with him his ever-renewed joy in his *bella Venezia*. The Greek is otherwise constructed. He is thoughtful, serious, and while not unresponsive, he is less demonstrative. His gentle courtesy is beyond all description. If the half were told of the absolute nobility, the infinite sweetness and grace and generous self-forgetfulness of the character of the general populace of the Greeks of to-day, it would savor of exaggeration to a degree that those unfamiliar with these people would not fail to reprove. They would regard it with as great incredulity as they would an assertion of any literal acceptance of Grecian mythology. The visitor to Athens who has experienced this unfailing and abounding courtesy and exquisite gentleness, and the most generous aid possible for them to offer to the stranger in their midst, could only pray that those who decline to accept such statements at their face value may visit this marvelous country and thus acquire for themselves the same happy experience. The wanderers in the remote rural regions of Greece — our archæological pro-

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fessors and students who lead groups of scientific investigation into far lands amid the wild mountain fastnesses where life is seen only in its most primitive state—report the same generous and gentle courtesy on the part of the inhabitants. They will share with the veriest stranger of their best, whatever that may be. He is made as cordially welcome to their rude fireside as if he were a son or brother.

So deeply and so universally true is this characteristic of the Greek national character that it can hardly be too strongly emphasized. They are the people who, if you ask of them a mile, go with you twain. If you ask of them their coat, they desire to give their cloak also. There may be individual exceptions to this rule,—it would be almost incredible if there were not,—but a truthful record can be given in these pages only by distinctly saying that the writer has not only not experienced, personally, any exception to this prevailing loveliness of spirit, but has not, after somewhat extended inquiry among students, diplomats, sojourners, and general visitors to Greece, been able to learn of any authentic representation or experience to the contrary. A curious unselfishness, even unworldliness, in the shape of any greed of getting or gain, seems ingrained in the national character. There is a noble simplicity of life

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that appeals to all one's higher feelings. Even the little gratuities that the stranger proffers on the street in recognition of aid and courtesy are accepted more as gifts among mutual friends than as a fee for information or aid. The people are characterized by a beauty of spirit that renders it easy to believe in the high order of their social and political ideals. Dr. Gilbert Murray, the distinguished translator of the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides and the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, declares that in spiritual vividness and genuine culture no society in history has been so near to the highest side of our own civilization as that of the Athens of Plato and Pericles ; and the spirit of that age pervades the Athens of to-day.

It is rather an anomaly to find one's self studying a monumental art that antedates the Christian era in a city that is really less than eighty years of age. All the better architectural part of Athens has existed hardly more than half that time; for the city was merely a squalid Turkish village in 1835, while in 1913 Athens is a place of palaces and villas and good hotels, with every modern convenience, not to say much of the luxury of life. In her present architectural beauty there is little trace of the Turkish occupation or of the preceding Byzantine period. There is also little trace, many

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visitors think too little, of the semi-Oriental picturesqueness that has mostly vanished within even the past decade. The Hellenic capital is thus rather a bewildering problem in chronology. Her great ruins of antiquity are more in evidence than is the Forum in Rome; while, on the other hand, Rome preserves in her churches and massive, mediæval palaces, and such monumental structures as the Pantheon and the Castel San Angelo, an atmosphere of antiquity for which in Athens one looks in vain. Yet in the city of the Hellenes all the modern public buildings are dominated by the classic ideal, as they are not in Rome.

Athens is now a city of nearly two hundred thousand people, hardly one third the size of Rome, and the Piræus has some fifty thousand. The two towns have grown almost together, and the five miles of distance are bridged by an electric railway, with trains every half hour. Athens has an excellent degree of general prosperity and much wealth for the size of its population. An enlightened culture is in unmistakable evidence, and the spirit of the citizens does no discredit to the best traditions of the past. These traditions, indeed, are held inviolate, and they constitute a recognized, even if unformulated, standard of judgment. There is much beauty in some of the residential sec-

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tions, though a veracious chronicle must admit that the royal palace is almost the least attractive of any residence in Athens. The villas of the crown prince (now King Constantine) and of Prince Nicholas and some others are far more attractive.

Constitution Square is the civic center and the visitor's point of departure when he first essays to see Athens. It is hardly larger than Copley Square in Boston, and, unlike that famous *locale*, memorable as the votive sacrifice of the Bostonians to all experimental theories of art and architecture that the mind of the modern Athenian could conceive, it is a *bona fide* square and not a series of more or less unrelated triangles. It is in part laid out as a garden, and from the side on which the royal palace stands a flight of terraced steps, guarded by two antique bronze statues, descends to where orange-trees, oleanders, and palms make shade for the many seats. In the Square an orchestra plays a salute to the Greek flag every morning between eleven and twelve. The place received its name from the fact that the new constitution of Greece was proclaimed, in 1843, from the Doric portico of the palace. The royal residence seems to have been built for usefulness rather than for decorative purposes; it is a plain, three-storied structure, which is usually

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open to visitors after three each day, though there is not much of interest to see. The palace has not had time to become historic. The visitor with propensities for visiting royal residences must make the most of some rather ordinary mural paintings in the queen's chapel; of the historic decorations in the Hall of the Sacred War; a statue of the virtuous Penelope, and a silver-gilt font in the private chapel of the king. The list of attractions is by no means thrilling, but it is supplemented by the royal gardens, designed by Queen Amalie, which are opened to the public on certain days of the week. Near Constitution Square is St. Nicodemus, the Russian church and the most imposing one in Athens, with a deep-toned bell of musical sound, a gift from Alexander II. An English church, consecrated in 1842 by the bishop of Gibraltar, with a memorial window bearing an inscription written by Mr. Gladstone, is much frequented by the English residents of Athens. There are a few handsome private villas on the Square, some of the more attractive shops, the two finest hotels, and a bookstore that charms the heart of the book-lover, and the money out of his purse as well. For of all the large and splendid assortments of foreign literature, French, German, Italian, Russian, and English, besides the more limited supply in Greek, this shop is

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famous. Comparatively few books are published in Greece, and French is the literature most widely read. Nearly every one speaks French, and German is generally comprehended. There are not wanting shops where English is understood, and in both the Hotel d'Angleterre and the Grande Brétagne English speech prevails. Besides losing one's heart to the books in this splendid collection, one also loses it to the photographs. And for that, who can forget the charm of long morning lingerings in the photograph gallery of Alexander Simiriotes,—with its superb collections of all the monumental antiquities, the modern classic buildings, and landscape views of Athens; the archaic art in the National Museum, in the Museum of the Acropolis, and at Delhi, Olympia, Sparta, and Eleusis. To say nothing of the paradise of classic postal cards, which one feels he would rather go without shoes than not possess. To have the strength of mind to loiter over these photographs and reserve money enough for a return voyage argues discretion that may well be envied. The ingenious one is fertile in devising future economies which may authorize his present extravagances, and the more remotely in the future he may assign his economies, the more touching is the self-sacrifice they represent. The descent of Avernus is not more

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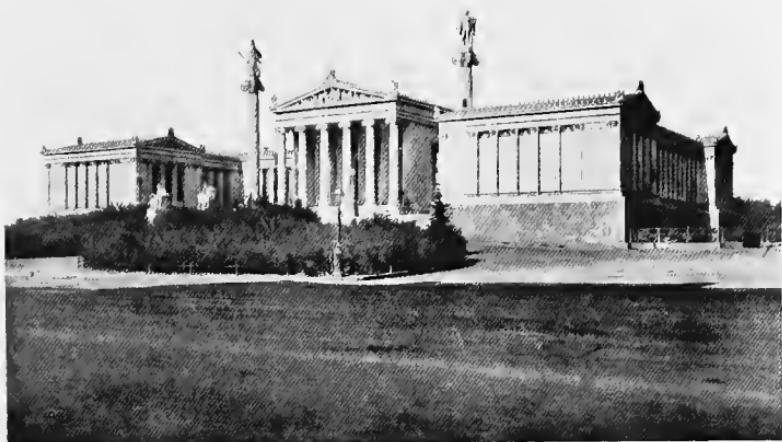
easy than the contemplation of the economies one will practice year after next.

There is a travelers' tradition that any one can see Athens three times over within three days. But this supernatural celerity in acquainting one's self with the Hellenic capital depends on just what one means by seeing it. To catch Pegasus in the modern guise of a motor-car, and go over the Acropolis in the morning, and to Marathon and return in the afternoon; to see the museums, the old Dipylon, and the exterior, if not the interior, of the university, the library, and other modern places, is all quite possible in a limited time; but it is more even than the "seeing eye" that determines the real seeing of the Grecian capital. No Baedeker or Murray can index or predict the things which each may behold. They are never duplicated and each traveler encounters his own peculiar assortment. Nor can he any more predict their nature for himself than he could for another. They are such stuff as dreams are made of. But it is safe to say that, whatever aspect they assume, they are that which will remain to him unforgotten of his visit to Athens.

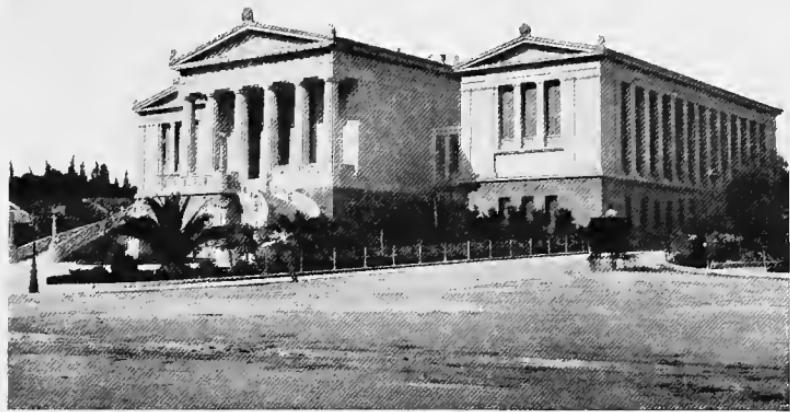
He first encounters that stupendous and awful ruin, the temple of Olympian Zeus, with the unroofed, isolated columns of fabulous propor-

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tions. Near these columns, under the blue sky, that arch, the Arch of Hadrian! The impression is almost more than one can bear, and in very self-preservation he turns away to the opposite side of Constitution Square to that beautiful modern thoroughfare, the Boulevard de l'Université; there are the group of buildings, three adjoining—the library, the university, and the Academy of Science—all built of Pentelic marble, with classic porticoes supported by Ionic columns, surrounded by spacious gardens adorned with semi-tropical plants and shrubs and a riotous growth of flowers. The pediments of each building are ornamented with sculptures; the porticoes are rich in mural painting and gilding. In front two lofty, Ionic pillars, twenty-five feet in height, are crowned with statues, in heroic size, of Apollo and Athena. On either side the entrance, on pedestals, are statues of Plato and Socrates. The principal salon of the academy is exquisitely decorated with paintings representing the legend of Prometheus. The story is told in eight scenes: the first reveals Themis prophesying to her son his own future; there follows that of Prometheus lighting his torch in the presence of the goddess Athena; his rash act in breathing life into men, notwithstanding all the warnings of Epimetheus; the portrayal of Zeus and the Titans;



THE ACADEMY, ATHENS



THE LIBRARY, ATHENS

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Prometheus bringing down fire from heaven for the use of mortals; the captivity of the god, and the mourning Oceanides; Hercules giving to Prometheus his freedom, and his final introduction to Olympus. The series is a notable one in mural art, and not unworthy of comparison with the wonderful series in the Panthéon of Paris, whose *motif* is the portrayal of scenes in the life of Sainte Geneviève, who is believed to watch over her city, the French capital, as does Athena over that of the Hellenic kingdom. In the closing picture of the series in the Panthéon, Puvis de Chavannes has shown Sainte Geneviève as an aged woman, standing on the plain outside her city, whose lights gleam in the distance, forever keeping guard. But the goddess Athena never grows old. She is held in Athens enshrined in immortal youth.

The academy was the munificent gift of the late Baron Sina of Vienna, and in this salon of mural decorations is also a portrait statue of this benefactor of Athens. Both the statue of Baron Sina and the groups outside are the work of Drosos, a contemporary sculptor of Greece. There are four statues in front of the university: the patriarch, Gregory; Rhigas, the poet of freedom; Koräis, the philologist; and Mr. Gladstone. The principal lecture salon is called the “Aula,” and the walls are covered

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with the portraits of all the professors and scholars who have lectured there. The university comprises four distinct faculties, — those of theology, philosophy, jurisprudence, and medicine. It also includes the institutes of chemistry, physics, and anatomy; a museum of natural history, with extensive collections made in Greece; a palaeontological cabinet, and an observatory, located on the Pnyx, which dated back to 1842, and was also the gift of Baron Sina, whose name is indissolubly linked with Greek scholarship. Dr. Julian Smith was, for more than forty years, the director of this observatory. Later, another observatory was built on the Hill of the Nymphs, with a larger telescope and more complete equipment, fitted up with the latest seismographic apparatus, and with greater facilities for stellar photography. This observatory had the good fortune to secure Dr. Aiginetes as its director, under whom its staff has made some important contributions to the data of astronomical knowledge. The perfectly transparent air and the cloudless nights of Athens offer exceptionally advantageous conditions for many forms of research work in the heavens. This later observatory is located on the site of the ancient temple of Artemis, which is said to have been founded by Themistocles.

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The faculty of the University of Athens includes more than one hundred professors, of whom many are distinguished figures in the world of scholarship. Here, as at other of the great universities, eminent men from abroad, the savant from Berlin, Oxford, Vienna, Harvard, or Yale are invited each year to give special courses of lectures. Yale has been in rather special personal relations with university work in Athens, and the university of Michigan, through the renown of Professor D'Ooge, a distinguished classicist who holds a chair in that university and who is a familiar figure in Athens, is, like Yale, in close relationship with the faculty in the Grecian capital. The courses of lectures given by these men invited from abroad are open to citizens as well as students, and are always crowded by cultured and highly appreciative audiences. The university has an annual attendance of some twenty-five hundred students, women as well as men, for it is open to both on the same terms. Twenty years ago there were but two women enrolled; but the number of applicants constantly increases, and of late more than twenty women receive their degree each year. On account of the war, the university was closed for the year of 1912-1913, and its halls left desolate, as all the faculty and nearly all the male students had

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gone to the battle-fields. A few of the women students, also, begged to accompany the queen, the Princess Marie, Madame Schliemann, and her daughter-in-law, Madame Agamemnon Schliemann, with other of the great ladies of Athens, to the scenes of war, where they followed the ambulances and gave themselves to works of mercy. The alacrity with which the men of the university left their studies to devote themselves to the cause of Greece revealed that the spirit of Marathon and Thermopylæ lives in the Athenian youth of to-day.

In the Boulevard de l'Université is also the Arsakion, or Woman's College, dating from 1835; and while many women now prefer entering the university, the Arsakion is yet abreast with the times, and continues to offer opportunities of true excellence and breadth of culture. Education has always been one of the most ardent interests of the Greeks, an interest that increases with the growth of modern life; and the ideal of Plato that the objects of education are not so much those of sense, or of the material needs of life, or of obtaining success in the world, as they are to be found in righteousness, temperance, and of judgments to come,—this ideal has by no means been lost to sight. An English classicist, writing recently on the advantages possessed by the ancient Greeks in

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training their minds, points out that there were three of these quite unknown in contemporary life, each of which was something with which to reckon: first, that a very moderate income would keep a family in comfort; second, the "demon of competition" had not invaded their midst; and, again, they were not lured into taking long journeys, as all that was worth seeing lay within easy reach. "The huge amount of time spent in travel by Americans," adds this commentator on the best means for gaining success in life, "is perhaps one of the most serious obstacles to their intellectual development." Which last observation may give food for reflection to a nation whose people are the most accomplished travelers in the world.

A signal factor in the general development and nobler influence in Athens, when the city was only beginning to emerge from the paralyzing grasp of the Turkish power, was the Hill School, founded sixty years ago by Dr. and Mrs. Hill, who were American missionaries. They opened their school in a Turkish house with four pupils; there was no attempt at proselyting, but the teachers devoted themselves to education in its best sense, and they lived with warm and generous friendship and good will to all the populace. When Phillips Brooks visited Athens in 1866 he wrote, in a letter to

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his brother:¹ "Last Sunday I preached twice for Dr. Hill in the church of St. Paul. The doctor is a noble man, and has done more for Greece than all its poor politicians of the last twenty years put together."

At the Arsakion the courses for women students include ancient and modern Greek, and also the Romance languages; the students are well grounded in Latin, and they pursue psychology, philosophy, history, ancient and modern; and especial attention is given to the reading of Homer, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Plato, that the students may be familiarized with the very spirit of Greek life.

Nothing could more truly indicate the national zeal for education than the ardor shown by poor boys for the night schools, which have been established under the auspices of the Parnassus Society. Instruction in these is given between six and nine every evening, when the class-rooms are thronged by more than two thousand boys: bootblacks, apprentices of trade, messengers, and workers of all kinds.

The group of university buildings is completed with the library, a gift to Athens, as is the academy, the donor being M. Vallianos of Kephallenia, whose name is fittingly perpetuated by a portrait statue placed near the entrance.

¹ *Life of Phillips Brooks.* E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

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The list of books exceeds a quarter of a million volumes; it is choice in selection, and it unites the former National Library with that of the university, to the advantage of both. Many of the eminent scholars from all nations are drawn to Athens by the privileges of this library alone; for, besides many volumes of rare works, some of which are not duplicated anywhere, this library contains over twenty-four hundred manuscripts, a large portion of which are among the priceless treasures of the world.

Aside from the almost unparalleled resources of the University Library, there is the Library of Parliament, which, though not enshrined in the artistic and architectural splendor of the Library of Congress of the United States, is a feature possessing great interest to statesmen and to antiquarian students. This *Bibliothèque de la Chambre des Députés Hellénique*, as it is officially termed, is open only during the sessions of Parliament. The *Conservateur* (librarian) is M. Panagistes D. Kalogeropoulos, who is himself a great savant and a noted collector of rare books and editions. These have assumed such formidable proportions that M. Kalogeropoulos has taken a villa expressly to house his collection, and he is characteristically hospitable in permitting access to these treasures

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to the accredited visitor who may be eager to examine one of the famous book collections of the world. The cordial welcome of M. Kalogeropoulos to visitors to the library of the *Chambre des Députés*, and his readiness to grant all possible privileges and assistance, render a sojourn in Athens during the sessions more interesting and valuable than at any other time.

In the Boulevard de l'Université is one Catholic church, of striking architectural beauty, with flights of terraced marble steps; this thoroughfare abounds, also, in handsome private residences, chief among which is the "Palace of Ilium," the magnificent villa built by Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, the renowned archæologist, whose discoveries have not only enriched the world with a marvelous extension of scientific knowledge, but have also, as Dr. Walter Leaf points out, actually re-created pre-historic Greek archaeology.

The statue of Mr. Gladstone among the sculptures that ornament the terraced approach to the academy is connected with an interesting little story which is narrated by his biographer, Sir John Morley,¹ in the greatest work in modern biographical literature, whose three volumes

¹ *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone.* The Macmillan Company, London and New York.

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not only tell the complete story of the life of Mr. Gladstone, but depict the political panorama of Great Britain as well, for a period covering nearly sixty years. This statue was placed before the academy in 1882, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's service in the House of Commons. For the great British statesman has ever been held by Greece as one of her benefactors, as well as one of the most distinguished of Philhellenes; and when it was made known to him that Athens desired to commemorate this notable anniversary of his Parliamentary career, he wrote (under date of December 22, 1882) a letter, quoted in Sir John's biography, in which he said, in part:

“. . . I know not well how to accept it, yet I am still less able to decline it, when I read the touching lines of the accompanying address, in itself an ample token, in which you have so closely associated my name with the history and destinies of your country. I am not vain enough to think that I have deserved any of the numerous acknowledgments which I have received, especially from the Greeks, after completing half a century of Parliamentary life. Your over-estimate of my deeds ought rather to humble than to inflate me. But to have labored within the measure of justice for the Greeks of the future, is one of my happiest political recollections, and to have been trained in a partial knowledge of the Greeks of the past,

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has largely contributed to whatever slender faculties I possess for serving my own country or my kind. I earnestly thank you for your indulgent judgment. . . .”

It was in 1858 that Mr. Gladstone visited Athens for the first time, and of this visit Sir John says:

“Mr. Gladstone’s impressions were probably those of most travelers educated enough to feel the spell of the Violet Crown. Illusions as to the eternal summer with which the poets have blessed the Isles of Greece vanished as he found deep snow in the streets, icicles on the Parthenon, and snowballing on the Acropolis. He had a reception only a shade less cordial than if he had been Demosthenes returned. He dined with King Otho, and attended a Te Deum in honor of the Queen’s birthday.” . . .

Athens is fairly embowered in the graceful pepper-trees that line the streets, which are brilliantly green in the summer, and are blazing with red berries in the autumn. When in full leaf, the effect is a little bewildering as each street looks precisely alike, the residences being nearly all detached villas, each standing in its own grounds and almost hidden by the foliage. The passionate pilgrim who is given to sauntering does not find very favorable conditions for his peregrinations in the Greek capital. The sidewalks are mostly limited to the streets of



DOUBLE RELIEF FROM PHALERON-ECHELOS

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trade and traffic, and the bare ground is either dusty or muddy, with little choice between the two. The soil is so mixed with stone and gravel as to dry swiftly, and the famous little river Ilissus, forever enshrined in Plato's *Phædrus*, almost disappears in its sandy bed during the summer.

The water supply of Athens is one of the most pressing problems of the city at the present time. It is now brought from Mount Parnes, twelve miles distant, and, curiously, it is partially conveyed by the very aqueduct built by the Emperor Hadrian; but the quantity is insufficient, and there is a project to supply the city from Lake Stymphalia in the Peloponnesus.

Athens is fairly well supplied with tramway systems, the chief fault of which is that such comparatively short spaces constitute a line, that within a distance of three miles one changes cars (and lines) as many times. The fares are as moderate as in Italy, but their multiplication by reason of the short courses brings them up to more than is paid, on an average, in American cities. The electric tram-line to the Piræus and the electric railroad have done much towards building up the country between Athens and her port. There is also a tram-line running to Phaleron, which is much used in the summer.

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There are few motor-cars to be seen in Athens, and the carriage service is poor and inadequate.

The cost of living is more of a problem than even in the United States or in England. Every domestic requisite is almost twice the price that it is anywhere else. The well-to-do people import all their necessities from London or Paris, and their clothing as well. By ordering supplies in large quantities annually, or semi-annually, even the added cost of transportation does not make the order as expensive as it would be if the same articles were purchased in Athens. For the poorer classes who cannot do this the alternative is disastrous, but inevitable; and they must either go without or pay rates that they can ill afford. This condition would be greatly improved if through rail connections could be established.

Greece is not a productive country, although in Thessaly wheat grows well; but the rugged conformation makes but a comparatively small area possible for agricultural purposes. Yet a far greater cause of the small production is to be found in the nature of the people. The Greeks are not so industrial as are the Italians and, pre-eminently, the Swiss. The Italian, on his little *podere*, perhaps on a rugged hillside, will have his thriving market-garden, and raise poultry to the extent that supplies all Italy

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with the chicken that so invariably accompanies the salad in an Italian dinner; but the Greek does not take kindly to industrial pursuits. Labor is scarce, and the quality poor. A French author who visited Greece some years ago declared that the country seemed to desire before all else to produce academicians, philosophers, poets; after these, perhaps, carpenters and blacksmiths, and the assertion is not so far removed from literal truth. Of late years, however, the government has been making great efforts to increase the pursuit of agriculture and to that end has established several stations under the ministry, — in Attica, Elis, Patras, Missolonghi, Corfu, and other places, — at which experimental agriculture is demonstrated, and “model farming” taught. The station at one of these points, that of Attica, is further equipped with a chemical laboratory; and in Athens an Academy of Commerce and Industry is established and engaged in constant and effective work. At present the most productive industries of Greece are the vintage, the olive orchards, and the raising of currants, which latter, on the island of Zante, is a most prosperous business. The Polytechnic School in Athens is contributing largely to the purpose of elevating labor to the status of scientific pursuits.

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The prevailing national tendency towards all that makes for the dignity and high breeding and noble culture of life has always persisted with the Greeks, through all the tragic vicissitudes of their history. It is hardly too sweeping an assertion to say that every Greek, first, last, and always, is a gentleman in the essential qualities of character.

“We teach our children to treat people well,” said a native of Corfu, casually encountered on the summit of Mount Lycabettus, to the writer of this book. “The most important thing we know of to teach our children is to treat people well!”

The man was a typical Greek of the less fortunate, or perhaps more truly speaking, the less prosperous order. For one can hardly consent to regard a man of such fine natural qualities and such splendid intelligence as less than fortunate. “I, myself, am good fortune,” said Whitman; and it can truly be held as an attribute of personality rather than an affair of surroundings and possessions. Like another Telemachus, this man had been voyaging the seas, and he had worked his way around the world. His touching little story revealed facts not altogether flattering for an American to hear of his own country; for the poor man’s apparel was so far inferior to his intelligence

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and his native goodness, and the apparel being visible while the intelligence and the goodness were apparently invisible to the Americans among whom he was thrown in crossing the country from New York to California, that his sensibilities were constantly wounded by the ill treatment he received. His exceeding courtesy, the characteristic courtesy of the Greek, made him profess to a sudden desire to descend the mountain slope at the precise time that his guidance would be valuable to an American woman whose inquiries he answered in the best of English; and encouraged by the interest manifested, he told his story. On reaching the highway below, where his assistance was no longer needed, it was only by putting the matter somewhat delicately as a wish to send a little present to his wife, to whom he was on his way at their home in Corfu, that he could be induced to accept a slight gratuity for his aid. It was in connection with his own wanderings, his personal *Odyssey*, that he vehemently exclaimed: "We Greeks teach our children to treat everybody well. We do not judge a man by his clothes. My clothing was poor, and the Americans looked down on me and thought it did not make any difference the way they spoke to me." And his eyes flashed, not with anger, but with a sense of injustice that it is not dif-

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ficult to understand. A crown prince could not have offered aid to a wandering tourist more courteously and with more unobtrusive delicacy than did this Greek sailor of Corfu. This instance is but a typical one of the universal experience within the domain of the Hellenes. Never were a people more superbly hospitable, more lavishly generous, more exquisitely polite, manifesting every essential of good breeding, than the average rank and file of the Greek nation. Indeed, one cannot but feel that their majestic traditions, their noble language, their all-prevailing, religious feeling, are transmitted through all the twenty centuries of past upheaval and tumult. It would hardly be possible to exaggerate this universal and all-pervading Greek courtesy. An eminent clergyman of a former day in New England once gravely remarked that the world, as yet, had "never *tried* Christianity," as the simple, working-day formula of practical life. The assertion echoes back to one, with its encompassing speculative suggestion, when journeying among such people as the contemporary Greeks, where the spirit we associate with ideal Christianity is so constantly met, with its gracious manifestation of human ministries.

These generous courtesies touch one the more, it may be, in that the life of poorer laborers is

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one of hardship and extreme privation. The average wage hardly exceeds three or four drachmas a day (the drachma corresponding to the French *franc* and the Italian *lire*), and seven drachmas a day are considered high wages. The food of the toilers is very frugal, but apparently healthful. Black coffee and bread are for breakfast, as in France and Italy; a noonday meal is of bread and olives, to which may be added a little fruit; and at night the family sit about a meal of boiled rice, bread, and olives; if honey is added, it confers quite a sense of luxury, and there are sometimes wild greens, and grapes in the vintage season. They hardly taste meat other than at Christmas, Easter, and to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption in August. The Greek laborer seldom has milk, eggs, or butter, and while at first Greece would be considered a grazing country and one in which cattle would be a special feature of agricultural life, yet with more extended study of natural resources it is recognized that it is too mountainous for animals aside from the sheep and goat. In some parts of Greece, as in the island of Crete, goat's milk is often found. The Greeks are an exceedingly temperate people, and while their wine-shops abound, they are, as a rule, as innocent as are the American soda-fountain counters. The characteristic intelli-

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gence of all the laboring classes, their passion for reading newspapers, and for discussing such questions of the day as come within their knowledge, redeem the scanty material resources of life, and differentiate them entirely from the ordinary peasant class of continental Europe. The traveler through all the isolated, little mountain towns and farming regions can offer his entertainers nothing so acceptable as the Greek newspapers. All these people are deeply religious by temperament, and churches and wayside chapels for worship abound all over Greece.

The number of monasteries in Greece has greatly decreased of late years, although they are still to be found, some twenty-five, perhaps, being in fairly prosperous condition, and sheltering a little community of monks who work on the estate, and act as hosts to passing travelers, who can usually get a meal, or even a night's or a week's lodging, if unencumbered by feminine tourists. In a few of these monasteries are rare books and manuscripts which allure clerical and scientific visitors. Convents are not unknown, although there are very few; and both the monks and the nuns are under a general supervision of the Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs. The Mohammedans are not largely in evidence in Greece, although they have two or



THE ERECHTHEUM



BALUSTRADE OF THE THEATRE OF DIONYSUS

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three centers, the most important one being at Larissa. Here and there a mosque is found, but even these are not invariably used for their original purpose.

In Athens the clergy form a distinctive and a very impressive feature of the out-of-door life. The priests, with their long cloaks falling in sculpturesque folds, and their tall silk hats, are constantly met with in the streets and all public places. Many of them have long, flowing beards and look as if they might be the patriarchs of the Bible. The striking resemblance that some of them bear to certain portraits of the Christ is often remarked by visitors in Athens. The priests are singularly devout in feeling, and their demeanor suggests a strong contrast to much of the apparent indifference to rites and ceremonials with which the church ritual in Italy is often attended. The evident detachment of the officiating priesthood from any personal interest in the service, which is often remarked by those who attend the vesper service at St. Peter's in Rome, is seldom, if ever, encountered in the Greek church. The ceremonies of the Greek ritual are very splendid and imposing. The churches are without seats, although, as in the cathedrals in other countries of Europe, chairs are placed for a portion of the congregation, but the men, as a rule, stand dur-

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ing the entire service. They join fervently in the singing, and the effect is often that of the most rich and majestic choral harmony. The churches are always open, and they are seldom without worshipers, who enter to kneel in prayer before the shrines, and to make the rounds of all the pictures that can be reached, each one of which the devotee kisses with fervor.

The Easter festival, whose observances are so dimmed in Rome that hardly more than the tradition of former splendor survives, is celebrated in Athens with great pomp and magnificence of pageantry. Constitution Square is the center of all interest on Easter eve, a raised platform being placed on the side adjoining the royal palace, on which the king and all the royal family, the Prime Minister, and the Cabinet assemble to await the coming of the Metropolitan, as the head of the Greek church is entitled. The populace of the city throng the Square, each person bearing an unlighted candle. The Metropolitan, robed in all the splendor of his ecclesiastical vestments, advances, followed by a long train of his clergy, the priests clad in their richest robes. The vast assemblage bows, hushed and silent, when the Metropolitan announces: "Christ is risen!" A great response rings out: "He is risen, indeed!" Then all the people unite in singing the "Kyrie Eleison;"

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and at midnight each candle is lighted, and they all proceed to their homes, singing. There is not perhaps in the civilized world any celebration of a religious rite so impressive as that of the Easter eve in Athens.

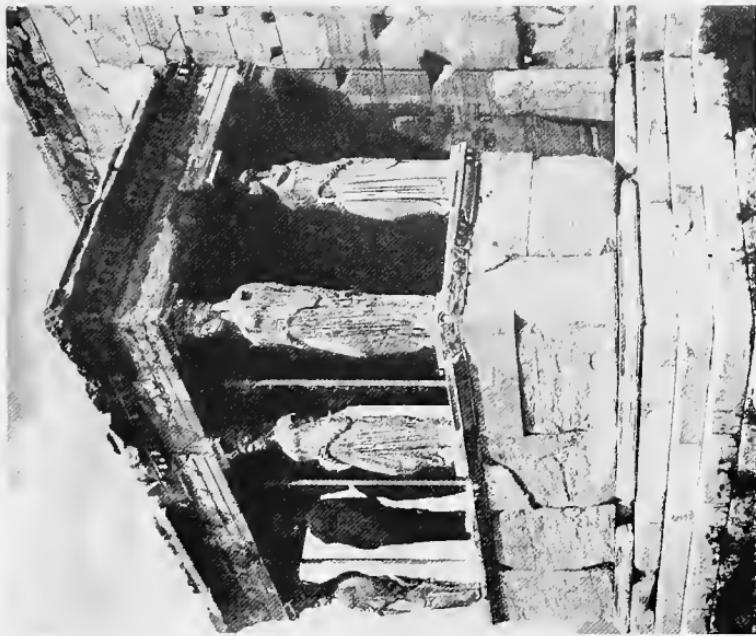
Much has been told of the funeral customs of the Greeks, and especially of their carrying of the dead in an open casket through the streets. Formerly this was done with the dead, at times, even in a sitting position; but this has now hardly been seen for many years, and the custom of the open casket is largely discontinued. When it is still seen, the lid of the casket is carried by the nearest male relative or friend, who thus leads the procession. The ecclesiastics in their funeral robes, with the family and friends, on foot, are followed by a train of empty carriages and the empty hearse; behind these comes the body of the dead, the head slightly raised that the passer-by may see the features. The face is always kept towards the east. The lavish masses of flowers, in all manner of beautiful devices, yet make the strange procession one of inevitable loveliness. So rapidly, however, is Athens becoming fully Europeanized, that while the more archaic funeral customs may linger on for a time in the provinces, they will hardly be seen in the capital.

When a city is in a condition of such rapid

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transition as is Athens, there is difficulty in being accurate in any attempt at descriptive detail; the spectacle witnessed to-day has vanished by to-morrow, not to be seen again. From that thoroughfare of modern beauty, the Boulevard de l'Université, to the ceramicus (the ancient cemetery) within the Dipylon Gate, is spanned a gulf of twenty-seven centuries. The high degree of the civilization of antiquity, as revealed by the work of excavations constantly being carried on, contrasts strangely with the advancement made during the ages that lie between.

An extensive series of excavations made under Dr. Dörpfeld's instructions, in the rocky hillside of the Pynx, near the Acropolis, brought to light a complete chain of cisterns, wells, and channels cut through the rock for the purpose of conveying water from the mountains to a great aqueduct. Even the laws pertaining to modern hydraulics had been utilized in this undertaking. There were few problems of life for which the ancient Greek did not apparently have a solution. No student of Hellenism can fail to hold an increasing appreciation of the greatness of the race at the time of Pericles. While the present dominates the past, even as the future dominates the present, the estimate of all the ancient skill and knowledge will be held in persistent recognition.



CARYATIDS, THE ACROPOLIS



THE PARTHENON

ATHENS, THE VIOLET-CROWNED

The restorations that are now being made on the Acropolis will still further impress the modern visitor with the marvel of the life of twenty-five centuries ago. The north porch of the Erechtheum has been completely restored to its historic beauty. There is even a dream, which is taking shape, and form, and purpose, and is not merely such stuff as dreams are made of,—a dream of restoring the Parthenon to its historic and incomparable beauty. Yet where is the Pheidias who could re-create the chryselephantine statue of the divine Athena and that of Olympian Jove?

Athens is distinctively modern and not antique. It would be a strange sight to see the architecture of the Acropolis reproduced, springing from the twentieth century, a very miracle, as Minerva sprang from the brain of Zeus. Yet no true seer would dare limit his prophetic vision of contemporary achievement. We are in a miracle age, and all Athens is pervaded by a sense of creation rather than of decay, of construction rather than destruction. The people have the aspect of expectant and ardent interest in present activities that conduce to the growth of their city, rather than any air of the mere contemplation of a city long since vanished. The modern Athenian admits no gulf between the age of Pericles and the age of Con-

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stantine, the new king; and if the Greek chiefly absorbed at this time in the recon-
stitution of the kingdom of the Hellenes, the-
by no means oblivious to the ideal Repub-
Plato; nor are they, one may infer, entirely
out faith in the ultimate realization of c-
tions which, if not identical with those
Plato's dream, may yet be as noble, in the bring-
ing up of their new and wonderful king.
The Greeks are never a people who would
beish because of the lack of vision; and vision
George Eliot well observes, "are the creators
and feeders of mankind." The Greeks regard
their task as not only that of guarding faithfully
the great traditions of their mighty past,
supreme attainment won and completed;
they see in those traditions the ideals to be
further developed and embodied in the re-
tions of the future.

II

SAUNTERINGS AND SURPRISES

“Radianc, violet-crowned, by minstrels sung,
Bulwark of Hellas, Athens illustrious.”

PINDAR.

TRULY Athens is a place to tempt the saunterer. It is not only that the very air thrills with heroic and consecrated associations; that the splendor and purity of coloring on hillside and plain and sea enchant the eye; that the grandeur of violet-crowned mountains and the spell of classic association lend their glory to enthrall the spirit; not alone that, as so vividly interpreted in song by Sir Rennell Rodd (now the Ambassador to Italy from Great Britain), in poems¹ which sing themselves into companionship to the visitor in Athens, where Sir Rennell pictures

“Parnes, Hymettos, and Pentelicon
Show shadowy violet in the after-rose,
Cithæron’s ridge and all the islands close
The mountain ring, like sapphire o’er the sea;”

it is not only that one sees the Acropolis, as does the poet, as “A marble lily in a violet crown,” in those encircling mountains of the Attic plain; but the entire atmosphere is vocal

¹ *The Violet Crown.* Edward Arnold, London.

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with legend and song, and the dead centuries bloom again. There is a sense of freedom as if one were let loose in starry spaces. A first morning stroll in Athens will forever after pre-figure itself as an unique event in life, incomparable and unrivaled, one that must record itself as a definite date in the onward pilgrimage of experience. The traveler is encompassed round about by the glory that has illuminated the world. It is that radiance

“. . . of suns that have long since set,
And the glory of summers that are not yet.”

The marvelous Hill is not remote from Constitution Square; a ten minutes' stroll up Philhellenes Street, along which one fares forth as naturally, after all, as if he were taking a morning walk down Piccadilly or Fifth Avenue, he is conscious of no special dividing line between this and all the chain of former experiences, and yet a definite line is crossed, and he is in Athens!

“We cross an unseen line
And lo! another zone.”

It is all natural, and yet it is all a dream. Philhellenes Street is in no way unusual; there are modest little villas, each in its own grounds; there are apartment houses that might be seen in any American town; there are a few humble shops; but in this spring of 1913 there are many

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soldiers to be met, and this is the first actual evidence of the war whose battle-fields are so far away.

With the first sight of the mighty ruins of the temple of Olympian Zeus, the wanderer leaves the twentieth century behind and enters upon the world of the past, as he gazes at these colossal columns that still stand, roofless, desolate, and yet invested with dim memories of scenes and occasions that have vanished with the ages; past the Zappeion, with its display of present Greek industries that contrast strangely with that mighty ruin of ancient days; leaving behind the Public Gardens, rich in flowering grace, with a memorial statue of Lord Byron gleaming white amid the greenery; and pausing only at the mighty Arch of Hadrian. The inscription arrests the eye and the footsteps. "This is Athens, the old city of Theseus," is recorded on one side. "This is the city of Hadrian, and not of Theseus," meets the gaze on the reverse side. Yet it is on the former side that the city has grown, as if the gods in mockery had rebuked the vaulting ambition of the Roman emperor. Does he sleep well, after life's fitful fever, in his splendid mausoleum on the banks of the Tiber? It was his ambition to link his own name inseparably with that of the classic city of Theseus. Surely, ambition might

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take a more ignoble form. In the chronicles of Pausanias the reader is surprised to find how numerous and how magnificent were the structures erected in Athens by Hadrian. One of these was a creation of Phrygian marble, with an hundred columns; another was a massive pile of architecture supported by almost numberless pillars of Libyan marble. There are tales of a library whose walls were of alabaster and whose roof was gilded, all trace of which has vanished; but the Stoa of Hadrian, a splendid colonnade, may still be traced.

The stupendous temple of Olympian Zeus, known as the Olympieion, dates from the reign of Hadrian; it was originally founded by Pisisstratus, about the year 530 b.c., but it was completed in all its fabulous richness by Hadrian, and consecrated four hundred years after its first beginning. The vast temple stood on a raised terrace, approached by three steps; there were one hundred and four Corinthian columns, arranged in double rows of twenty each on the sides, and in triple rows at the ends; these columns were over fifty-six feet in height, and more than five feet in diameter. The temple contained a chryselephantine statue of Zeus, a statue of Hadrian, and is said to have held "a forest of statues" besides. Fifteen of these columns are still standing; time has transformed

ATHENS, THE VIOLET-CROWNED

their marble whiteness into a glowing gold; each splendid column is elaborately carved with Corinthian capitals, and through the spaces between one gazes at Mount Hymettus, and discerns glimpses of the blue sea. This terrace is in close proximity to the Arch of Hadrian; it is at the very edge of the Zappeion Garden, with its bewildering luxuriance of palm-trees, acacias, drooping pepper-trees, and rose-hued oleanders, while in the near distance the dark cypresses that define the tomb of Dr. Schliemann are seen as a shadow against a luminous sky. Though the tide of life flows past the street, yet these remaining columns seem to stand in a solitary state, as if inaccessible to the visitor.

“In May, when oleanders bloom,”

is the time to wander in this solemn and silent ruin, which eludes all intimacy; though one may touch the huge columns, he yet feels they are afar in space. Against the brilliant sky shines the Acropolis, crowned with that ethereal Parthenon. Hills resplendent in color lure the eye towards Phaleron by the sea; Pentelicus, Hymettus, and Lycabettus lift their towering heads as if watching over the Attic plain. Is there borne on the air as of distant music an invocation of Pindar’s to the loveliness of Athens? Thus runs this *chanson*:

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“The portals of the hours open wide, and growing plants, now nectar sweet, perceive the advent of the fragrant spring; then on earth shower the tufts of violets; then in the hair the roses are entwined.”

The love of the ancient Greeks for their city is not the least of the impressions received by the visitor. They adorned it with every form of art. They idolized its beauty; they revered its spirit. “Know that our city has the greatest name among all men,” said Thucydides, “because she never yields to misfortune. And even should we ever be compelled to yield a little, for it is nature’s way that all things bloom to suffer loss, there will abide a memory that we made our dwelling-place to be a city dowered with all things, and the mightiest of all.”

All these noble ruins, these temples, the Acropolis, all the museums, everything that the visitor to Athens desires to see, is entirely free. Not an entrance fee from first to last does one find. In the National Museum are notices telling the visitors that fees are forbidden. Although this condition in Athens was intimated in the preceding chapter, it is so unusual, so unparalleled, indeed, that it may warrant renewed emphasis.

Eleusis, the scene of the Mysteries, is within



BAS-RELIEFS FROM MANTINEA. APOLLO, MARYAS, AND MUSES

National Museum

ATHENS, THE VIOLET-CROWNED

fourteen miles of Athens; Kephisia, the little station from which is reached Tatoi, the country residence of the royal family, is less than half the distance to Eleusis, and Marathon is within a five hours' drive. The old monastery of Kæsariani, from which the ascent of Hymettus is made, in an hour's walk, is four miles from the Acropolis. Pentelicus, not so lofty as Hymettus, yet offers more attractions in its range of view, which includes four other peaks, among which is the distant, snowy summit of Parnassus.

There is no railroad between Athens and Marathon, and unless one goes by motor-car it requires practically the entire day to make the excursion. The expense is some ten dollars, with fees added, but a carriage at this price may be shared by a party of four. If the start can be made by eight in the morning, it will be possible to be in Athens again before six, allowing an hour or two to linger in the historic scene. The Soros in Marathon is the mound in which are entombed the Athenians who fell in that never-to-be-forgotten battle in the year 490 B.C., and the excavations made there, as recently as 1890, have proved this to be the burial mound of one hundred and ninety-two soldiers. One vividly realizes where the Athenian army of ten thousand men, under the

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command of Miltiades, stood at the opening of the valley, to attack the Persian army. Herodotus, describing the battle in 440 B.C., nearly half a century later, notes that Callimachus led the right wing, and last of all came the Plateans, forming the left wing. "And ever since that day it has been a custom with the Athenians," he writes, "to implore the blessing of the gods on the Plateans conjointly with the Athenians. . . . The distance between the two armies was little short of eight furlongs. The Persians, therefore, when they saw the Greeks coming on at a speed, made ready to receive them, although it seemed to them that the Athenians were bereft of their senses, and bent upon their own destruction; for they saw a mere handful of men coming at a run without either horsemen or archers. Such was the opinion of the barbarians; but the Athenians in close array fell upon them, and fought in a manner worthy of being recorded. They were the first of the Greeks who introduced the custom of charging the enemy at a run, and they were likewise the first who dared to look upon the Median garb. Until this time the very name of the Medes had been a terror to the Greeks to hear."

Standing on this lonely plain, where

"The mountains look on Marathon
And Marathon looks on the sea,"

ATHENS, THE VIOLET-CROWNED

where only the sea and the mountains companion the visitor, does one catch the echoes of the noble words of Thucydides when he said:

“Offering up their lives collectively, they have each one gained glory which will never die, a sepulchre most illustrious; not that wherein their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is treasured to be ever refreshed by every incident, either of word or deed, that stirs its remembrance. For of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre; it is not only the inscription on the sepulchral slabs in their homes that record their fame, but even in a country where they were unknown, an unwritten memorial dwells in the heart of every one more durable than material monuments.”

Above the plain of Marathon is a ruined gateway, once the entrance to the villa of Herodes Atticus, on which may still be traced the inscription: “The Gate of Immortal Unanimity.”

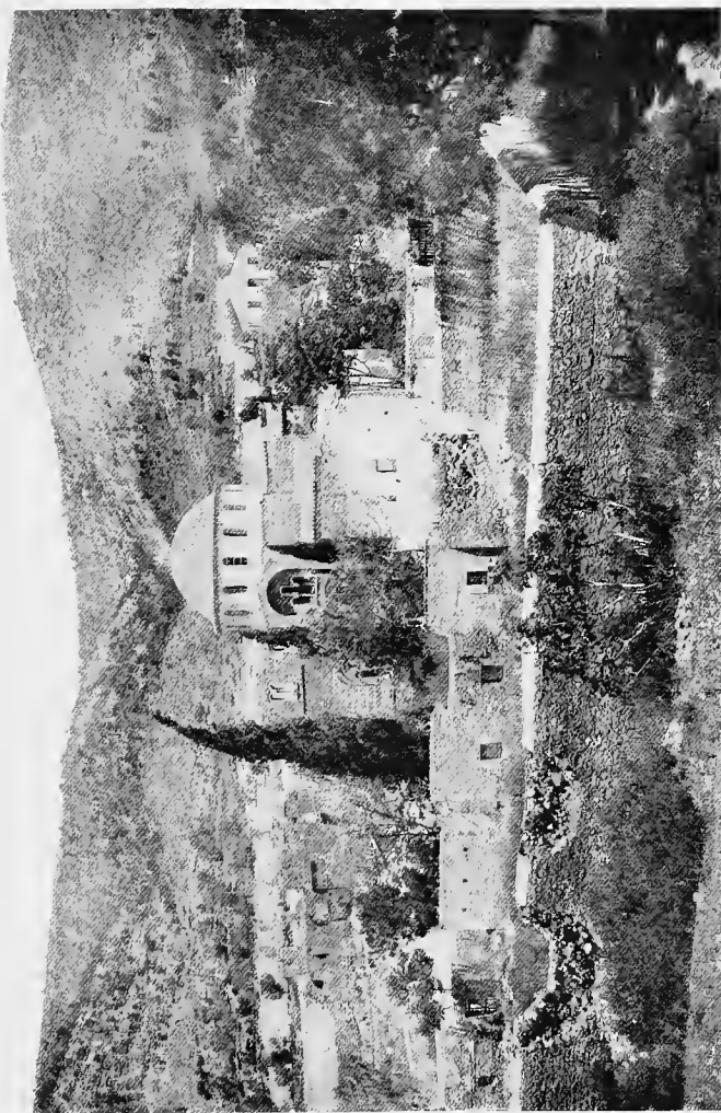
On the Soros there is a curious habitation. It is a one-story hut, standing on a foundation of poles, arranged after the fashion of a tripod, its roof and walls formed of boughs and sod, and it can be entered only by a ladder. From this dwelling the glittering blue waters were seen, the sea from which the Persian fleet came, and the rocky hills over which Miltiades and his men advanced in their swift onslaught.

ATHENS, THE VIOLET-CROWNED

The little hamlet of Marathon, of low, squalid houses, nestles under the hills, and to-day is peopled by Albanians.

The battle of Marathon is not only an epoch-making event in ancient history. If no such battle had ever actually occurred, it is a story splendidly typical of the historical consciousness. The heroes and gods fought side by side, and thus it is said that man is never left alone or unaided in heroic endeavor. No one can visit this plain without still fancying that he sees in the distance the god Pan meeting the courier Phidippides, on his way to Sparta, and promising his divine aid to the Athenians. Not only Pan, but the goddess, the divine Athena herself, strode through the ranks, visible to many it is said, wearing her helmet and carrying her spear and shaking her ægis, inspiring her people with renewed energy and restoring their courage. Nor is Marathon the only field upon which the gods appear to comfort the heroic heart.

An American Hellenist, Professor Denton J. Snider, sees "in the mighty Marathonian deed" the birth of a new struggle; "a supreme necessity laid upon man to utter it worthily; to reveal it in the forms of art; to create beauty; to express its significance in sculpture and architecture. Poetry sprang at once and together



MONASTERY OF DAPIENI

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with these to a height hardly ever since attained," says Professor Snider, "and philosophy followed, trying to express the lofty consciousness of heroic action."

A delightful little excursion easily made in half a day is a drive to Kæsariani, a monastery under the very shadow of Mount Hymettus, where gushes the sacred spring mentioned by Ovid in the *Amores*. The lovely olive grove; the tall, dark, changeless cypress-trees, the subdued splendor of the coloring in the early summer, make this a visit never to be forgotten. On the road to Eleusis is the monastery of Daphni, which is not of special interest beyond making a definite point to visit. The charm of an excursion here is to go on beyond the monastery for the wonderful beauty of the view over the Bay of Eleusis, and the ruins of the sanctuary of Aphrodite. Many an initiate has wandered on this shore, listening to the message of waves and winds; and lingering amid this transcendent loveliness, one may find himself repeating some of the lines from Pindar, as translated and newly offered again by John Addington Symonds:

"For them the night all through,
In that broad realm below,
The splendor of the sun spreads endless light;
'Mid rosy meadows bright,
Their city of the tombs with incense-trees,

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And golden chalices
Of flowers, and fruitage fair,
Scenting the breezy air,
Is laden . . . ”

Lingering on this shore, “under a roof of blue Ionian weather;” the white cliffs incandescent in the intense blaze of sunlight; processions of silvery clouds, too ethereal to take form, hanging in the air and drifting negligently over summer islands, masses of transparent vapor all touched with opal and pearl; the sapphire blue of the sea dancing about the rocks that cling to the precipitous headland, — how one feels the sense of all the infinite eternities! It is poem, picture, and drama in one. It is the place to loiter and read anew from the solemn tragedies of *Æschylus*.

“For Jove doth teach men wisdom, sternly wins
To virtue, by the tutoring of their sins.”

The saunterer about Athens will find few of the ancient monuments more interesting and suggestive than the choragic memorial of Lysicrates. The Greek drama reached the zenith of its perfection in the period of the fifth and the fourth centuries before the Christian era. Attic comedy, seen at its best as produced by Aristophanes, developed in Menander and a group of lesser poets associated with him, into a form called the “new” comedy, a kind of

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realism not unlike the modern movement of the past twenty years in our own literature which has been faithfully reflected on the stage, and which has invaded art to the degree of almost revolutionizing the preconceived ideals of painting and sculpture. This "new comedy" in Athens embodied the social life of the day. The plays were staged in the Dionysian theater, at the base of one side of the Acropolis, and were often made one feature of the great Dionysian festival, which was all a magnificent spectacle of drama and of processions. In the chorus of these comedies the playwright gave free expression to his individual convictions regarding public men and public acts and events. It was a most ingenious method of permitting the poet the luxury of giving full rein to his individual preferences and of graphically depicting his own particular points of view, clothed, if not concealed, in the guise of imaginative creation. The utilization of the Greek chorus in these opening decades of the twentieth century might be a signal indulgence to many persons laden down with opinions of their fellow-beings that the restrictions of polite society forbid them to make clear. In fact, the amusing Gilbert and Sullivan light operas of a quarter of a century ago were founded on similar lines to those of the "new comedy" of the Greeks,

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five hundred years before the Christian era; and the authors had the felicity of satirizing whom they pleased without the penalty of being taken too seriously. The authors found, however, even then, that a discreet circumlocution was essential to this indulgence, and the way was provided by means of the choragus. A man of wealth would volunteer to be the choragus of the entertainment, his obligations including the gathering together of the required number for the chorus and providing them with the necessary costumes. If the comedy proved successful, the choragus was rewarded with a prize, which usually took the form of a tripod. It was not etiquette to conserve this tripod to its normal use, but rather to make it a votive offering to the temple of Dionysus, or to set it up in close proximity. Lysicrates was a most popular choragus, his wealth and enthusiasm for the success of his chorus leading him to make lavish outlay, and he was duly rewarded by men, if not by gods, by the presentation of a choragic monument of great magnificence, as well as by a bronze tripod, which was placed as the crowning decoration of its top. This tribute to Lysicrates was erected about 330 B.C., and while the tripod that decorated the top has long since disappeared, the monument remains, and a beautiful one it is. The design is of a small



THE MONUMENT OF LYSIKRATES

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circular temple, some thirty-five feet in height, including the pediment; it is built of the purest Pentelic marble, the pediment being of Piræus stone, and the cornice of marble from Hymettus. The roof is in the form of a leaf, and is cut from one unbroken block of marble. The frieze is elaborately carved with scenes in relief, representing the mythological story of Dionysus. The temple was primarily designed for the special exhibition of the tripod, which was regarded as more important than the beautiful structure. This little temple is one of the earliest examples of Corinthian art. The roof culminated in a single acanthus blossom, carved in the marble, more than two feet high, on which rested the triangular slab which bore the tripod. The temple has six Corinthian columns, and bears an inscription, still partially legible, of which the translation runs: "Lysikrates, son of Lystheides, of Kikynna, was choragos when the boy chorus of the phyle Akamantis won the prize. Theon was the flute-player, Lysiades of Athens trained the choir. Euænetos was archon." It is the name of the archon which has enabled archæologists to fix the date of the structure. The mythological legends whose scenes are portrayed form the sixth Homeric hymn. Between the theater of Dionysus and the city there is said to have been an entire

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street lined with choragic monuments; several of these are described by Pausanias, one especially as being ornamented with a satyr, the work of Praxiteles. The choragic of Lysicrates has been preserved by its having been included in a French Capuchin monastery which was built around it, the little temple being used as the library. It is said that Lord Byron once passed some time in the monastery, which was often the residence of Englishmen sojourning in Athens. The monastery was burned more than half a century ago, but fortunately the temple was preserved. Several of the letters of Lord Byron, which have been published in recent years, were written from this monastery.

One of the most fortunate things concerning the preservation of the ancient monuments in Athens is that the Athenians, like the Parisians, appreciate the importance of a vista. They do not allow modern buildings to encroach on the spaces around these monuments of the past. One of the chief beauties of Athens is this free space, everywhere, that permits vistas and views. Standing, for instance, a little way from the Arch of Hadrian and the mighty Olympieion, one may look through the colossal columns that still stand, and see between each, as a wonderful background, the deep violet shades of the slope of Hymettus. Again, at one angle

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of the Parthenon, the two peaks of Pentelicus and Lycabettus are seen in violet hues warmed with rose, silhouetted against a sunset sky, all aflame with such vividness of color as no painter would venture to use on his palette.

In the region of the choragic monument to Lysicrates is that wonder of all visitors, the Tower of the Winds. This marble structure is octagonal in form, forty-four feet in height and twenty-seven in circumference; the roof is of marble in cone-shaped tiles, in its center once stood the bronze Triton, with his staff, pointing to that quarter of the heavens from which the wind was blowing. On one side the tower contained a reservoir which was supplied with water from an aqueduct, remains of which can still be traced. The Greek name for this monumental structure was the "Horologion of Andronikos Kyrrhestes," and it dates back to the last century before Christ. It was the creation of Andronicus of Kyrrhos, in Macedonia, and was designed as a weather-vane, a sun-dial, and a water-clock. The eight sides of the tower were ornamented with reliefs, picturing the winds, and surmounting the tower were eight figures; Boreas, represented as an old man in a voluminous cloak; Kaekías, shaking hailstones out of his shield; Apeliotes, scattering corn and fruit; Euros, holding his mantle close to keep

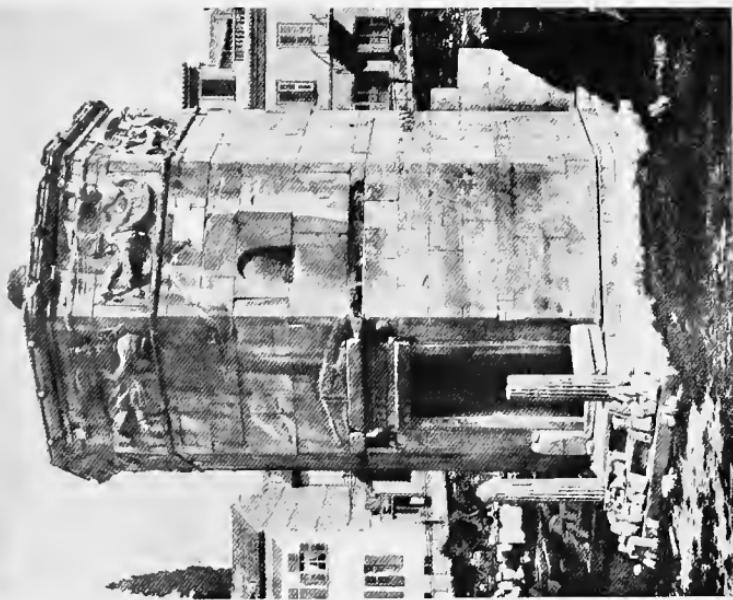
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out the rain; Notos, holding a vast vessel for pouring the rain upon the earth; Lips, with portions of a ship in his hand; Zephyr, a graceful youth, with flowers falling from his garments; and Skiron, holding a vase. There were formerly two porticoes, some of the columns of which lie near, scattered on the ground. The figures on the tower still tell their story, and the complicated workings of the water-clock are partly to be traced.

The Stoa of Hadrian is a local ruin of no special interest, save that the Corinthian columns indicate the position of an old gateway in the wall. Near these is the old market-place, sunken now in the earth, and a wilderness of broken marbles. The market-place was an important center of municipal life. It was adorned with statues of Pindar and other poets; with statues of the great Athenian orators, among which was one of Demosthenes. There was a temple to the "Mother of the Gods," and the senate-house (Bouleuterion) was also in the precincts of the market-place, which seems to have been to Athens much what the Forum was to Rome. The orchestra was on one side of the market, and bore statues of Harmodius and of Aristogiton. Quite near is a curious building that serves as a military store, but which has been a mosque, under the Turkish rule.



ANCIENT CHURCH IN ATHENS



THE TOWER OF THE WINDS

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One short and narrow street in this old part of Athens is pre-empted by the coppersmiths, the clang of their hammers filling the air with a perpetual din. The beautiful burnished copper utensils that line the windows are a temptation to which resistance becomes the more easy in the realization of the difficulty of conveying such purchases about with one. But no woman traversing this fascinating little thoroughfare can quite divest herself of the domestic imagination; and the very ideals for fitting out a tea apparatus, and all dainty little devices for "kitchenette" use, to say nothing of the regulation kitchens and pantries of more pretentious establishments, are seen here in bewildering profusion.

Then there are one or two streets still frankly Turkish in their alluring bazaars. Rich embroideries, roses wrought in gold and silver threads, that would stand alone; wonderful slippers in qualities to tempt a princess and in quantity to supply all feminine admirers; fabrics for wall hangings, for upholstery, for bed and bureau covers, and for library tables; all manner of lovely embroideries for children's clothes; kimonos of richest silks worked in gold and colors that charm the very heart out of femininity to the exclusion of the art of Pheidias or the tragedies of *Æschylus*; embroideries by the

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yard, by the hundred yards, to be fashioned as one will. Even the militant suffragette, bent on the ingenious placing of a bomb under the chair of the Prime Minister, could hardly leave this street without a pang. And it is by no means to be deprecated, that after one has been stimulated to the highest degree of artistic enthusiasms and classic aspirations,—one is able to touch the earth again, so to speak, by means of feminine sympathies for common things. The choice of Marpessa, as told by Stephen Phillips¹ in his poem by that title, is one typical of universal life. Marpessa was beloved by both the god, Apollo, and Idas, a mortal. Apollo assured her that if she would but choose life with him she should dwell

“In mere felicity above the world;
A spirit sliding through tranquillity;”

that her life should be but as “the history of a flower in the air;” he urged that God had created her “not to suffer, merely to be sweet.” Then Idas pleaded that he loved her, not only for her beauty,—

“That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life,”

but also “because infinity upon thee broods.” So before Marpessa lay the choice to live en-

¹ *Poems.* By Stephen Phillips. John Lane, London and New York.

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shrined as goddess, or to accept the common lot with Idas. The promise of Elysium did not tempt her. She chose the ordinary human destiny.

“But if I live with Idas, then we two
On this low earth shall prosper hand in hand.
And in the crowd I'll take his arm and feel
Him closer for the press. . . .

• • • • •
Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind
And durable from the daily dust of life.

• • • • •
But we shall sit with luminous holy smiles
Endeared by many griefs, by many a jest,
And custom sweet of living side by side.”

So Marpessa chose the destiny of that prismatic blending of failure and success, of hope and defeat, of achievement and failure, of joy and sorrow, that is the life of woman and not of goddess; and the choice is a typical one. The homely details of living are vital factors that link friendships and loves in holiest bonds; and even when sojourning in classic lands one does not want to eliminate entirely the trifles that make for domestic happiness and the everyday interests of life. Even Athena has been worshiped as the goddess of industries as well as of arts, and within the Acropolis have been found five inscriptions proclaiming her divine aid in the most practical affairs.

To one enamored of Athens there is an infinite

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charm in sauntering about without too much method, and in coming upon some classic and famous ruin as a surprise. The temple of Theseus is not a ruin; on the contrary, its very perfection is the incredible thing; and, besides, the learned folk declare that it is not the temple of Theseus, either,—too much learning being really a sad drawback to one's enjoyments in antiquities. This temple faces the east, while the savant assures us that all well-regulated and authentic temples in honor of Theseus should face the west; only those to Olympian gods are entitled to face the rising sun. Be this as it may, whether the symmetrical and exquisite structure is in honor of Theseus or some other reputable god, it is a delight to enter it. "A rose by any other name" or a temple,—what does it matter? About the felicity of entering it, however, filled as it is with *débris*, one may reflect; it is one of the most beautiful architectural creations in the world; lesser in proportion than the one at Paestum, but the purest example of the Doric design. It is difficult to persuade one's self of its antiquity. It antedates the Olympieion, and is more than two thousand years old; yet the columns are apparently as perfect and complete as in the days when Pericles passed within its portals. The roof is intact, and the Pentelic marble of which it is



THE THESEUM

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constructed has taken on a golden-amber hue, that reminds one of what Bishop Wordsworth of England said: that this temple looked as if it had been built with marble not taken from a mountain, but quarried from the golden light of an Athenian sunset. The interior has no light save from its entrance, and it is filled with the *débris* of marble fragments, shattered columns, metopes, bits of statues,—here a fragment of the head, or a part of hand, or arm,—a confused mass of ancient ruins from the Acropolis, or elsewhere. These lie in heaps on the floor (which is only of earth) and fill various receptacles. Many Englishmen are said to have been buried in this temple during the Turkish occupation.

In the middle of a street, the Rue d'Hermès, is an old Byzantine church dating to about the ninth century, the street dividing where it stands, and the tide of modern life flowing around on either side. It is so sunken that one descends a few steps below the street level to enter it; but the interior is neatness itself, the altar, the seats, the pictures, and sculptures being free from dust. While there is nothing of any great interest within, it is a curious little interior. It is always open, and always seems to be more or less filled with people, especially with women in the peasant dress,

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who pass from one picture to another, kissing each with the greatest fervency.

An interesting building in Athens is the Library of Hadrian, an immense structure built around a court formerly surrounded with colonnades, which have been in part restored. In one vast hall may be traced arrangements for shelves of books; and there are still standing seven of the original monolithic columns, nearly thirty feet in height and three feet in diameter, with massive Corinthian capitals. Even the archæologists agree that there is fair, if not absolutely conclusive, evidence for believing this building to be that described by Pausanias as the library erected by Hadrian.

It was on a radiant morning, all gold and azure, that a little party of friends, recruited from Rome and from Boston, climbed the Hill of Mars, where it is believed St. Paul stood in the spring of 54 A.D. and preached to the listening multitude, as alluded to in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. There is little to be traced on this hill, save some dozen or more steps rudely cut in the rock; from this eminence a path runs to the Hill of Philopappos, whose ascent is marked by traces of the old wall, and evident remains of channels, tombs, stairways, and one knows not what. On the summit is the striking memorial to the virtues

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of Julius Antiochus Philopappos, in a tower forty feet in height, with the hero himself, or his portrait statue rather, comfortably seated in the central niche, gazing tranquilly towards the Acropolis. There are many inscriptions that celebrate his noble qualities and give ample testimonial to his character as being pre-eminently eligible to good society, a fact gratifying to the Bostonians in the group. We also visited the prison of Socrates, a grating across the mouth of a cave in the rock; but Socrates had flown, as he assured Plato that he should, and we saw only a dark and empty cavern. The severest of the archæologists hold a doubt as to whether or not it is the actual scene of the philosopher's involuntary sojourn in close confinement; but for myself, not, alas! being an archæologist, or a person in any way inconveniently encumbered with learning, I eagerly accepted the possibility and transformed it, in my own mind, into a recognized certainty that I had beheld the very spot where Socrates passed his imprisonment. Tennyson has a good word to say for the possessor of "honest doubts," but really a too great doubting capacity is eminently unsuited to extracting the greatest possible amount of pleasure and interest out of one's transatlantic wanderings. It is so much more exhilarating to believe that

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you are constantly beholding the seats of the mighty.

At the very base of the Acropolis, on one side, is the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, erected in memory of his wife, Appia Annia Regilla, who departed for a better and, let us trust, a happier realm, in 160 A.D. Tiberius Claudius Herodes Atticus was a wealthy and public-spirited Roman, who, besides building this Odeion in memory of his wife, also gave to Athens the vast stadium, of Pentelic marble, erected in 140 A.D. At his death the grateful populace interred his body in the stadium. The recent restoration of this wonder of the ages is made possible by the generosity of an eminent Greek, M. Averhof, of Alexandria, who rebuilt it in 1899, making it the superb and stupendous creation it now is. This new stadium was inaugurated in 1906 with the Olympic games, and an audience of fifty thousand people tested its full seating capacity. A monument to M. Averhof has been placed near the entrance.

A pleasant drive in Athens is out to the little seaside village of Bouliagmene, where Madame Schliemann has built a large house for a summer outing for poor children. It has one of the most ideal beaches, and the transparent air, the sunlight cresting the blue waves, and the



THE PRISON OF SOCRATES

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ever-changeful outlines of the background of mountains, make this one of the most attractive places in which to linger. Madame Schliemann designed and arranged this house entirely at her own expense, and she supports it unaided. As many children as the house will hold are invited for three weeks or so, from May till November; and the best of simple food, the ample playgrounds, the sea bathing, and a library make their sojourn a wonderful interlude in their lives. The benefit that this is to the poorer people of Athens can hardly be realized, for owing to the blinding clouds of white dust in the summer, few cities are so uncomfortable.

There is a house of constant and generous hospitalities in Athens which, not to mention, would be to omit allusion to some of the most beautiful chapters of Athenian life. For a great number of years the Reverend Michael Kalopothakes, an evangelistic minister, preached in the church that he founded. His character, his personality, and his self-sacrificing and eminently helpful work remind one of that of Edward Everett Hale of Boston. Both men, the Athenian and the Bostonian, seem to have been divinely commissioned to bring to the people the message of life. The Greek evangelist kept a house so hospitably open to all who

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wished to come, irrespective of creed or nationality, that his home was fairly a feature of Athenian life. His home and church were almost opposite the Arch of Hadrian. Since his death his daughter, Mademoiselle Daphne Kalopothakes, continues the same beautiful ministries of hospitality to all who seek her. Another daughter of this eminent Greek has become a physician. Graduating from the University of Athens, she went to Paris and took a medical course and hospital training, and, with many degrees, she has returned to Athens to practice her profession.

The National Museum in Athens is not so interesting to the general visitor as are the great galleries of Rome, Florence, and Naples, as the collections are purely archæological. With the exception of the museum on the Acropolis, and those at Olympia, Delhi, and one or two other points, the entire national collection of antiquities is here. The Greeks have been untiring in their preservation of the monumental remains of the past. Dr. Kavvadias, the Ephor (director) of the museum, is the supreme official authority in Greece on all problems of archaic discovery. The Greek Archæological Society is eminently alert, and the government is swift to safeguard any territory where excavations of value seem probable. The society (whose head-

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quarters are in the Boulevard de l'Université, next door to the Villa Ilium) has a large library, and is constantly issuing monographs and quarterly bulletins, reporting the progress made.

Dr. Schliemann's collection of Mycenæan antiquities is, however, of the most absorbing interest to every one, — these ornaments, weapons, vases, fragments of mural paintings, and other treasures from the royal tombs in the citadel of Mycenæ, and from other excavations. There is one salon of Egyptian antiquities; but the vast number from the excavations in Greece, too great for adequate allusion, reveal to even the most casual visitor the wealth of the buried centuries.

Adjoining the museum is the Polytechnic Institute, a classic structure of the Pentelic marble so universally in use; and in this is the museum of the Historical and Ethnological Society, containing many relics of the War for Independence of 1821-1826; portraits of the heroes, native costumes, and memorials of all kinds. In the Polytechnic there is, too, one gallery of paintings, but the works are of negligible interest.

Passing on beyond these buildings one comes to the entrance of the Ceramicus — the old Dipylon cemetery — and the Street of Tombs. The excavations made in 1862 brought to light

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the old west gate of Athens, and the site of Plato's academy was supposed to be within a mile of this entrance. It was not without faith that we should recognize the sacred grove that a little group strolled along the Via Sacra in the early days of the spring of 1913. The sunshine shone brilliantly over the violet-crowned heights of Pentelicus. Hymettus and Lycabettus and the Parthenon on the Acropolis seemed to be swimming in a golden sea, "out of the golden remote, where the sea without shore is," and as we went on our quest the air seemed "filled as with shadow of sound with the pulse of invisible feet." It seemed impossible that we were in the place where Socrates, Euripides, and Menander were buried; but here is pointed out the tomb of Pericles, now in process of excavation, and of Euripides, on whose tomb Mr. Longfellow has said that these words are inscribed:

"This monument, O Euripides, doth not make thee great, but thou makest this monument great."

This road from the Dipylon Gate to the academy was the famous burial-place of Athens, and is the Appian Way of the Greeks. In the excavations made in the early years of 1800-1812 hundreds of burial urns were found here, which are now placed in the National Mu-



STREET OF THE TOMBS

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seum. On this road were discovered the stele of Lysanias and also of Thersandros and of Simylos, the latter two being envoys from Corcyra who died in Athens in the fourth century before Christ.

The tomb of Hegeso (now preserved in the museum) was here, a funeral monument dating from the fifth century B.C. Hegeso is represented as examining the contents of a casket which is held before her by a female slave, whose figure is clad in a loose, straight gown, with a close cap on her head.

The grace and delicacy of this stele of Hegeso reminds one of the head of Demeter in the familiar relief.

“This intimate relation between Demeter and Hegeso is carried out,” says Sir Charles Waldstein, “not only in the general character of the head, but also in the treatment of the details, such as, for instance, the wavy line of the hair where it frees itself from its cover, the line of nose and forehead, of chin and cheek, the profile of the eye, and the straight line of the eyelid. If further we compare the drapery of Hegeso with the drapery of the Artemis seated among the gods, we discover the most complete correspondence, so great that it is physically impossible that the artist of the one should not have seen and been influenced by the sculptor of the other. To begin with, the crease, or rather the protruding angular fold of

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the drapery, just below the neck, caused by the weight of the drapery held up on either side the shoulder, massing and bulging out at the unsupported center, is the same in both. This pleasant break of line was first introduced by Pheidias, and is to be seen at the top of the thinner under-garment in almost every one of his figures, whether of the pediment or the frieze. It is indicated in a peculiar way in the Athene of the frieze in profile, in the Artemis in three-quarter view, in the Hera and in the figures of the pediment, and is in most of the sepulchral monuments. . . . The sculptor of the Hegeso relief shows himself as an artist of an essentially higher type; nevertheless, however admirable be the art of the Hegeso relief, the sculptor betrays himself in a few small points as not being the full master of his art."

The stele of Agathon and Korallion, his wife, reveals a group of four figures, two of which are in high relief; the Greek chair of the design of that period is also seen with Korallion seated upon it. This tomb, for preservation, is covered with a wire netting which shows in the reproduction. The monument of Dexileos, a youth who fell at Corinth nearly four hundred years b.c., has been wholly excavated and represents the warrior falling under the lance of his mounted antagonist. A marble urn in low relief is the design of the stele of Pamphile, the wife of Hegitos, whose name is inscribed on the amphora.

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The Chapel of Hagia Trias, in the Dipylon, with its tawdry interior, is of little interest. The mound on which it stands is supposed to be the agger raised by Sulla in 86 B.C., when he besieged and captured Athens. In Plutarch's life of Sulla there is a story of his great massacre of victims in the inner Ceramicus, the tragedy being one of the most overwhelming in all history; and in this mound on which the chapel stands have been found masses of dislocated human skeletons and crumbling bones, indicating that an enormous number of bodies were interred there. All the monuments that are thought capable of bearing exposure are still standing, the smaller ones only having been removed to the National Museum. One curious contrast between the Appian Way on the Campagna and the Street of Tombs in Athens is that the atmosphere of hopelessness and despair is felt in the Italian memorials, and of the living hope in those of the Greeks. In the latter the hero is represented on his steed; the lady is turning over the treasures of her casket; the occupations of actual life still persist. The archæologist is able to assign a definite period to the funeral vases found in the Dipylon, in that some are inscribed with hieroglyphics that fix them in the seventh century before Christ.

The Greek Archæological Society has made

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extensive and systematic excavations that have exposed the Dipylon Gate and all the immediate surroundings. This is the region pronounced by Thucydides to be the fairest suburb of Athens. It was also its most vulnerable point. Here Philip V. of Macedon made his unsuccessful assault in 200 b.c. The foundations of the Dipylon Gate give us a very fair idea of the defense of Athens. The gate itself, as its name implies, is a double one.

Athens, like the Italian cities, has numerous feast days, the oft-recurring festas suggesting to the looker-on the assertion of Plato, that "the gods in pity for man's life of toil, his natural inheritance, have appointed holy festivals whereby men may alternate labor with rest." But so frequently is the usual course of events interrupted by the festa, that it is questioned as to how much time for toil there may be?

Athens is a curious mixture, a "brew" that would rival the ingredients of the witches' caldron. The traces of Turkish domination are not entirely obliterated; there is still a Byzantine flavor to be discerned. More Oriental in a classic way than even Constantinople, Athens is yet Europeanized; and beyond, and above, and forever prevailing, is the spirit that dominated the city when the goddess Athena dwelt in the Parthenon. Flocks of goats are still seen



TOMB OF HEGESO, STREET OF TOMBS

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in the streets, recalling the days of Solon. Sometimes a long procession of donkeys, each laden with great baskets of golden oranges, or bearing heavy panniers of grapes at the time of the vintage, pass through the streets, suggesting the Orient. Smyrna and Constantinople are much nearer Athens than are any of the Italian cities. It is a far cry even to Venice; and Naples and Rome seem almost as distant as Paris and London. The Greeks are travelers by temperament, as the Italians are not. The Oriental flavor of Athens, though barely discernible, is yet likely to linger for some time because of the geographical connections and influences. The fez and fustanella are very little seen in Athens, though they may still be found throughout the country. The general change to European dress was made about the time of the accession of King George. There is one division of the army, the Royal Guards, that still wears the fustanella, as do some of the attendants in the royal household.

While it is true, as already noted, that Athens has no fashionable drives in the sense in which London drives in Hyde Park, or Paris in the Bois, there are points to which the people go for recreation in carriages, or more rarely in motor-cars, which, though seen, are still not general in the city. King George's favorite drive

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was to Phaleron, to which he went almost daily, and many residents do the same. The new Phaleron has an admirable beach for bathing, and a modern hotel, with hardly guests enough at any time to warrant its keeping open doors. The situation is one of great beauty, and not far from the shore lies the island of *Ægina*, "in purple distance fair." A steam-tram runs from Athens to Phaleron in half an hour; and besides the hotel there are a number of villas, which are often to be let for the summer.

Cape Sunion is six miles from Athens, a bold promontory, whose cliffs of some two hundred feet in height descend in sheer perpendicular to the water. On the highest point of the promontory is the ancient temple of Poseidon, supposed to date back to the time of Pericles. Thirteen columns are still standing, and some inscriptions dedicating the temple to the god of the sea have been discovered within the past fifteen years. When the Persian fleet, repulsed and put to rout at Marathon, were sailing away, they saw a flash in the air over Cape Sunion, as if a glittering shield were waved; this was supposed to be a treacherous signal to induce the fleet to return to besiege Athens. In the meantime Miltiades led his troops swiftly to Athens, and the fleet sailed to the Cyclades.

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Turner has immortalized the ethereal beauty of Cape Sunion in one of his great works: the intense whiteness of the temple, a sea lying under sunshine till the surface is as of burnished gold, the cliffs and the islands are all in melting purple,—a carnival of color. The Saronic gulf is one of the most resplendent in reflecting every condition of the atmosphere like a spectrum.

Laurion is within an easy two hours from Athens, and the shafts and galleries of the ancient silver mines may still be visited. Between the two are innumerable graves, from which modern dealers in antiquities have extracted lamps, vases, and various objects.

No city can exceed Athens in the variety and interest of the saunterings and excursions that it provides. In these excursions Greek literature and Greek history are read as if recorded on the air. Every place has its associations of legend or deed. It is entering into a remote world, wholly apart from the distractions and demands of contemporary life, in which the spirit may surrender itself to the uplifting power of meditation on all that is most heroic and noble in human experience.

III

THE ACROPOLIS

“The miracle of life, the glory of the world.
Shaped like the pediment of some vast shrine
For heroes’ worship. . . .”

SIR RENNELL RODD.

IT is no marvel that the poets, from Pindar and Aristophanes to those of the present time, unite in celebrating the Acropolis. Its unsurpassed beauty of situation, overlooking the entire Attic plain; the splendor and brilliancy of its temples; its rich and elaborate sculptures; its significance as the center of Athenian life, combine to make its appeal to the imagination an irresistible one. It is perhaps hardly realized that the Parthenon was standing in almost perfect preservation until nearly seventy years after the landing of the Pilgrims in America. The Parthenon was destroyed on Friday, September 26, 1687, until which comparatively recent date it was virtually intact. With what interest does one realize that this ideal creation might still be in almost perfect preservation even after the lapse of twenty-five centuries, had it not been for the bomb thrown into it by

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Morosini, some two hundred and twenty-five years ago. Nor was the Parthenon, as has more than once been stated and more or less widely believed, destroyed by the Turks. Its destruction was due to those worshipers of beauty, the Venetians. The Turks had utilized it for a powder magazine, but the bomb that caused the terrific explosion was sent, accidentally or intentionally (history has never been able to fully determine which), by Morosini during the Venetian siege.

The Parthenon was completed in 438 B.C. Ictinus is supposed to have been the architect. For the succeeding six centuries it fulfilled its purpose as a holy temple; at the close of this period it became the church of "the Virgin Mother of God," under the Roman emperor, Justinian. Later it was used as a Turkish mosque; then the Turks converted it into a magazine for ammunition, and the ruin followed.

Never was architectural form so ethereal in its loveliness. It seems to change, even in its ruins, with every hour of the day. It is as evanescent as a wraith by night. In the moonlight it is all alabaster and pearl, a dream, a fantasy of the moment,

"Based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity."

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It is as elusive as a phantom. Volumes have been written of the Parthenon and its sculptures, but to every visitor it is a new and original discovery. To no two persons is its aspect ever the same. No words can interpret it into graphic picturing, and rhapsody is out of place. The idea that thought persistently records itself upon the atmosphere; that hopes, aspirations, prayers, endow their locality with a certain energy that is fadeless, cannot but recur to the lingerer within the ruins of the Parthenon. Yet who may translate the mystic messages that are borne upon the air? It is not fantasy, but reality that one treads in the very footsteps of Socrates and Plato. Emerson has declared that Plato "stands on a path that has no end, but runs continually around the universe," and this may suggest why the kingdom of his time is immortal; that it is a part of the world's life to-day, and contributes a vitality that never grows less. The element of persistence that is inherent in change, and the inevitable change that pervades persistence, are factors of the problem that the Parthenon has become in the history of the world.

With the explosion that caused its ruin began the disintegration of its sculptures. Morosini himself made every effort to secure the statue of Poseidon, and the horses and chariot of

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Athena, in order that he might convey these to Venice. In the effort to detach them from their places they fell to the ground and were shattered to fragments. Later, some of the sculptures were carried to Rome, and in 1787 many were secured by France and are now in the Louvre, the most notable of these being the Venus of Melos, the Nike of Samothrace, and the Dance of the Maidens. At the Vatican in Rome are some of the choice works; a few other of these sculptures from the Parthenon are in the Museo delle Terme, and in the Capitoline in Rome; in the Museo Nazionale in Naples is the grand Head of Homer, the beautiful Orpheus, Eurydice, and Hermes, the Paris and Helen, and the Young Athlete. Palermo has one — the Hera and Zeus — metope, ascribed to Silenus. A Head of Athena, attributed to Pheidias, is at the museum in Bologna. The British Museum contains the most complete collection of the sculptures of the Parthenon, among which are Zeus with Sceptre and Thunderbolt, the Dance of Nymphs in the Grotto of Pan, the Mourning Woman (which must not be confounded with the Mourning Athena), the Three Fates, a reclining figure of Theseus, from the east pediment of the Parthenon; the three sitting figures, Poseidon, Apollo, and Artemis; the Centaur and Lapith; a section of the Phiga-

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leian frieze with Combat of Greeks and Amazons; the impressive Harpy Tomb, and other originals, together with a number of casts.

The highest conception of life among the Greeks was embodied in their plastic art. It is their magic of informing these creations with such virile power, such a sense of movement and joyous activity, that has conferred upon their marbles the spell of immortality. The mystery of inner life achieving outward embodiment pervades all their forms. Then, the conditions were favorable. The end of the Persian wars and of a long period of desolation caught the spirit of rebound; in Pericles was a ruler whose sympathies and influence were a source of artistic enthusiasm; and in Pheidias was the genius whose spirit communicated and incited artistic vitality.

The statue of the Athena Parthenos has been the tradition of the ages, and although this work remained untouched for only eight centuries, a fairly accurate description is believed to exist. The Athena was the gem of the temple. In this marvelous figure Pheidias embodied the goddess who was the tutelary deity of Athens, the inspirer and protector of all that made for the nobler life of the people. It was placed in that part of the Parthenon known as the Hekatompedon, and the figure



THE MOURNING WOMAN. ACROPOLIS MUSEUM

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was intended to be always viewed from below. This place was held as the inner sanctuary of the temple, and consecrated to the immortal goddess. Of this gold and ivory creation the description given by that pre-eminent authority on classical archæology, Sir Charles Waldstein (formerly known as Dr. Charles Waldstein), is so vivid as almost to bring the statue before the eye. In the greatest work on Pheidias known to literature¹ Sir Charles thus refers to the sculptor's most famous creation:

“The chryselephantine image faced the doorway in the east so as to catch the rays of the rising sun. The face, hands, and feet were covered with ivory; the pupils of the eyes were of precious stones; while the rest of the image was embossed with gold amounting to upward of forty talents (about a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or three quarters of a million dollars), which could be taken off when desired and loaned to the State in any need. The statue was thirty-six feet high, standing on a pedestal eight feet in height, the position of which can still easily be recognized from the setting of dark stone in the marble pavement. The line of the parapet in front is quite distinct. The statue was intended to be the embodiment of the energy, freedom, and dignity of Athens, as reproducing the genius of the young Athenian Empire. She stood erect, hav-

¹ *Essays on the Art of Pheidias.* The Century Company, New York.

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ing on her head a helmet with a triple crest; her left hand held a spear, and in her right hand she carried a beautiful winged victory.”

A small replica of the statue of the Athena Parthenos, held by some authorities as being an exact copy on a reduced scale (the height being three and a half feet), is in the National Museum in Athens, in the center of a gallery known as the “Room of the Athena.” This statue was excavated in 1881. The Mayor of Athens considered it of sufficient importance to announce by telegraph to the Lord Mayor of London, who acknowledged his great interest in the discovery. Sir Charles Waldstein, however, received the tidings with some reservation of entire confidence in the work being a reduced copy of the famous Athena. As the authority of Sir Charles in all matters of archæological art is so unquestionable, and the more valuable from his remarkable gift of penetration into hidden mysteries to a degree that might be almost termed artistic clairvoyance, his comments on this discovery are interesting. Sir Charles felt that it incited perplexity and scepticism; as “the exaltation of mood invariably accompanying a new discovery inevitably leads to exaggeration,” he said, and added:

“It is also evident in the second place that of all the Athene statues by Pheidias, it could

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not possibly be the gold and ivory Athene Parthenos, which, even if it had not been destroyed, could not well have lain hidden, large in dimensions as it was, under the ground, near the Athene Promachos, which stood on the Acropolis and must have been at least forty or fifty feet in height. The only statue that could have been meant was the bronze Lemnian Athene, so highly praised by ancient authors. But this statue was not a Nikephoros, it did not hold a Victory. . . . The statue soon turned out to be nothing more than an inferior late Roman copy of the Athene Parthenos, important in many ways in confirming or modifying the views which archæologists had already formed with regard to the arrangement and disposition of the details of this statue, yet otherwise quite incapable of assisting a well-guided imagination in arriving at any conception of the original work and its spirit. It has been the subject of careful articles by learned Greek, French, German, English, and American archæologists. . . . Nevertheless it appears to me that two points still require to be definitely stated. On the one hand the novelty of the discovery, as is generally the case, has led to a somewhat exaggerated estimate of the artistic value of this Athene . . . on the other an accessory in the statuette has been held to be ascribable to the original Athene Parthenos, by some authorities, and, it seems to me, has not been conclusively shown by others to be a superfluous addition.

“Both these points have an important bearing upon this great work of sculpture; the one,

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upon the spirit of the composition itself, the other, upon the nature of these gold and ivory statues. . . .”

The work in question was found in a house of the Roman period, near the north wall of Athens. It is of Pentelic marble, which probably came from the mountain near Athens. Sir Charles Waldstein enumerates many details of the figure, and adds that as regards others he may as well repeat what has been well stated by Mr. Newton:

““A gorgon’s head ornaments the center of the aegis and also the center of the shield. Within the concave of the shield the serpent which Pausanias supposed to be Erichthonios is coiled; the Nike, who holds out some object in both hands, is half turned toward the goddess. . . . On its discovery the marble showed traces of gilding, of the application of color and a high polish of the surface. . . . The right arm is supported by a pillar. The base on which the figure stands is plain. . . .”

““On comparing the statuette with the description in Pausanias and in Pliny we see a very satisfactory coincidence in most of the details. But the following features in the original design are wanting: the spear in the left hand of the goddess; the battles of the Greeks and Amazons on the outside; the relief on the base representing the birth of Pandora; the battle of Lapithæ and Centaurs on the soles of the

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sandals. . . . The column below the right hand of the goddess which we find associated with the newly discovered statue is an unwelcome addition to this composition, which I feel very reluctant to recognize as a feature in the original design of Pheidias; such an adjunct seems a very clumsy expedient and unworthy of his genius.'"

The value of this discovery and of others discussed is, in the opinion of Sir Charles Waldstein, at most negligible. Of the matter he writes:

"Of the actual spirit and artistic character of the *Athene Parthenos* these works can give us nothing. They are but weak and, in part, vulgar reminders which may call forth a somewhat inadequate picture in our imagination if, through other channels, we have been able to form some conception of the art of Pheidias. If the *Sistine Madonna* of Raphael were destroyed, a reminder of this work, corresponding somewhat to the statuettes in question, would be the figure of this virgin and child painted on a common china cup in some Saxon village. Or the relation between the original *Athene Parthenos* and these statuettes would be like that between the *Choral Symphony* of Beethoven performed by a perfect orchestra and chorus, and the great work rendered in part by unskilled hands on a piano out of tune. Both these vulgarized reminders would be of use if, through other channels, we had been able to form some idea of what the art of the great

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painter and musician was like. . . . In our case these statuettes furnish us with a solid basis of fact; yet an idea of the spirit of the great work itself will only be conveyed when the impulse is given to our imagination and the direction for its ascent prescribed by the records of the effect which the work produced upon the ancient authors who saw it, and above all, by the spirit of the art of Pheidias as it shines forth through the Parthenon marbles, minor works of Pheidias though they be."

Dr. Waldstein (for it is by that title that scholars best know him, rather than by the title of nobility that England has conferred upon one whose great work in classical art and archæology is so important a contribution to the age) points out that in the late copying schools for the Roman market the ancient Greek chryselephantine and bronze statues were reproduced in marble; supports and tree stems which were not necessary in the originals were introduced into the marble copies. He instances the Faun, which every visitor to the galleries of the Vatican will recall, as an illustration of this. "Surely," concludes Sir Charles, "Pheidias did not arbitrarily adorn his composition with the introduction of this unnecessary pillar."

In the belief of Sir Charles the aim of the Greeks in using material like gold and ivory was not to make their works of art more realistic,

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but "simply the desire to add the pleasure of color and the harmony of varied texture to the pleasure of form." He notes that while with us the market value of material is apt to intrude itself upon our attention and therefore prejudice us against the use of gold as being a costly material, this reason did not exist with the Greeks.

"In those days," continues Sir Charles, "the Greeks were not essentially economical, but principally artistic in their tone of mind; and gold and ivory, once part of a work of art, did not evoke these anti-artistic associations. To them gold and ivory were simply (as they are, — decidedly are) beautiful materials, both in color and texture, the one more brilliant than bronze, the other softer than marble. . . . In the marble academy of modern Athens the Viennese architect Hensen has introduced polychromy into the capitals and the frieze, and some successful attempts at tinting marble statues have shown that the nobility of the material will ever shine through the color and produce an essentially different effect from plaster or any other common material coated with color. But, as I have said before," he continues, "it must be borne in mind that the primary aim of the Greeks in coloring their statues was not to heighten the reality of the work of art to such a degree that it almost appears like the thing in nature; they never mistook deception for artistic illusion. Their aim

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was simply to add beauty of color to beauty of form.”

Of the statue of the goddess Athena Sir Charles thus writes:

“If we can imagine ourselves entering the sacred and graceful temples at Olympia and on the Acropolis, and before us, while we are in the dark and alone, one over-powering image over forty feet in height, the drapery of pure gold, face, neck, and arms of soft ivory, a world of color and of form in the enamels and reliefs of the accessories, and all this brilliancy shrinking into the background of our consciousness through the over-powering majesty of the spiritual beauty which they make visible, the brilliancy making us falter, the dimensions making us small, and the harmony and beauty lifting us up to admiration and to devotion—we shall then no longer be prejudiced against that form of art, we shall perhaps faintly realize what splendor and what grace dwelt in the art of Pheidias.”

More graphic picturing in words it would be difficult to find. That Sir Charles Waldstein is in a closer and more intimate spiritual sympathy with the wonderful art of Pheidias than perhaps any other authority on classical sculpture, is a conviction quite forced upon all who read his criticism.

While the Athena of the Parthenon was the

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supreme glory of the temple, the sculptures of the pediment offer a subject of most valuable study. M. Rodin regards the expression in plastic art as fairly a key to the inner life of the artist. "*On retrouve a chaque instant,*" he says, "*dans la sculpture du moyen âge cette forme de console; on y retrouve ce retrait du thorax, ces membres plaqués contre le torse et cette attitude d'effort. On y retrouve surtout une mélancolie qui envisage la vie comme un provisoire auquel il ne convient pas de s'attacher.*"

The very design that shapes itself in the mind has its origin in the mental attitude and in the quality of spirit. The figures of the Parthenon eminently illustrate the truth contained in this insight of the French sculptor. They offer noble interpretations of life; they bring the observer face to face with that passionate sense of beauty, that lofty recognition of the majesty of line and form which characterized the Greeks. The flame they kindled still lights the artistic altars of to-day. Under Pheidias especially, and under Praxiteles, Myron, Polyclitus, and Scopas, was made manifest the exaltation possible to the Hellenistic spirit. Comparisons between Michaelangelo and the Greek sculptors force themselves upon the lover and student of great art, and confront one with a certain underlying contrast; a fundamental difference

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which is that of temperament and point of view, even more than of artistic skill. The Italian genius is felt to be burdened with unsolved problems of human destiny; the Greek genius has the poise of tranquil and wise contemplation.

The figures of Athena and of Poseidon divide the honors in the frieze of the west pediment of the Parthenon, each seen with a train of charioteers, while between them is the olive-tree that the wonderfully-endowed Athena caused to spring up, instantaneously, at the time of their contest for supremacy; when Poseidon, not to be outdone, struck a rock on the Acropolis, causing the salt spring to instantly gush forth. After this exhibition of their powers, the goddess was decreed the winner in the contest, as was quite in keeping with due chivalry, against the claim of the god.

Much regret, not to say wrath, against Lord Elgin has been expressed regarding his removal to England of the greater part of the matchless sculptures of the Parthenon (metopes, pediment, frieze) which a firman obtained by him in 1801 permitted him to convey to England, where, fifteen years later, they were purchased by the Government and placed in the security of the British Museum, where they remain. Numberless books and brochures have been written on the subject of the "Elgin Marbles," and they

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form one of the chief attractions to the visitor in London. It is not unfrequently declared that these sculptures can never be seen aright as detached from the places they were designed to fill; but it might also be remembered that if they had not been removed as they were by Lord Elgin, they would now, undoubtedly, be in fragments among the ruins.

The Acropolis is surrounded at its base with a high iron railing which does not conceal the view as a wall would, and which as effectually guards the sanctuary. Near the theater of Dionysus is one small gate, standing open during the day, without custodian or any formality of entrance. One has only to pass through; but while this portal gives easy access to the excavated theater, it does not allow one to gain the height on which are the ruins of the temples. It is possible, although rather a difficult climb, to ascend to the Cave Chapel, just above the theater of Dionysus; but this is the limit on that side of the Acropolis, for above are overhanging and precipitous rocks. The Cave Chapel is defined by two tall, Ionic pillars, which always incite the curiosity of the passer-by on the road below; but there is little within to repay the adventurous tourist who clambers over the steep rocks and blocks of stone to gain it; one cannot but wonder whether this was

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ever the cave of Pan. The archæologist, who has a way of substituting fact for fancy, decides that the caves of both Apollo and Pan were probably on the other side of the Hill.

The theater of Dionysus, on one slope of the Acropolis, was only excavated about 1864, by the Archæological Society of Athens. When constructed it was cut out of the rock, the slope forming a natural amphitheater. The seats are marble chairs, of the utmost comfort, rising tier above tier, where two thousand spectators could listen to the masterpieces of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Each chair in the front rows has inscribed on it the name of a priest.

Behind the seat of the priest of Dionysus was a throne-like chair, in perfect preservation to-day, a seat formed of two huge blocks of marble, and bearing the name of the Emperor Hadrian. In the orchestra still remain most of the reliefs, in which the crouching figure of Silenus occupies the central place. The theater was decorated, in the days of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, with statues of the leading tragic and comic poets, the pediments of which are still intact and bear the names of the poets represented.

The Archæological Society of Athens had been surprised when their labors disclosed to

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them the rows of white marble seats in almost perfect preservation, as they are seen to-day, in the amphitheater, terrace above terrace, on the slope of the hill beneath the Parthenon. Even the diminutive stage still exists, supported by the same line of beautiful sculptures, many of these being broken and shattered, yet by way of still suggesting that majestic beauty that they presented in the days when the great works of Æschylus and Euripides were rendered there in the presence of the appreciative spectators. The marble chairs in the first row of the orchestra, the semicircle nearest the stage, are more beautiful and elaborate in design than the others. Each is inscribed with the name of the occupant; and of these — a marble chair throne-like in its dimensions and its magnificence — was the chair of the Emperor Hadrian, the name being plainly wrought in the marble; many others bear the names of priests. That the clergy were so in evidence, and so especially provided for in the theater, emphasizes anew the kinship between religion and the drama, as held in the minds of the Athenians.

From the theater the visitor has a splendid view of Mount Hymettus, whose deep purple mass, singularly rich in color, rises directly in front across the Athenian plain. Lycabettus,

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crowned with a chapel, is near; and a little farther to the right, on the horizon, rises the historic hill of Philopappus, with its lonely monument, in isolated grandeur against the blue and sunlit waters of the Saronic Gulf. The Archæological Society of Athens may well take pride in this remarkable excavation.

The principal entrance to the Acropolis is that of the Beule Gate, on the east side. This ascent was discovered in 1852 by the French savant whose name it bears. There are no entrance fees, no 'appealing guides, no beggars,—hardly, even, the usual postal-card dealers, whose vociferous and persistent attentions in Italy make the life of the tourist so unhappy. In Athens the post-card vendor mildly proffers his wares, but at a hint of dismissal he retires.

At the Beule Gate the entrance looks as if railroad tracks had been laid for cars, and something of this sort is arranged for the convenience of workmen who are employed in restorations. But the visitor finds a fairly possible path; blocks of stone, serving as a road on which to walk rather than as obstructions, line the ascent. Yet the steps are irregular, and by no means uniform in height, and one has to pick his way a little carefully. But at the first sight of the Propylæa, with its Doric pillars, whose capitals and architraves have long since van-

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ished, one is thrilled with the indescribable beauty. The Beule Gate is opposite the central opening of the Propylæa, and was constructed from the stone that formed the choragic monument of Nikias (the son of Nikodemos), erected in 320 B.C., and destroyed when the Odeion was built, with the street above it, somewhere about 160 A.D. Two low towers define the entrance. Entering the Beule Gate, one mounts the irregular steps, passing, half-way up, the beautiful little temple of Nike Apterous (Wingless Victory), which is in a state of surprising preservation, until one learns that it was reconstructed in 1835. Opposite the temple is the pedestal of Agrippa, which formerly supported a statue of Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, and a famous general of his day. This was placed on the pedestal about 27 years B.C., and the pedestal still bears a decipherable inscription celebrating his virtues as a benefactor of Athens. The archæologists, who seem to be endowed with second sight, or some species of uncanny power, discovered that near the pedestal of Agrippa there was formerly a staircase of nearly a hundred steps, descending to the Klepsydra, or the well of the castle. There was also an inner chamber which, in the Byzantine period, was used as a chapel. The sanctuaries of Pan and Apollo have been iden-

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tified as near this chamber, by means of the modern excavation made by the Greeks; and the shrine of Apollo was traced by means of tablets even yet remaining. The entire ruins, indeed the whole vast and varied pile included in the Acropolis, are a palimpsest, whose inscriptions may be read and translated into the common knowledge of contemporary life. They form a phonograph whose records have been inscribed by the ages. The expert who knows the touch can liberate all its marvelous records. They may be transcribed for the benefit of all humanity. It is startling, it is awe-inspiring, to meet these revelations that connect the life of twenty-five centuries ago with the life of to-day. Whatever question is asked of the Acropolis, it will answer. It is not dead, nor even sleeping; it is alive, alert, with the riddles and problems and mysteries of the beginning of time! If one listens he shall hear, as one in a trance, "The sound of time, the rhyme of the years." Here are pictured the visions of the things undone; here are the achievements of days, and dreams and aspirations of the men on whom the stars of Marathon, the stars of Judea, looked down. Here may be read the legend of the ages when gods walked with men. The prophet laurel still flowers; the shrine is still tenanted, nor is the oracle dumb. The face



TEMPLE OF NIKE

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of Apollo is not hidden. Pan is not dead. He who comes with reverent step to this mighty monument of long-gone ages shall find

“Some waif washed up with the strays and spars
That ebb-tide shows to the shore and the stars;
Weed from the water, grass from a grave,
A broken blossom, a ruined rhyme.”

No age is dead. It decays, to spring again into renewed and more luxuriant form. It is life, all life! One is not face to face with dead ages, but spirit to spirit with the actors in those ages. The “Porch of the Maidens,” from the Erechtheum (Portico of the Caryatides), is familiar to all by means of casts which are to be seen in every museum of the fine arts the world over. It is one of the most entrancing sculptures.

In the little temple of Nike Apteros an inscription was discovered in 1897 that recorded the authorization of Callicrates (an architect of the time of Pericles) to found a temple to Athena Nike. It must have been completed, the archaeologist believes, soon after 400 B.C., an exquisite little creation of Pentelic marble, with Ionic pillars, and a statue of its tutelary goddess enthroned, holding in one hand a pomegranate and in the other a helmet. A portion of the frieze is still in preservation, and of the four panels that were taken to England by Lord Elgin there are replicas in terra-cotta.

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The panels remaining portray an assemblage of the gods, — Zeus, Athena, Poseidon, Aphrodite, Eros, and others. There are reliefs representing the various personifications of Victory laying her trophies before Athena; and more than all, surpassing all other conceivable beauty, is the view offered in several directions. The varying panoramas of Attica, over sea, over land, and always against a brilliant sky, seen from the little temple of Nike Apteros, are alone worth the journey to Athens. The deep blue waters of the Bay of Eleusis lie under the very shadow of the towering rock of Acro-Corinth, while at the left glows the splendor of the color on the Bay of Phaleron. Afar can be traced the island of Salamis and the light-house on Psytaleia; while in another direction is seen the lofty monument to Philopappos, and the wide expanse of the Saronic Gulf lying fair under the Grecian sunshine. One can quite understand why King *Ægeus* took his stand at this point to watch for the ship in which Theseus was returning from Crete. One of the most famous achievements of Theseus (who seemed to be gifted with the problematic glory of forever keeping himself in the public eye) was his destruction of the Minotaur, which, as the reader will recall, was a horrible monster with the head of a bull attached to the body of a

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man; a creature that was kept at Cnossus, the capital of Crete, over which King Minos reigned. To this monster Athens had to make a sacrifice, once in every nine years, of seven youths and seven maidens. Finally, the all-conquering Theseus, whose virtues are celebrated as they deserve to be in both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and whose two sons achieved heroism in the Trojan war, volunteered to accompany this human sacrifice on one occasion, and if possible deliver the youths and maidens from so tragic a fate. It will be recalled how Ariadne, the king's daughter, entered into ardent sympathy with his purpose and furnished Theseus with the clue to the labyrinth in which her father had the monster confined. Armed with clue and sword, Theseus descended to the labyrinth, succeeded in slaying the monster, and set sail, flushed and triumphant, with his bevy of young companions, whose gratitude for their rescue knew no bounds. Before setting forth Theseus had promised his father, King *Aegeus*, that if he were successful he would hoist a white sail in place of the black, that the good news might thus be flashed in advance of his landing. Marconi had not chartered the air of this planet in those days, and the Athenians had no wireless telegraphy. But Theseus, like many great men absorbed in important affairs, entirely for-

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got this compact and did not change the sail. As the time came for his craft to draw near, Ægeus mounted the Acropolis, at the place where the temple of Nike Apteros now stands, and peered over the sea for his son's ship. At last it came in sight, but with no white sail. Overcome with grief and terror, and assured that his son had perished in his heroic undertaking, Ægeus hurled himself on to the rocks and fissures on the side of the Acropolis. Pausanias, relating this story, says that the aged king was watching from the shore, and on seeing the black sail, plunged into the sea and was drowned before Theseus could arrive. At all events, the little temple is invested with many associations and legends, and not the least of these interests is in the vivid pictorial rendering of its beauty of views, in these lines from *The Corsair* of Byron:

“Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea’s hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!

• • • • •
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer’d Salamis!

• • • • •
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.”

The Acropolis museum, on the slope below the Parthenon, contains many objects of in-

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terest. There is an “early Attic” female figure, the original statue of the “Victory Binding Sandal,” a cast of which is in the British Museum. The objects in this museum have been placed in groups according to the places from which they were taken; so that the visitor finds in the Parthenon room, the Nike room, and others, the identification of the figures, or the fragments which he is examining, and this greatly facilitates the visit. The Acropolis is not, however, so interesting a museum, except to the specialist, as are most others. Yet it is rich in reliefs, in portions of frieze, and metope, and pediment, that cannot be found elsewhere.

While the Parthenon crowns the summit of the Acropolis, blossoming like some rare flower of celestial loveliness, the Propylæa is built on the sloping side of the rock. The pillars of the central portal, the pillars of the wings, colonnade above colonnade, rise before the eye. Between the upspringing columns lie huge blocks of marbles, heaped together, the tribute to time. Through the pillars, divested of capital and architrave, and yet so beautiful in their grace that one hardly realizes all that has gone, one looking backward from the summit for a moment beholds the charming plain of the Cephissus, the Areopagus, or the Hill of Mars

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(where St. Paul preached), and far in the distance, in a dream of blue mist, the hills of Salamis. An almost forgotten chronicle of travel by Bayard Taylor, who passed the winter of 1858 in Athens, gives so graphic a description of the Propylaea as almost to be unrivaled in the way of word picturing. Mr. Taylor wrote:

“The Propylæa still form a portal which divides two worlds,” said Mr. Taylor. “You leave modern and mediæval associations behind you, and you are alone with the Past. Over the ramparts of the Acropolis you see no more of the mountains or the distant *Ægean* islands than the oldest Greek — large outlines, simple tints, and no object distinct enough to tell whether it be modern or ancient. The last of the portals is passed. You are on the summit alone with the Parthenon. You need no pointing finger; your eye turns, instinctively, to where it stands. Over heaps of ruin, over a plain buried under huge fragments of hewn and sculptured marble, drums of pillars, pedestals, capitals, cornices, friezes, triglyphs, and sunken panel work, — a wilderness of mutilated Art, — it rises between you and the sky, which forms its only background, and against which every scar left by the infidel generations shows its gash. Broken down to the earth in the middle, like a ship which has struck and parted, with the roof, cornices, and friezes mostly gone, and

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not a column unmutilated; and yet with the tawny gold of two thousand years staining its once spotless marble, sparkling with snow-white marks of shot and shell, and with its soaring pillars embedded in the dark-blue ether (and here the sky seems blue only because they need such a background), you doubt for a moment whether the melancholy of its ruin, or the perfect and majestic loveliness which shines through that ruin, is the more powerful."

To ancient Athens the Acropolis was as the Holy Hill, to be ascended only by him who had clean hands and a pure heart. On this height were all the great questions of the time discussed. They crowned it with the noblest art. The Acropolis was the haunt of the gods; and the reader of history feels the verity of fact, rather than the creative imagination of the poet, in the assertion in the *Odyssey* that the "bright-eyed Athena" when she left Odysseus among the Phoenicians returned to the Acropolis. "She came unto Marathon then and the wide-wayed Athenian city, and entered the massive-built house of Erechtheus." That wonderful creation of gold and ivory has long since vanished; the Parthenon itself is now a ruin, and one half expects to see it fade like a mirage; the shrines and altars are crumpled fragments; no longer does Socrates linger

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by the Ilissus with the prayer on his lips: "Dear Pan and ye other gods, make me beautiful in the inward man;" no longer is Pan seen in Arcady.

"Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities,
Now Pan is dead!"

With all the lavish outlay for monumental memorials in Athens, there seems never to have been one in memory of Pheidias. He needs none. The Parthenon is his immortal monument. Its loveliness, as it hangs between heaven and earth like a dream, a vision, a celestial creation, a thing of spirit, is the noblest memorial for the artist whose name it enshrines. Myth and legend haunt the air of the Acropolis. Ægeus watching for the return of Theseus, and other figures, dim and wraithlike, hover on the edge of the precipitous rock. Pericles and Pheidias, Socrates and Plato, "the divine one," are they not all here, and does not the goddess Athena lift the veil of the past, even as she lifted the veil of the future?

The Cave Chapel, far up the hill above the theater of Dionysus, is still guarded by its two Ionic pillars; from Mars Hill, where stood St. Paul, no voice is borne on the air; the heights are deserted as if set apart forever from the haunts of men; and still, though a sea of marble

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fragments strews the earth, there seems no sense
of ruin. The sunshine of more than two thou-
sand summers still glows on the Parthenon
and enshrines in its glory Athena, daughter of
Zeus.

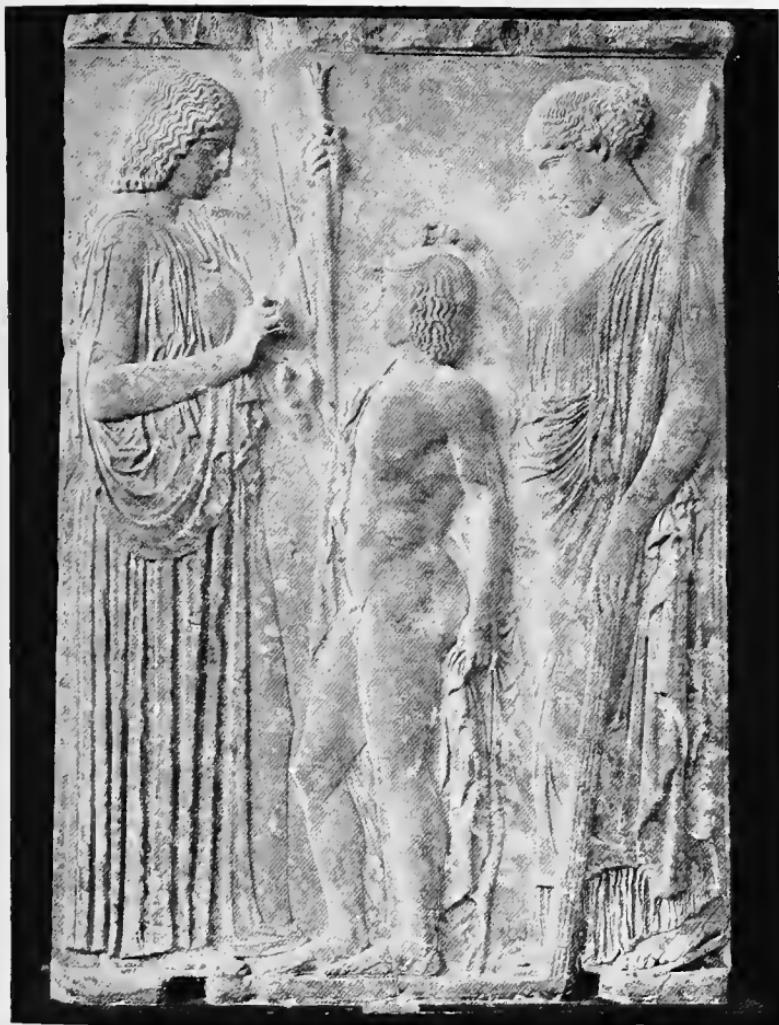
IV

THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES

“Many are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics.”

“Though thy life be fixed in one place, and thou neither sailest the sea, nor treadest the paths of the dry land, go at least to Eleusis; that thou mayst see those great nights, sacred to Demeter, through which thou shalt keep thy soul serene among the living, and go to join the great host with a lighter heart.” — CRINAGORAS.

THE Mysteries at Eleusis have been the mystery of the ages, and of all the numerous and varied solutions offered by antiquarian, philosopher, or commentator, no one theory has ever obtained complete and universal acceptance. What were these rites themselves? What was their purpose? What was the secret of their almost incalculable influence in the magic and enchanted period of the Hellenic world? Can the story so invested with myth and legend and rhapsody, so often presented only in the language of symbolism, so transformed into poetic and religious romance, be re-told in the language of the twentieth century, with any hope of rendering it clear and comprehensible, without losing its alluring charm of spiritual mystery, and divesting it of that atmosphere



THE MYSTERIES OF ELEUSIS

National Museum

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through which alone its images are visible? For that these rites were a factor of immeasurable importance in the Athenian life from some period of remote and shrouded antiquity down to the end of the fourth century before the Christian era is established beyond all controversy. The Eleusinian Mysteries were celebrated with the utmost ceremonial splendor. Invested with mystic enchantment is the picture that, by some inherent magic of its own, is still visible to the eye of the spirit, of that procession of initiates setting forth in the brilliant sunshine of an early September morning from the old Dipylon Gate, to proceed to Eleusis, twelve miles distant, along the Sacred Way, which was lined with spectators. The significance of their progress was accentuated by vast crowds that then, as now, attended on any great enterprise. The procession was composed of men and women, youths and maidens of varying degrees (known as the *ephebi*), the priests, the mystics, and official torch-bearers, each carrying in his hand a sprig of thyrsus. The route to Eleusis was almost lined with sculptured tombs and funeral urns. The road led over the Cephissus, past the olive groves of Plato's academy, through a deep gorge whose solemn shades blended with the serious character of the procession, and on through the

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narrow pass of Daphne which divides the Cephissus from the Thracian plain. This pass of Daphne so completely separates Athens and Eleusis as to make the distance seem much greater than it is in reality. On and on the procession went, past the romantic convent of Daphne, lingering on the way only at the way-side temple of Apollo, where a chorus of voices arose, singing hymns, and many of the initiate engaged in dances in honor of the god. In the *Frogs* of Aristophanes are given some of these choral songs, of which these lines, from the translation of Rogers, are typical:

“O happy mystic chorus,
The blessed sunshine o'er us
On us alone is smiling,
In its soft, sweet light;
On us who strive forever
With holy, pure endeavor,
Alike by friend and stranger
To guide our steps aright.”

“To what,” questions Professor Mahaffy, “did the Eleusinian Mysteries owe their transcendent character? It was not because men here worshiped exceptional gods, for the worship of Demeter was an old and widely diffused cult all over Greece; and there were other Eleusinia in various places. It was not because the ceremony consisted of mysteries, of hidden acts and words, which it was impious to reveal, and

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which the initiated alone might know. Nay, even within the ordinary homes of the Greeks there were these Mysteries. Neither was it because of the splendor of the Temple and its appointments, which never equaled the Panthenæa at the Parthenon, or the riches of Delphi, or Olympia." In reply to this speculation, Dr. Mahaffy believes that the sole cause of the pre-eminent place in Greek life of the rites celebrated at Eleusis was that they inculcated a faith of a hopeful and sustaining nature in the life to come after death. "This faith," he continues, "was taught them in the Mysteries through symbols, through prayer and fasting, through wild rejoicings; but, as Aristotle expressly tells us, it was reached, not by intellectual persuasion, but by a change into a new moral state, — in fact that of being spiritually revived." This conviction of the learned and the most eminent contemporary interpreter of the life of the ancient Greeks is supported by many declarations of Cicero, who was himself an initiate. "Much that is excellent and divine does Athens seem to me to have produced and added to our life," declares Cicero, "but nothing better than those Mysteries, by which we are formed and moulded from a rude and savage life to humanity; and indeed in the Mysteries we perceive the real principles of life, and learn not

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only to live happily, but to die with a fairer hope." The conviction of Cicero is also shared and affirmed by a galaxy of the noblest writers and thinkers of Greece, — Plato, Sophocles, Pindar, Aristophanes, Isocrates, and others; and all this testimony is again reinforced by the Homeric hymn, until practically the poet, the philosopher, the eloquent orator, both the religious and the doubter of religion, concur in their opinion regarding this remarkable ceremony.

The temple of the Mysteries occupied a commanding position on a high plateau above the beautiful Bay of Eleusis, and is said to have been able to hold thirty thousand people. The portico was adorned by twelve Doric columns, and two wide portals led into the interior, which, according to the custom of the Greeks, was quarried out of the solid rock of the Acropolis of Eleusis. This interior was nearly one hundred and eighty feet long and only ten feet less in width, and the roof was supported by forty-two magnificent columns, divided into six rows. Within recent years the Archæological Society of Athens has excavated the foundations and pavement of this great sanctuary of Eleusis, which is said to offer more problems to architects and archæologists than are likely to be solved in any immediate present. The Russian

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savant, M. Ouvaroff, in his *Essai sur les Mystères d'Eleusis*, first published in Paris in 1816, and which has continued to hold its place as the most authoritative modern exposition of these strange rites, asserts his conviction that “among all the institutions which have been denominated Mysteries, those of Eleusis hold the highest rank, equally imposing from their origin and their results.” M. Ouvaroff discusses them as the religious ideas that formed the mysticism of polytheism; as equally important from the probability that their origin was the very cradle of the moral and religious ideas of the universe, and he accepts the declaration of Pausanias that “the Chaldeans and the Magi are the first who pronounced the soul to be immortal; from them the Greeks learned their doctrine, and above all Plato, the son of Ariosto.” From the Orient to Egypt, from Egypt to Greece, he believes the origin is to be traced. “The Mysteries of Eleusis were divided,” continues the writer, “into two parts; the one esoteric, the other exoteric; and these two parts were the greater and the lesser Mysteries.”

The picture of the procession starting from the old Dipylon Gate is one that persists through the ages. Men bearing olive branches, the youths with chaplets, maidens bearing holy ves-

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sels, voices chanting the Homeric hymn to Demeter; arriving at Eleusis in the darkness of the evening; each devotee bearing a flaming torch, whose light streamed through the woodlands as they wound their way along the romantic shores of the bay. The journey was preceded by special preparations. Only the initiate were permitted to take part in these ceremonies, and four days before setting out they held an assembly in Athens; the next day all the youths and maidens, and the old men and women, bathed in the sea; the day after was kept strictly as a fast, and on the day preceding the journey they offered sacrifice. Thus, translating their observances into the terms of the Christian religion, it is seen how the great essentials, fasting and prayer, which the Church has ever held as all-important, were the keynotes of preparation for the Eleusinian rites. Dr. Anna Kingsford, the priestess of a cult of mystics that was prominent in London in the latter quarter of the nineteenth century, and who herself had a curiously recognizable likeness to much that is associated with the early manifestations of religion in Greece, writing of the Eleusinian Mysteries, said:

“. . . Venus, or Aphrodite, is celestial harmony, that binding power of sympathy that enlightens. Air, Pallas, is the offspring of

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Ether, or original substance, which is universally diffused and penetrates everywhere. The soul, Persephone, is the daughter of Demeter (earth, or motion) and of Ether (Zeus, or rest), representing, respectively, the visible and the invisible."

The significance of these Mysteries seems, perhaps, to have been to show the relation of the soul to the elements by which it is beset. The gods of the elements were Athena (the air), Poseidon (the water), Hephaistos (fire), and Demeter (the earth). One of the aims was to gain "four excellent things:" Knowledge, that comes by labor; Courage, which is gained by Faith; Will, which is the fruit of Energy; and Wisdom, the Fruition of all."

In the *Exhortation to Hermes* we find:

"Therefore I would have you armed both with a perfect philosophy and with the power of the divine life.

"And first the knowledge; that you and they who hear you may know the reason of the faith which is in you.

"But knowledge cannot prevail alone, and ye are not yet perfected.

"When the fullness of the time shall come, I will add unto you the power of the divine life.

"It is the life of contemplation, of fasting, of obedience, and of resistance.

"And afterwards the chrism, the power, and the glory. But these are not yet."

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It would be claiming far too much to affirm that the Mysteries of Eleusis were wholly a spiritual rite, in the sense of modern understanding of spiritual enlightenment; yet, as Dr. Kingsford said, in her address to the British Theosophical Society in 1883:

“. . . Greek, Hermetic, Buddhist, Vedantist, Christian — all these Lodges of the Mysteries are fundamentally one and identical in doctrine. . . .”

It was, indeed, inclusively speaking, the vast and far-reaching problem of idealism that inspired the symbolic rites at Eleusis. There are two degrees of initiation: the first, that of turning away from the external, the things of the sense; the second, that which enters into the innermost truth of the spirit, and realizes that in the knowledge of the divine is eternal life. “And this is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God.” There is something in humanity, something that is revealed to the Greeks of twenty-five hundred years ago and to all the nations of the earth to-day, that intuitively and universally responds to the command of Jesus, the Christ, when He said: “Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.” Remote as an individual or as a nation may be from even an approach to the

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fulfillment of this sublime ideal, it is nevertheless implanted in the soul. Every rite in the Mysteries of Eleusis was symbolic. The hierophant, the priest who presided, must be a celibate, must strictly fast on certain appointed dates, and must devote his life to the office. The first initiations of the Eleusinia were known as terminations, "denoting that the rudimentary period of life was ended, and that the candidate was a *mysta*, or liberated person. The Greater Mysteries completed this liberation and carried him on to development. . . ." The soul was believed to be of a two-fold nature, linked on one side to the eternal world, emanating from God, and partaking of the divine nature; on the other, allied to the phenomenal and external world: thus was she under bondage to evil until she had overcome all evil. She was subject to the two influences, now exalted, now debased, dwelling in the physical body as in a prison. In this state the earth-life was a dream rather than a reality. Yet even in this condition, the soul was held to have unquenched longings for a nobler life, and affinities indestructible for the eternal and divine. "All men yearn after God," said Homer. Plato declared that there are innate in the soul certain ideas, or principles, which are not derived from without, but are anterior to all experience and are

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developed and brought to view but not produced by experience. These ideas are the most vital of all truths; and the purpose of instruction and discipline is to make the individual conscious of them and willing to be led and inspired by them. The soul is purified or separated from evils by knowledge, truth, expiation, sufferings, and prayers. Our life is a discipline and preparation for another state of being; and resemblance to God is the highest motive of action.

There are several versions of the details of the Mysteries, almost every historian and commentator holding some favorite one of his own, deduced from acquaintance with such ancient manuscripts as still exist. No two of these commentators seem to be in entire agreement, although Professor Mahaffy says that all the serious authorities agree in one respect: that "the doctrine taught in the Mysteries was a faith which revealed to them hopeful things about the world to come; and which, not so much as a condition but as a consequence of this clearer light, this higher faith, made them better citizens and better men."

The dramatic story of Demeter and Persephone was held as the legend typical of the experiences and the development of the soul, and it is this story which was the foundation of

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all the rites and ceremonies celebrated under the name of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Briefly told, the belief embodied a conception of which the main outlines are something as follows: the soul and the spirit were not held as identical terms; the spirit being breathed into man by the divine, while the soul was believed to be generated by the polarization of astral elements. The soul was, indeed, regarded rather as the envelope of the spirit: as its body, so to speak, inseparable from it. Thus, containing the spirit, it passed into and through many mortal bodies, which were used as the vehicle for gaining experience, and which, after serving this temporal purpose, were discarded. This theory, indeed, differs little from that of the Theosophical belief somewhat widely held and discussed at the present time. In the Mysteries, the soul was defined as the divine idea. Its primal existence was in the mind of God. But spirit, says an ancient authority on Mysticism, “being the substance of all things, is in all things; but does not become *the* Spirit until, from being diffuse and abstract, it becomes, by polarisation, concentrate and formulate, — from heat becoming flame.”

The story of Persephone presents the conception of God under two methods: one as the

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contemplative and passive; the other that of force and activity. One condition is thus dynamic, the other static. Out of the latter arises a movement that produces ether, in which every atom of the universe moves; but this activity is held to be the production of matter, and the greater the activity, the more material is the life. To counteract this materiality was that quietude, in which, as asserted in the Bible, "shall be your strength," and Demeter was conceived as the being representing this tranquillity. Persephone was the daughter of Demeter and Ether, the link between the spiritual and the material. Demeter was hailed as the "Earth-Mother," and as the "angel of the crucible." The descent of Persephone into Hades is the allegory of the spirit of man incarnating in a physical body. And the story further runs that Persephone, belonging to the two worlds, passed half her time in Hades and half on Olympus. But from a sin she became chained and imprisoned in the lower world, from which her mother Demeter sought in vain to release her. This sin was the following of her own will.

It is easy to understand the fascination of this legend, replete with mystic significance for both the moralist and the poet. Swinburne pictures Persephone as a maiden with

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“Her deep hair heavily laden with odor and color of flowers,
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendor, a flame,
Bent down to us who besought her, and earth grew sweet
with her name.”

One of the younger American poets, George Edward Woodberry, whose genius has added new luster to the lyric art of his country, has recently published a long poem in which occurs this beautiful stanza to Proserpine (or Persephone, the former name lending its better grace to the muse), which, by Mr. Woodberry’s kind permission, may enrich this chapter on the Mysteries:

“O Proserpine, dream not that thou art gone
Far from our lives, half-human, half-divine;
Thou hast a holier adoration won
In many a heart that worships at no shrine.
Where light and warmth behold me,
And flower and wheat enfold me,
I lift a dearer prayer than all prayers past;
He who so loved thee that the live earth clove
Before his pathway unto light and love,
And took thy flower-full blossom, — who at last
Shall every blossom cult, —
Lover the most of what is most our own,
The mightiest lover that the world has known,
Dark lover, Death, — was he not beautiful.”

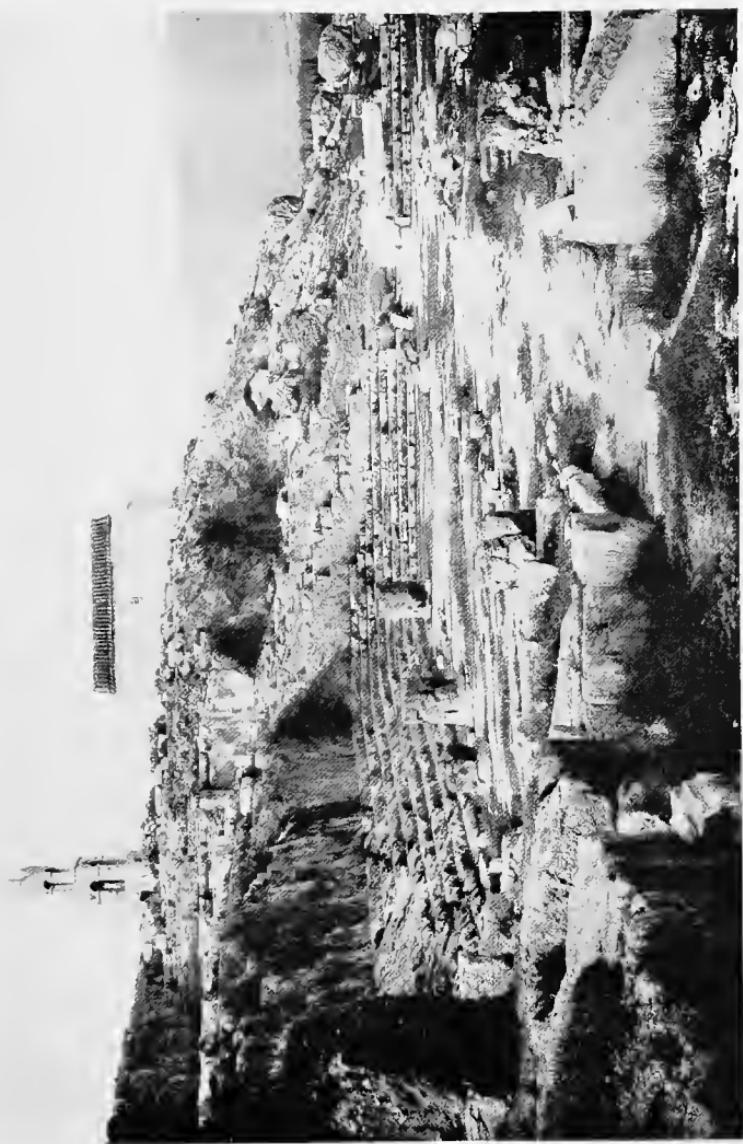
Eleusis boasts the added fame of being the native city of *Æschylus*, who was born about 525 B.C., and it thus incites a speculative wonder as to what degree his profound spiritual insight and his message of imperishable truth may not have been influenced by the essentially

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religious character of his surroundings, as the scene of the Eleusinian rites.

When the initiates came into the vast temple of the Mysteries, in Eleusis, they were clad in linen, with golden grasshoppers in the hair, and each one had his head wreathed with myrtle. The actual nature of the rites that took place have never been authoritatively disclosed. The mainspring of all the ceremonies was undoubtedly the Greek consciousness of both the visible and the invisible worlds; to them, these worlds were closely interwoven; they contemplated all life from the standpoint of its existence in surroundings of spiritual meaning. This conception is made clear by Aristotle, and it pervades, indeed, in more or less definite form, all the philosophy of the Greeks. Their struggle was always for a reconciliation between the spiritual and the material; between the inner and the outer life. There is evident the perpetual longing to realize the conditions of Eternity, as so clearly revealed by Plato, and the ever unsuccessful effort to reconcile phenomena and experience.

One of the most beautiful and significant of the symbolic rites at Eleusis was that of passing on the light from one torch to another, each torch being lighted from the burning one that preceded it in the procession, thus portraying



TEMPLE OF DEMETER AT ELEUSIS

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the transmission of knowledge from one generation and one century to the succeeding one. To the Greeks the attainment of the higher life was the persistent ideal, and all their art, in its varied forms of sculpture, poetry, and drama, had this fundamental idea as the supreme lesson, the all-important message, to be impressed upon the mind. In the light of this spirit the ceremonies of the celebration of the Eleusinian Mysteries are seen contemplated in their true aspect and as an integral factor in all that made for the diviner life as increasingly attained and revealed by the human life. While the nature implanted by God may be stifled and overlaid by the things of the senses, it can never be exterminated. It may be a far cry from the Mysteries of twenty-four hundred years ago in Eleusis to the Christian ideals of to-day; and still, in the deeper study of the spirit that pervaded these rites, and that sought through them communion with something higher than itself, the words of Phillips Brooks are not inapplicable when he says: "So to the soul that finds in all life new and ever deeper knowledge of God, life is forever accumulating. Every passing event gets a noble value from the assurance that it gives us of God. This is the only real transfiguration of the dusty road, of the monotony and routine of living." Instead of

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regarding the Eleusinian Mysteries as inscrutable rites to whose possible significance we hold no clue, if, indeed, we believe that they possess any significance, they may be regarded as but another revelation of the spiritual nature of man; whose search for immortality has manifested itself in all ages and under the guise of innumerable forms, but which is always in perpetual evidence because he is made in the divine image, and shares the divine nature, and only in the infinite Life can he realize his own potential life as a child of God.

V

THE STORY OF DR. SCHLIEMANN

“This man, too,
To take the city of Priamos did the celestials give.”

“For manliness wealth an ill boding is
And too great luxury; but poverty,
Stern though she be, more strenuous children breeds
And better fitted for the toils of life.”

EURIPIDES.

“THE story of a spiritual destiny embraced willingly, and embraced in youth.” These words hold in epitome the entire biography of Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, whose contribution to classical science in his discovery of the ancient Greek civilization has conferred the most splendid and notable service on contemporary life, the interest and importance of which are by no means limited to the domain of classical scholarship, but which become, instead, a part of the imperishable treasure of the world. Dr. Schliemann first formulated his theories regarding Troy, Mycenæ, and Tiryns from the Homeric poems; but he did not hold these theories as eternal verities until he had put them to the test, and marshaled such evidence con-

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necting the discoveries with the poems as has established more than a rational presumption that this great archæologist has brought to light the remains of the life of three thousand years ago. His genius has revealed to mankind the real conditions of the pre-historic Greece described by Homer. "And, in fact," says Dr. Schuchhardt, "every scholar who wishes to investigate the origins and actual contents of the Homeric poems, or the origins of the Greek people and their civilization, must nowadays base his researches in the first place on the material afforded by Schliemann's excavations." No student of Hellenism can be indifferent to these marvelous and epoch-making discoveries which, as Mr. Gladstone has remarked, have "thrust argument out of court." These discoveries have suggested problems that future centuries alone, it may be, can fully solve.

Professor Rudolf Virchow, who was with Dr. Schliemann and was thus an eye-witness of the last excavations at Hissarlik, says, in his preface to Dr. Schliemann's great work entitled *Ilios*, that while the enchanting picture of Homer's immortal poetry may have ensnared the fancy of the renowned archæologist, this fault of imagination, if it be so called, involved the very secret of his success. "The Burnt City would still have lain to this day hidden in the earth,

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had not imagination guided the spade," he continued: "The Iliad is not merely an Epic which sings of human affairs; in the conflict of men the great circle of the Olympic gods takes part, acting and suffering. . . . The theater for the action of the gods has been drawn much larger than for men. The range of these poems extends far beyond the Plain of Troy. The eye finds its boundary on the lofty summits of Ida, and the peak of Samothrace." The life of the discoverer of the pre-Homeric civilization might almost be read as a manifestation of destiny. As he tells the story it falls into an almost mosaic-like grouping of circumstance and event, each of which is in definite relation to the complete scheme and achievement of his life, as now seen truly in retrospect, and in harmonious response to each other. Dr. Schliemann rightfully begins his story of the discovery of Troy with the story of his own life; not, as he himself says, "from any feeling of vanity, but from a desire to show how the work of my later life has been the natural consequence of the impressions I received in my earliest childhood."

No one could fully understand the work itself without some knowledge of the character and experiences that lead to such undertakings; and no one but himself could so well interpret the inter-relations of character and circumstance.

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Heinrich Schliemann was born on January 6, 1822, and died on December 26, 1890. These sixty-eight years were crowded with unprecedented discovery and the revelations of the buried life of long-gone ages. He was born in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the son of a Protestant clergyman in limited circumstances, but with an impassioned enthusiasm for ancient history and for classical scholarship. He was not learned in Greek; but he was a good Latin scholar, and taught it with such success to his son that at the age of nine the lad produced "a badly-written Latin essay upon the principal events of the Trojan war and the adventures of Ulysses and Agamemnon." Of his earliest childhood he thus writes in his great work on Troy:¹

" . . . My father often told me with warm enthusiasm of the tragic fate of Herculænum and Pompeii. He also related to me with admiration the great deeds of the Homeric heroes and the events of the Trojan war, always finding in me a warm defender of the Trojan cause. With great grief I heard from him that Troy had been so completely destroyed that it had disappeared without leaving any trace. My joy may be imagined, then, when I received as a Christmas gift a book with an engraving representing Troy in flames, with its huge walls

¹ *Ilios.* Harper and Brothers, New York.

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and the Scæan gate, from which *Æneas* is escaping with his father, Anchises, on his back, and holding his son Ascanius by the hand. I cried out: 'Father, you were mistaken; if such walls existed they cannot have been completely destroyed; vast ruins of them must still remain, but they are hidden under the dust of ages.' He maintained the contrary, but I was firm in my opinion, and at last we both agreed that I should one day excavate Troy."

Here one discerns the beginning, in the childish resolve of a lad of eight years, of the most wonderful and epoch-making archæological discoveries known to the civilized world. About this time the elder Schliemann removed to Ankershagen, a village whose atmosphere was full of the kind of legend and tradition that would appeal to an imaginative child. The house in which they lived was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the clergyman whom Mr. Schliemann had succeeded. Back of their garden was a pond, "*das Silberschalchen*," out of whose depths every midnight a maiden was supposed to rise, holding a silver bowl. There was also a grave in a neighboring hill in which it was rumored that a robber had buried his child in a golden cradle, and the delicious horrors of the lad in these legends were still further increased by the stories that an old knight who had lived in a neighboring castle was greatly in

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evidence in uncanny midnight revelries. All these inspirations so wrought upon the sensitive child that he engaged his little playmate, Minna Meincke, to marry him when they were grown up, and go with him to discover Troy.

About this time the father died, and the poor little lad was apprenticed to a grocer, where he was kept at work from five in the morning until late in the evening; yet, incredible as it seems, amid all this hardship, and extreme privation, he managed to keep abreast of study. "I applied myself with extraordinary diligence," he says, "to the study of English. Necessity taught me a method which greatly facilitates the study of a language. This method consists in reading a great deal aloud. . . . I went twice every Sunday to the English church, and repeated to myself in a low voice, every word of the clergyman's sermon."

One of the mosaic-like events that happened was that on one evening there came to the shop a miller's son, who had been born in better circumstances and educated at a gymnasium, who recited about a hundred lines from the Homer which he had never forgotten. The rhythmic cadence of the verses entranced the youth, "and although I did not understand a syllable," Dr. Schliemann related in after years, "the melodious flow of the words made a deep im-

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pression upon me, and I wept over my unhappy fate. Three times over did I implore him to repeat to me those divine verses, rewarding his trouble with the few pence that were all I had in the world. From that moment I never ceased to pray to God that by His grace I might yet have the happiness of learning Greek."

Somewhat later the future archæologist shipped as cabin boy on an outgoing steamer for Venezuela, and sold his only coat to buy a blanket for the voyage. The ship set sail in November of 1841, but was wrecked off the Dutch coast; the crew were rescued, and young Schliemann procured employment in an office in Holland, and went on errands with his book in his hand. He finally was made copying clerk; he learned both English and French within six months; and by extreme economy saved half of his salary of eight hundred francs a year. He acquired Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and finally the Russian language, on which, in 1846, his employers sent him to St. Petersburg as their agent. A year later he founded a mercantile house of his own and devoted himself to the indigo trade. He prospered so marvelously that in 1858, at the age of thirty-six, he was enabled to retire on his fortune and devote himself to the pursuit of his

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passionate enthusiasm, archæology. Within the succeeding ten years his fortune increased so as to give him an income of ten thousand pounds a year.

To an extraordinary facility for acquiring languages Dr. Schliemann added that final and supreme test of genius, the capacity for diligent and persistent work, which alone is the source of great achievement. His indomitable power of will, his ceaseless energy, were the keys by means of which he unlocked the extraordinary problems which he set himself to solve.

In 1864 he visited India, China, and Japan, writing his first book, *Le Chine et le Japon*, which was published in Paris, where he took up his residence to devote himself to the study of archæology. He had written this book during his fifty days' voyage from Japan to the Pacific coast of the United States.

In a letter written to Kate Field, from Paris, under date of March 28, 1868 (preserved in the Public Library of Boston), Dr. Schliemann says:

“. . . I am very ambitious to be nominated by the American government as their representative at the Exposition Universelle at Paris,—of course sans remuneration; quite the other way, for I might contribute to make it better.

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I merely want the nomination as delegate; for I have always done honor to my name as a United States citizen, and every one in America knows me."

Dr. Schliemann added that he would also be glad to have the appointment of consul to Athens from the United States, "for the dignity of the office;" and that he would amply reward such recognition by gifts of antiquities to the Smithsonian Institute. In case of securing this office, he intended to employ an able consular agent at his own expense. But, apparently, the appointment was not made.

By some technicality of the law he had become, on landing in California, an American citizen, and his manifest pride in this relation to the United States attests his great appreciation of the country. Soon after, he visited Greece, making careful inspection of the classical places which were destined to be the scenes of his remarkable labors, and in 1869 he published, in French, another work entitled *Ithaca, The Peloponnesus, and Troy*. In this he announced his two leading theories, which he mainly drew from a careful study of the descriptions of Pausanias and from the Homeric poems. He came to believe that Troy had not stood far inland on the summit of the Balidagh, as the scholars of the day held, but that its

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site, instead, was on the height called Hissarlik, near the coast, an hypothesis whose correctness his own future excavations were destined to prove. The publication of this book, and a treatise written in Greek, gained for him a doctor's degree from a German University.

The year 1869 Dr. Schliemann passed in the United States; but in 1870 he entered on the great work which was the purpose of his life in so exceptional a way that regarding it he might well have said: "For this cause came I into the world."

It has been questioned as to why, in the divine order, a man with such invaluable gifts to the world should have been born into poverty and privation, and led through the experience of hardships. But who can fail to recognize the truth in the lines of Lowell:

"Nor can I count him happiest who has never
 Been forced with his own hand the chain to sever
 And for himself find out the way divine."

The eternal truth embodied by Goethe in the lines asserting that no one may ever know the Heavenly Powers save those who have eaten their bread in sorrow; those who have known the "lonely midnight," is forever being made manifest anew.

The great savant might well have said, again in the words of Lowell:

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“ . . . For me, I have no choice;
I might turn back to other destinies,
For one sincere key opes all Fortune’s doors;
But whoso answers not God’s earliest call
Forfeits or dulls that faculty supreme
Of lying open to his genius
Which makes the wise heart certain of its ends.”

It is pleasant to read that Dr. Schliemann obtained a firman from the Sublime Porte through the offices of the American Minister resident at that time, Hon. Wayne McVeagh, whose personal interest as well as diplomatic services greatly assisted Dr. Schliemann. He had married a remarkable Greek lady, Mademoiselle Sophia Kastromenos, a woman of the most liberal and polished culture, whose family was one of the noted ones in Greece; a woman of great nobility of character and original gifts, and also of wealth that has enabled her to constantly carry out many important works in philanthropy and education which have been among her lifelong interests. Of his wife Dr. Schliemann said, with pardonable pride and enthusiasm, that she was “a warm admirer of Homer, and joined, with glad devotion,” in the great purpose of his life. With the joyous inspiration of such companionship, for Madame Schliemann holds recognized intellectual rank among the first in Europe, the conditions were indeed ideal for Dr. Schliemann’s entrance upon

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the supreme work of his life. The future lay fair before him.

Of this marriage there were two children: a daughter, Andromache, who is now the wife of a distinguished Greek; and a son, Agamemnon, who is a leading member of the Chambre des Députés, and who, with his wife, a charming Parisienne, occupy, with Madame Schliemann, the family residence in Athens known as the "Palace of Ilium."

The year 1870 arrived and revealed itself to Dr. Schliemann, not as an "*année terrible*," but as the year for which all the preceding years of his life had been given. He was now forty-eight years of age; he had amassed a very large fortune; he was still in comparative youth, with infinite confidence in his speculative convictions regarding the site of Troy, and with all-abounding energy. "At last," he says, "I was able to realize the dream of my life, and to explore at leisure the scene of those events which had always had such an intense interest for me, and the country of those heroes whose adventures had delighted and comforted my childhood." Was not his, indeed, "a spiritual destiny embraced willingly and embraced in youth?"

In 1871 Dr. and Madame Schliemann set out for the Dardanelles. In opening his work

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at Hissarlik he employed from eighty to a hundred and fifty workmen, an engineer, and two overseers. For his own use he had built a comfortable house out of the excavated stone; but he found that his workmen were so illy clad that they must have some place of shelter and warmth, so he devoted this house to their comfort, while he and his wife took refuge in a poor habitation through whose walls the wind blew at night to a degree that utterly prevented them from keeping lights burning. While they had a fire, yet water would freeze on the hearth. "During the day," he says, "we could to some degree bear the cold by working in the excavations; but in the evenings we had nothing to keep us warm except our enthusiasm for the great work of discovering Troy."

In his entralling description of this work of the excavations Dr. Schliemann, in his *Ilios*, writes:

"We had to break through a wall ten feet thick, consisting of large blocks of marble, most of which were drums of Corinthian columns cemented with lime. We then had to pierce the wall of Lysimachus, also ten feet thick, and built of large hewn stones; . . . besides, we had to force our way through two Trojan walls from five to ten feet in thickness. While making this excavation I found a great number of large,

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earthen, wine-jars, from three to six feet high, as well as numerous drums of Corinthian columns, and other sculptured blocks of marble. All these must have belonged to the Hellenic buildings, the southern wall of which I laid bare to the distance of nearly three hundred feet. Three inscriptions found here leave no room for doubt that this was the temple of the Ilium Athene, which surpassed all other temples of *novum Ilium*.

“The floor of this temple of Athene consisted of large slabs of limestones resting upon double layers of hewn blocks of the same material. It was frequently covered with from one to three feet of vegetable soil, and this explains the entire absence of sculpture; for whatever there were in, or upon this temple, could not sink into the ground on the summit of the hill when the building was destroyed, and they therefore remained on the surface for many centuries till they were broken up by religious zeal, or out of sheer mischief. Hence we can easily explain the enormous mass of fragments of statues that covered the entire hill. In order to bring Troy itself to light, I was forced to sacrifice the ruins of this temple, of which I left standing only parts of the north and south walls. I found remains of houses, relics of great intrinsic value.”

But the astounding discovery was that four different sets of people had occupied this site, each of whom had covered it with their own

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buildings, unconscious of the others. A new chapter in the history of man was indeed revealed.

“The excavations,” continues Dr. Schliemann in the *Ilios*, a volume that is as fascinating as a fairy tale, “prove that the second nation which built a town on this hill (upon the *débris* of the first, which is from twenty to thirty feet thick), are the Trojans of whom Homer sings.”

Dr. Schliemann proceeds:

“. . . The strata of this Trojan *débris*, which, without exception, bears marks of great heat, consists mainly of charred ashes of wood, and rise from five to ten feet above the great wall of Ilion, the double Scæan gate, and the great surrounding wall, the construction of which Homer ascribes to Poseidon and Apollo, and they show that the town was destroyed by a fearful conflagration. How great this heat must have been is clear also from the large slabs of stone of the road leading from the double Scæan gate down to the plain; for when a few months ago I laid this road open, all the slabs appeared as much uninjured as if they had been put down quite recently; but after they had been exposed to the air a few days they began to crumble away; the slabs of the upper part of the road, to the extent of some ten feet, which had been exposed to the heat, also began to crumble away, and have now almost disap-

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peared, while those of the lower part of the road, which had not been touched by the fire, have remained uninjured, and seem to be indestructible. . . .”

It was here that Dr. Schliemann found the prodigious structure he has named the “Tower of Ilium,” a building no less than forty feet thick. “This tower,” he states, “after having been buried for thirty-one centuries, and after, during thousands of years, one nation after another had built its houses and palaces high above its summit, has now again been brought to light, and commands a view, if not of the whole plain, at least of its northern parts, and of the Hellespont.” A little beyond this tower was a perfectly fitted gateway for two pairs of gates, one behind the other, the upper fastenings of which still remain in the stone posts. These Dr. Schliemann believed to be the “Scaean gates” of Homer. He then came to what he calls the palace of Priam, at a depth of from twenty-two to twenty-six feet, resting upon the great tower, and directly under the temple of Minerva. In several of the rooms of houses Dr. Schliemann found red jars from seven to eight feet high. Of these he says:

“In the course of excavations on the Trojan wall, and in the immediate neighborhood of

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Priam's house, I lighted on a great copper object of remarkable form, which attracted my attention all the more as I thought I saw gold behind. Upon this copper object rested a thick crust of red ashes in calcined ruins, on which again weighed a wall nearly six feet thick and eighteen feet high, built of great stones and earth, and which must have belonged to the period next after the destruction of Troy. In order to save this treasure from the greed of my workmen, I cut it out with a knife. It would, however, have been impossible for me to have removed the Treasure without the help of my dear wife, who stood at my side, ready to pack the things I cut out in her shawl, and to carry them away. . . . As I found all these things together, in the form of a rectangular mass, or packed into one another, it seems certain that they were placed on the city wall in a wooden chest. The supposition seems to be corroborated by the fact that close by the side of these articles I found a copper key. It is therefore possible that some one packed the treasure in a chest and carried it off, without having had time to pull out the key, and that when he reached the wall, the hand of an enemy, or the fire, overtook him, and he was obliged to abandon the chest, which was immediately covered to a height of five feet with the ashes and stones of the adjoining house. . . . That the Treasure was packed together at a moment of supreme peril appears to be proved, among other things, by the contents of the largest silver vase, consisting of nearly nine thousand

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objects of gold. To secure this required great exertion, and involved great risk, since the wall of fortifications beneath which I had to dig, threatened every moment to fall down upon me. But the sight of so many objects, every one of which is of inestimable value to archæology, made me reckless and I never thought of danger."

The mass of precious metal found by Dr. Schliemann is simply astonishing, one single cup of gold weighing forty ounces, while there were innumerable objects in bronze, silver, and gold, spears and axes, daggers, and a large bronze shield. Dr. Schliemann describes one portion of these:

"That this treasure was packed in the greatest haste is shown by the contents of the vast silver chest, in which, quite at the bottom, I found two splendid golden diadems, a fillet for the head, and four gorgeous and artistic pendants for earrings. On them lay fifty-six golden earrings, and four thousand, seven hundred and fifty little golden rings, perforated prisms and dice, together with golden buttons, golden bracelets, and at the top of all, in the silver vase, two golden cups."

Beginning another excavation near his own house, and west of the Great Tower, Dr. Schliemann found near the surface the ruins of a large house of the Greek period, "which must

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have belonged to a great man, possibly a high priest, for the floors of the rooms were made of large slabs of red stone, excellently polished." Thirty feet below this house they brought to light a street, seventeen feet wide, paved with huge stone flags, and from the slope of the street the explorer conjectured that a large structure must have lain at one end, to which the thoroughfare led. Acting on this surmise, he set his men to digging in that direction and found the ruins of a large and important building, with two massive gateways. Dr. Schliemann accounted for the finding of such vast treasure all in one place by the theory that a fearful catastrophe fell on the city so suddenly that the inhabitants had no time to carry their possessions with them. He also recognized how this disposition of the third city on that site agreed with the Homeric description where the poet says: "Priam's city used to be far-famed for its wealth in gold and bronze, but now the precious wealth has disappeared from its houses." Dr. Schliemann notes that if, in spite of its exhaustion by a long, protracted siege, the third city of Hissarlik was still so rich that he could find in it ten treasures, this fact was to him an additional proof that it was identical with the poet's city of Ilios.

The explorer adds:

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“Still further, in proportion to the wealth and power of Ilium, it was but natural that the sudden catastrophe by which this rich and famous capital of the Trojan kingdom perished, should have made a very deep impression on the minds of men, both in Asia Minor and in Greece, and that it should at once have been taken up by the bards. But while, as Mr. Gladstone says, the local features of the site and plain of Troy were given sufficiently for a broad identification, the bards handled them loosely, and at will, in point of detail. They treated the plain without any assumption of a minute acquaintance with it, like one who was sketching a picture for his hearers, boldly but slightly, and not as one who laid his scene in a place with which he was already personally acquainted, and which formed by far the most famous portion of the country he inhabited. The ruins of the burnt Ilium having been completely buried under the ashes and *débris*, and people having no archæological desire for the investigation of the matter, it was thought that the destroyed city had completely disappeared. The imagination of the bards had, therefore, full play; the small Ilium grew in their songs in the same proportion as the strength of the Greek fleet, the power of the besieging army, and the great actions of the heroes; the gods were made to participate in the war, and innumerable legends were grouped around the magnified facts. . . . I wish I could have proved Homer to have been an eye-witness of the Trojan war,” continues Dr. Schliemann.

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“Alas! I cannot do it! At his time swords were in universal use and iron was known, whereas they were totally unknown at Troy. Besides, the civilization he describes is later by centuries than that which I have brought to light in the excavations. Homer gives us the legend of Ilium’s tragic fate, as it was handed down to him by preceding bards, clothing the traditional facts of the war and destruction of Troy in the garb of his own day. Neither will I maintain that his acquaintance with the Troad and with Troy was that of a resident; but certainly he was not without personal knowledge of the localities, for his descriptions of the Troad in general, and of the Plain of Troy in particular, are too truthful for us to believe that he could have drawn all his details from the ancient myth. If, as appears likely, he visited the Plain in the ninth century B.C. he would probably have found the Æolic Ilium already long established, having its Acropolis on Hissarlik, and its lower town on the site of *Novum Ilium*. It would therefore be natural that he should depict Priam’s Troy as a large city, with an Acropolis called Pergamos, the more so as in his time every large city had its Acropolis.”

Dr. Schliemann’s discoveries actually, without doubt in the opinion of such authorities as Dr. Dörpfeld and Dr. Schuchhardt, and other of the most eminent archæologists, reduced the Homeric Ilium to its true proportions.

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“I have never called in doubt the unity of the Homeric poems,” said Dr. Schliemann, “and have always firmly believed both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to be by one author, except, perhaps, the twenty-fourth Rhapsody of each poem, partly or entirely, on account of the contradictions they contain with the preceding text. Beside, to use Mr. Gladstone’s own words, ‘If I consider how much learning and ingenuity have been expended in a hundred efforts (scarcely any two of the assailants, however, agreeing except in their negative or revolutionary criticism) to disintegrate the Homeric poems, to break up into nebulous fragments the Sun of all ancient literature,’ — I think it idle on my part to attempt a task already marked by so many failures; and I rest content with these immortal epics as they stand, — the first-fruits of the noblest literature of the world, and the fount of poetic inspiration for all later ages.”

Dr. Schliemann’s explorations at Mycenæ, and at Tiryns, bringing to light the Lion Gate, the royal tombs, and other inestimable treasures of archaic history, or, rather, of the ages that precede all history, are not unfamiliar to all who are interested in the prehistoric life of the world. The extraordinary success that attended his still more extraordinary undertakings, the immense and priceless treasures with which he enriched the Greeks, the illumination that attends the results increasingly, are such

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM



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that for ages to come travelers will make their pilgrimage to Athens to see there, and in the museum at Mycenæ, the wonderful collections. They enable scholars to read time backward like the Chaldeans. During a part of 1879, Dr. Schliemann was joined by Professor Rudolf Virchow of Berlin, and by M. Emile Burnouf of Paris, the Honorary Director of the French Archaeological School at Athens, whom the French government, at the initiative of M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction, sent to Troy on a scientific mission.

Some very interesting remains were found at Spata, in Attica, a town some nine miles from Athens, on the further side of Mount Hymettus, on the way to the plain of Marathon. The village of Spata was exclusively the abode of Albanians, and near it was a small mound, with a circular summit which had evidently been artificially leveled, and which was covered with *débris* to the depth of about three feet. The inhabitants assert that until within a comparatively recent time there were ruins of fortress walls surrounding the mound, these stones having been taken away for rebuilding purposes. In 1877 Dr. Schliemann, accompanied by Professor Castorches of the University of Athens, visited this mound, finding it to be a tomb whose sepulcher contained several chambers.

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A few skeletons were there discovered which crumbled at the touch of air. Various objects were found, all indicating that this tomb belonged to a later civilization than that of Mycenæ.

The excavations at Tiryns brought to light the Cyclopæan walls, which Dr. Schliemann and other authorities agree in believing to be the most ancient monuments in Greece. In these excavations the explorer was accompanied by Madame Schliemann (his invariable companion and helper) and also by Professors Castorches, Phendikles, and Pappadakes, of the University of Athens, all of whom were specialists and experts in archæological science. Fifty men were set to work, and by means of shafts sunk in the upper citadel the walls, buildings, and water conduits of the Cyclopæan civilization were brought to view. Tiryns was supposed to be the birthplace of Hercules; of its gigantic walls Pausanias has recorded that they were built by the Cyclops. Tiryns is in the plain of Argos, only one mile from the sea. The Lion Gate is believed to date to fourteen hundred years before the Christian era. The history of these wonderful excavations is graphically related by the great archæologist in his work entitled *Mycenæ*, with an introduction by Mr. Gladstone. Perhaps never was a great

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scientist actuated more entirely by intense devotion to learning than was Dr. Schliemann. "As I love and worship science for her own sake," he wrote, "I shall never make a traffic of it; my large collections of Trojan antiquities have a value which cannot be calculated, but they shall never be sold. If I do not present them in my lifetime, they shall, at all events, pass, in virtue of my last will, to the museum of the nation I most love and esteem."

To the museum in Berlin Dr. Schliemann left a valuable collection; and in the National Archæological Museum in Athens, which owes its origin to M. Bernardakis, a wealthy and public-spirited Greek merchant in St. Petersburg, and which was completed by the State in 1889, is the splendid Mycenæan collection made by the eminent archæologist, which fills several salons known as the Schliemann Galleries. The first of these is devoted to a rich mass of gold and silver jewelry, displayed in glass cases; diadems, tiaras, necklaces, pins, rings, bracelets, clasps, girdles, pendants, — every variety of ornament. While many are only in fragments, there is an astonishing number that are nearly if not entirely intact. All this jewelry is of a massive order. There are also quantities of amber beads, seals, and table utensils; cups, jugs, and vases of solid gold and of silver; gold plates;

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and decorations of weapons. It is one of the most curious revelations of ancient life. These were principally found at Mycenæ and at Tiryns. There are two exquisitely shaped cups of gold, found by Dr. Schliemann in the Vapheio tomb, with the designs in *répoussé*; the delicacy of the work excites universal admiration.

Other rooms of the Schliemann collection contain sculptures, funeral urns, fragments of walls, inscriptions, reliefs, and memorials of every kind.

The choice and rich collection in cabinets and cases in his own house, the "Palace of Ilium," has already been mentioned. Madame Schliemann often wears necklaces, pins, rings, a tiara, girdle, or bracelets of this prehistoric jewelry found in tombs and ruins, which are rich and beautiful, and almost seem as if expressly designed for her adornment.

The tomb of Dr. Schliemann is in the Greek cemetery on the outskirts of Athens near the banks of the classic Ilissus. The design is that of an Ionic temple, his portrait bust placed on high between the columns, while below is a massive chamber for the sarcophagus. The temple is further enriched with many sculptured reliefs from the Homeric poems, and from scenes of his own picturesque researches in



TOMB OF SCHLEIMANN

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Troy and Mycenæ. There are also on it several inscriptions from Homer. This magnificent mausoleum is set on a hill, almost facing the Acropolis, in the very haunts of the gods of Hellas. The tomb is within easy walking distance from the majestic temple of the Olympian Zeus, the place defined by groups of dark cypress trees.

It has been left to a period as recent as the early spring of 1913 for the public announcement of a possible discovery of Dr. Schliemann's which holds within it all the elements of myth and romance.¹ The death of the great archæologist occurred on December 26, 1890 in Naples, where he was stopping in transit from Paris to his home in Athens. To an attendant he committed a sealed package which bore the following inscription: "This may be opened only by a member of my family, who solemnly vows to devote his life to the researches outlined in it." Dr. Schliemann called for paper and pencil and wrote, in a trembling hand, the following additional directions:

"Confidential addition to the sealed envelope. Break the owl-headed vase, pay attention to its contents. It concerns Atlantis. Investigate east of the ruins of the temple of Sais and the cemetery in Chacuna Valley. Important. It proves the system. Night approaches. *Lebe wohl.*"

¹ *London Budget; The Occult Review*, Feb. 1913; London.

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This note he enclosed in an envelope and directed the attendant to deliver it, with the other sealed envelope, to his family. He died an hour after.

This letter and the accompanying package were placed in the Bank of France and lay with their seals unbroken until 1906, when his grandson, Dr. Paul Schliemann, decided to accept the trust, and gave the required pledge to devote himself to the research so mysteriously indicated. The documents were then given into his hands, and on breaking the seals the younger Schliemann found several written papers, numerous photographs, and the following impressive letter from his grandfather:

“Whoever opens this must solemnly swear to carry out the work which I have left unfinished. I have arrived at the conclusion that Atlantis was not merely a vast territory between America and the West coast of Africa and Europe, but also the cradle of all our civilization. There has been much dispute among scientists on this matter. According to one group the tradition of Atlantis is pure fiction, founded upon fragmentary accounts of a deluge some thousands of years before the Christian era. Others declare the tradition to be historical, but incapable of absolute proof. In the included material records there will be found notes and explanations giving the proofs that, in my mind, exist with regard to the matter. Whoever takes

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charge of this mission is solemnly adjured to continue my researches, and to publish a definite record, employing the matter I leave behind me and crediting me with my just dues in connection with the discovery.

“A special fund is deposited in the Bank of France to be paid to the bearer of the enclosed authorization, this fund being intended to recoup the expenses of the research. May the Almighty be with this great effort.

HEINRICH SCHLEIMANN.”

Now the special document in this package, whose contents seem as mythological as the tales of the gods, was one bearing the serious statement by Dr. Schliemann that, when he was excavating the ruins of Troy, and had discovered in the second city the famous treasure of Priam, among the objects constituting that treasure he had found a peculiar bronze vase, of great size. Inside were many pieces of pottery, and numerous small images of peculiar metal, with many coins of the same metal and other objects made of fossilized bone. The great bronze vase and some of the objects were engraved with a sentence in Phoenician hieroglyphics which, when translated, read: “From King Chronos of Atlantis.”

The immediate inference of this inscription (however incredible and startling) would be to support the belief in the reality of Atlantis. If

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Chronos were "king of Atlantis," it presupposes that such a country existed. Yet, in the poetry of Hesiod, there is an allusion to a purely mythical Chronos. The lines, in translation, run:

"And first the golden race of speaking men
Were by the dwellers in Olympian world;
They under Chronos lived, when he was king
In heaven. Like gods were they . . ."

The speculative question suggests itself as to whether the inscription found by Dr. Schliemann on the vase and other articles in the treasure could possibly have been a reference as purely imaginary as that of Hesiod? Should it be that Dr. Schliemann's scientific imagination had grasped the truth regarding the fabled Atlantis, and that the instructions he has left to his grandson shall eventually solve this wonderful problem, it will invest his marvelous life with a new miracle of achievement, unique in all history.

Among the most important of the services Dr. Schliemann has rendered to archæological science is his discovery of the remains of the palace in the citadel at Tiryns. By means of these remains, Dr. Dörpfeld was enabled to reconstruct the plan of these colossal walls, with their towers and gates; and the vast court, surrounded by porticoes and pillars.

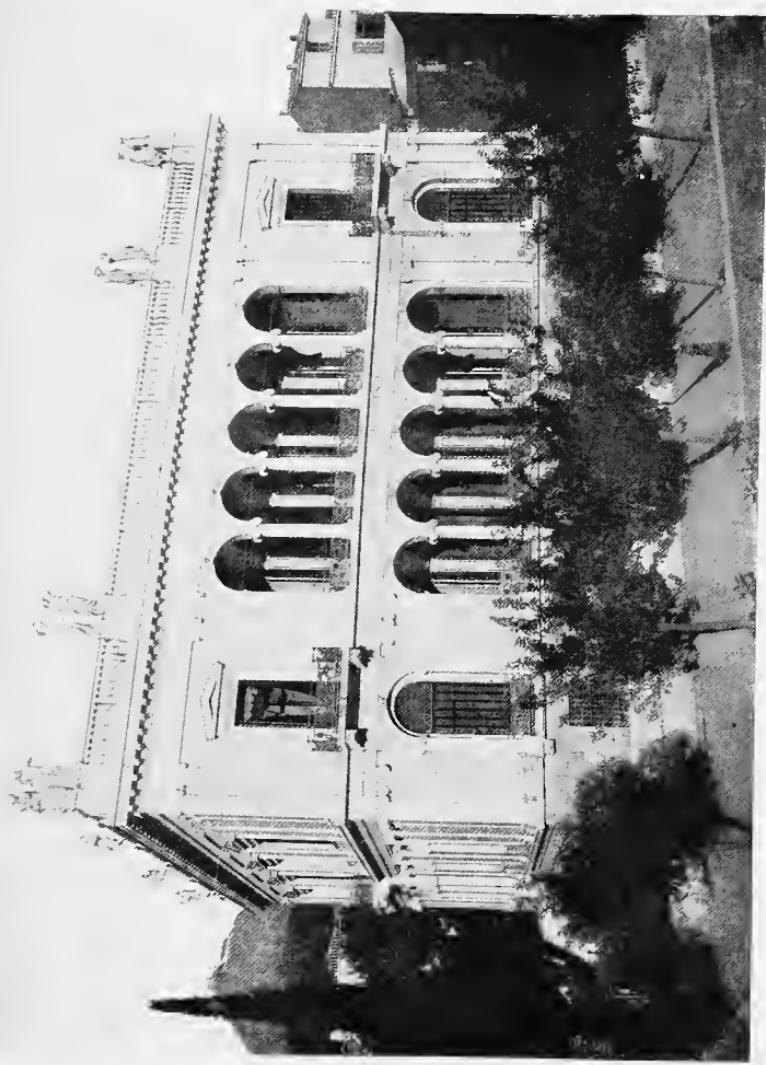
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Many scientists, indeed, believe that Dr. Schliemann has thus brought to light an entire epoch of prehistoric civilization, of which the world knew nothing. The excavations at Tiryns disclosed massive walls and mysterious galleries, houses, treasure, and subterranean tombs of kings. The sculpture that gave the name to the Lion Gate is found to be monumental and to antedate any records of authentic history. It establishes the fact that there was an Agamemnon. "What was the origin of this civilization?" questions an archæologist. "It bears witness to a free and long-continued intercourse between the dwellers in Eastern Greece and the various peoples who dwelt on the islands and along the coast of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. . . . We trace the suggestions of the walled strongholds, palaces, and tombs of the Mycenæan period to Oriental influences, but they surpassed their models and took on a new artistic perfection. The special endowment of the Greek race for scientific plan and artistic form here displayed itself."

The beautiful marble villa (Palace of Ilium) which Dr. Schliemann built in Athens is a home unique in its magnificence. The double porticoes of the first and second story are supported by Ionic pillars, and the walls and floor are inlaid with mosaics; the roof is surmounted

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by classic statues, and the house stands in the midst of extensive grounds, with luxuriant palm-trees, orange and lemon trees that seem in perpetual bloom, surrounded with the pink blossoms of the Judas-tree, and masses of roses and the purple wistaria. Madame Schliemann draws about her a distinguished circle, and her lavish hospitalities make the villa a notable center of social life. The most eminent scholars and travelers who visit the Grecian capital would feel their sojourn to be quite incomplete without an opportunity of presenting their respects to a lady whose gifts and beneficences are so highly appreciated. The Palace of Ilium is one of the treasure-houses of the world. There are cabinets filled with rich specimens from Troy: vases, urns, jewels, and ornaments of various kinds; mural paintings from scenes in Greek poems adorn the walls; Homeric quotations are inscribed on mantel and in niche or corner; and the very atmosphere is classic. Madame Schliemann is known as a brilliant conversationalist, and a ceremonial elegance pervades the entire establishment. Madame Schliemann, indeed, holds a position in Greece that cannot but remind the visitor of that of Margheretta, *Regina Madre*, in Italy, each of the two ladies being sought by savant and distinguished traveler, for their



PALACE OF ILUM

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culture and sympathy with art and progress. The servants in the Palace of Ilium are in fustanelle, as they are in the royal households in Athens.

The habits of accuracy, promptness, and swift decision, and the power of will that Dr. Schliemann developed in his business life, when he was making the fortune which enabled him to give himself to science, were quite as invaluable to him in his scientific life. The clearness with which he describes his discoveries and their processes, and the trains of association that led him on, reveal the trained intellect and fine balance of mind. No man was ever more loyal to the counsel of Schiller, "Keep true to the dreams of thy youth," than was this epoch-making archaeologist. The world has not yet arrived at any fully accepted theories of the problems suggested by the relations between the Homeric poems and the buried civilization brought to light by Dr. Schliemann's discoveries; but there can be no question of immortality for the genius that divined, and the energy that revealed, the origin of these stupendous epochs of life.

The great successes of his life and his immeasurably valuable contributions to the sum of human knowledge in the face of the obstacles and difficulties that beset his early youth, can-

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not but recall to the mind the profound truth in the words of Emerson: "When a god wishes to ride, every chip and stone will bud and shoot out wingèd feet to carry him."

It is forever and unvaryingly true. A lofty and noble purpose cuts its own channel. The very stars in their courses fight for its ultimate triumph, and the worker is caught up to be numbered with those immortals,—

"Spirits with whom the stars connive
To work their will!"

VI

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCHOOLS IN ATHENS

“Give chase, soul! Be sure each new capture consigned
To my Types will go forth to the world, like God’s bread
— Miraculous food not for body but mind.”

BROWNING.

ARCHÆOLOGY in Athens is almost as much of an immediate and universal interest as politics in Washington; and besides the Archæological Society of the Athenians themselves, which is constantly rendering important services to the world of scholarship at large, Great Britain, America, France, and Germany maintain each a national school in the Hellenic capital for the promotion of classical studies. Each of these countries is turning its searchlight on the monumental remains of Greek art and architecture; and each finds itself much in harmony with the conspicuous tendency of the Greek mind to study, to interpret, and to propagate the ideas and ideals which are cherished, with a tenacious insistence on the identity of these with the ideas and ideals of the age of Euripides and Pericles. He who would deny this unbroken chain might well fear the fate which the Thracian Thamyris

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met at the hands of the Muses. As the reader will recall, Homer describes this encounter, when Thamyris boasted that he could excel even the Muses themselves in song: "In their anger the daughters of *Æ*gis-bearing Zeus made him blind, deprived him of his gift, and caused him to forget his harping." Neither the eyesight nor the possible gifts possessed by any wandering minstrel in Athens would be safe, were he for one instant to question the claim of the modern Greeks to be the recognized descendants of those Greeks who themselves traced their origin to Cecrops.

Professor Mahaffy, whose research into all the phases of the ancient life of Greece, art, literature, philosophy, science, politics and affairs has extended well over half a century, asserts that it is "one of the salient features of the Hellenic race that though very receptive of foreign ideas, though always ready to profit by the discoveries of neighbors, it never abandoned its primacy in type, and was never absorbed into any other population, except perhaps in isolated cases and after centuries of separation from the mother stock." Indeed, as Professor Mahaffy proceeds to point out: "The Greeks have remained the same in language and in characteristics from the days when Homer composed for the Achæan chiefs, down to this day, when every

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scholar or student looks upon Athens as the goal of his pilgrimage. The permanence of the Greek language is a great and striking evidence," continues this learned commentator and critic. "There was never, I suppose, a generation of Greeks from the eighth century B. C. to the twentieth century A. D. which did not understand Homer." It is as true as it is curious that there is so little difference between the earliest and the contemporary Attic prose as to offer this absolute proof of the persistency of the Greek type. In fact, Professor Mahaffy gives this striking illustration: "Heroditus, if you called him to-day, and put a Greek newspaper into his hands, would at first find the type novel, but would recognize it as his own dialect alphabet; then discover a dialect of his Greek, as he heard it in Athens, and though he would doubtless call it very vulgar, he would in a day or two read it quite fluently." The characteristics of the Greeks, as a people, persist in the same manner. Not the least of the ardor which inspires the Archæological Society of Athens is the interest of identifying the great monumental art and the inscriptions found with the Greece of to-day in the unquestioned relation of ancestor and descendant.

The British, the French, the German, and the American schools of classical culture and archaic

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research work in full harmony with the school of Athens. The British and the American schools are in close proximity, at the foot of Mount Lycabettus—an arrangement of mutual benefit, allowing the easy access of each to the library and various resources of the other, and greatly facilitating the attendance of the students at the lectures given in either school.

The American School of Classical Studies at Athens was founded in 1881 by the Archæological Institute of this country, and it is supported by the co-operation of the principal universities and colleges, and by private donations from those interested in its work. The school offers admirable opportunities for both men and women graduates, and others suitably qualified, to study classical art, antiquities, and literature in Athens under favorable auspices. While excavations are not a feature of the regular work of the school, any student may, at the discretion of the director, be permitted to join in this work. The school has two fellowships, each with an annual income of six hundred dollars, and the holder of such a fellowship may, with the consent of the director, pass a part of the year in the school at Rome. The Carnegie Institute also maintains a fellowship in architecture. The library contains some five thousand volumes and is increasing each year. A limited number of

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young men who are students of the school may obtain rooms in the house, going elsewhere for meals; but the women students must find residence outside. The director, who is at present Professor Hill, lives in the house, and the chair of Greek language and literature is now filled by Charles Burton Gulick, Ph.D., who has succeeded Professor Francis G. Allison.

The learned Professor Dörpfeld has given a recent course of lectures on Athenian topography, which were very valuable; Professor Caro has been heard on the antiquities from the neolithic to the archaic period; Dr. Walter has spoken on the marble bas-reliefs in both the National and the Acropolis museums. The secretaries, too, of both the Austrian and the German schools have given lectures, open to the students of all schools, which have been largely attended.

The French were the first to found a national school in Athens, their institute dating from 1846; in 1874 the German Archæological Institute established an Athenian branch; and four years later, largely through the influence of Professor Jebb (later Sir Richard Jebb) of Oxford, the attention of the British public was called to the signal advantage it would be to the national scholarship to found an English school of archæology at both Athens and Rome. The comparatively modern nature of archæological

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research may be estimated by the fact that in Grote's *History of Greece* the name of Mycenæ occurs only once, and is then misspelled, the gods on Olympus being apparently no more mythical to the historian than was Mycenæ! He vaguely refers to it as the supposed home of Agamemnon. In urging upon the English people the establishment of a school in Athens, Sir Richard Jebb argued that "the student of Greek and Latin should be made to realize that these Greeks and Romans were real, living people, to have some clear knowledge not only of their laws and wars, but also of their social life and of the objects that surrounded them in their every-day existence, and to enjoy the beautiful creations of their art in the light shed upon these from a kindred source in the master-pieces of their literature."

The successful organization of the American school, in 1881, is largely due to Professor White of Harvard University. The British school had then been established five years, and had focussed the attention of American scholars. James Russell Lowell became the first president of the Board of Trustees, an office he held until his death in 1891. He was succeeded by Charles Eliot Norton. The first director was Professor Goodwin of Harvard, who took up his residence in the building originally secured

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for the school near the Arch of Hadrian, overlooking the Olympic. At a little distance, to the right, is the Acropolis; and before the eye was such a vision of mountains — Pentelicus, Hymettus, Lycabettus, a very panorama of color — as might well haunt the mind forever with its indescribable loveliness. Here and there, through distant hills, a glimpse of the blue sea shone in the sunlight.

Professor Merriam of Columbia succeeded Professor Goodwin, and while the previous directors had all been philologists, Professor Merriam was a philological archaeologist; both at Sicyon and at Icaria he made researches, securing some splendid material for study, and of a nature that especially incited the ardor of the students of that year. When he was obliged to return to his own country, the trustees endeavored by every means within their power to secure Dr. Charles Waldstein (now Sir Charles), whose fame even then was as brilliant as it was unique. As a mere youth, in New York City, Charles Waldstein wrote a study of the life and art of Pheidias which was so remarkable in scope and treatment that he awoke to find himself famous. It was published by the Century Company, and the work made a sensation not alone in the realms of classic scholarship, and in the minds of those who habitually supped with the gods, but

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even the general reader, to whom Pheidias was little more than a name, was enthralled with this work. To this day it remains as the supreme study of the immortal Greek sculptor. Dr. Waldstein was a graduate of Columbia; later he studied in the great German universities, carrying off honors and degrees galore; he became Keeper of the Fitzwilliam Museum, and Reader in Archæology in the University of Cambridge. From this position he was besought to accept the directorship of the American school in Athens for a term of years. The brilliant savant, whose name now stands as one of the most authoritative in the world in the science of archæology, did not see his way clear to accept this offer; the great recognition he had won in England and in continental Europe had brought him corresponding responsibilities and opened to him the great privileges in the world of high scholarship; but he was deeply interested in the American school, and at much self-sacrifice he assumed for four years the responsibility for the success of the work in Athens. During the first year (1888–1889) he made two visits to Athens, of a month each, the resident care and conduct of the school being admirably carried on by Professor Tarbell. Dr. Waldstein passed, in all, some four months in Greece during the succeeding three years, and for five



VIEW FROM THE LOGGIA OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL

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years he continued to serve the institution as professor of art, and to communicate to it his own matchless energy and spirit of devotion to classical culture.

In 1886 the Greek government made a gift of one and one-half acres of land immediately adjoining the grounds of the British school, as the site of the permanent building for the American school. The house and grounds are now estimated as worth some forty-five thousand dollars, and the accommodations are very pleasing. The view from the loggia is especially beautiful, with the Acropolis shining fair in the landscape, and the purple shadows of Mount Hymettus seen beyond the closely neighboring slopes of Mount Lycabettus. The school has instituted several tours each year as part of the regular work, and annually the very great advantage of a journey with the distinguished Dr. Dörpfeld through the Peloponnesus to Ithaca and Delphi, is enjoyed; or, again, by steamer through the *Ægean* Sea and to the Troad. The school has contributed some work of importance in excavations, one feature of which was the theater at Thoricus on the east coast of Attica. Dr. Dörpfeld had a theory that no Greek theater of the classical period had an elevated stage; and this excavation was undertaken in order to test the theory, which proved, so far as this theater,

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at least, was concerned, to be correct. Some important work has been done at Corinth and at the Argive Heræum. A notable "Hera," the sculptured head, was found on the site of the Heræum; and at Corinth, besides the theater, many fragments of colossal statues and columns. These excavations have added much to the prestige of the American school in the minds of the Greeks, whose interest in all archæological knowledge and possible extension of discoveries, cannot be over-estimated. In the spring of 1896 the director of this school initiated, at Corinth, excavations that were almost as important as those made at Heræum, and the enterprise was widely recognized all over Greece as one of great difficulty and value. It was a feat that brought added prestige to the American school, although that result was incidental, so to speak, and was no factor in the undertaking. Corinth is the city next in importance to Athens, and her magnificence and wealth are known to all students of classical history. Moreover, Corinth extended over a plain which had absolutely no landmarks. To what divinity had the ancient temple been sacred? No one could answer. The key to the origin of the wonderful structure, with its seven monolithic Doric columns, was buried deep under the dust of ages. Efforts had been made to discover the ancient

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market-place, but those excavations proved to have been made more than half a mile from the site. Two fountains were revealed,—those of Glauce and Pirene. The seven columns were found to belong to a temple to Apollo. A few inscriptions were also found.

It is an interesting fact that almost as many Americans have visited Greece since the dawning of the twentieth century, little more than a dozen years ago, as were known to have visited the country in the entire century just past. The earliest impulse that drew Americans to Greece was one of philanthropy—either as helpers and sympathizers with their struggles, the motive actuating Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe; or as missionary workers, like Dr. and Mrs. Hill, who established their school in Athens in 1830, and whose culture, nobleness of aim, and gracious hospitalities have been widely recognized. Professor James Mason Hoppin, of the department of History of Art in Yale, visited Athens, and also Marathon and Corinth, and climbed Parnassus in 1848, but as a tourist rather than a student of the country. Two years later Henry M. Baird, the author of a book called *Modern Greece*, published in 1856, containing the most complete account of Greece that had up to that time been written, passed many months there in scholarly observation of

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monumental antiquities. Subsequently Mr. Baird became distinguished as a classical scholar. But it was as late as 1853 when one of the foremost Greek scholars of America, Professor Cornelius Felton of Harvard, passed a winter in Greece, of which the record remains in a work entitled *Selections from Modern Greek Writers*, and in the publication of a course of lectures on *Greece, Ancient and Modern*, which he delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston. A few years later Professor Felton became the president of Harvard. At his death, in 1862, a notable Greek, Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, who, in 1838, had come to this country and from being an instructor at Yale had become a professor at Harvard, wrote a memorial line for President Felton, of which Longfellow said in his diary: "Met Sophocles in the street. He has written an epitaph in Greek for Felton's gravestone, which he wished me to translate. A strange, eccentric man is Sophocles, with his blue cloak, and wild gray beard, his learning, and his silence. He makes Diogenes a possibility."

Professor Sophocles was born near the home of Achilles, but he had little interest in antiquities or monumental remains, his tastes being exclusively literary. In the middle years of the nineteenth century Professor Goodwin of Harvard and Professor Tyler of Amherst visited

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Greece, traveling in the interior on horseback from Athens to Corinth, and to Mycenæ; later Timothy Dwight and Bayard Taylor traveled through the Hellenic land; and in 1870 Charles K. Tuckerman, known as a man of letters, was made American Minister to Greece, and wrote a book entitled *The Greeks of To-day* that was published two years later. A decade or so after, Dr. Denton J. Snider of St. Louis, an enthusiast on Greek culture, made a pedestrian tour through the Hellenic land, out of which sprang his book entitled *A Walk in Hellas*, portions of which he read before some of the sessions of the School of Philosophy at Concord, before the book was published. In 1870 the United States sent as consul to Athens a man singularly well qualified for that post, — Professor Fisk Brewer (a brother of Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court), a tutor in Yale, where he afterward held a professorship. He was the son of a missionary, born in Smyrna, with modern Greek as his native language. Nearly all these visitors celebrated Greece in some literary expression, either in a book or in contributions to the press or reviews, but it is notable that none of them gave any serious thought to the archæological side of art. What they saw, they saw; they contemplated the marvelous monuments, the stupendous ruins, in the light of lit-

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erary material, more or less available, but they no more dreamed of the interpretation of ancient life by means of these sign-posts than they dreamed of delving into the earth to discover the geological records which they could not recognize. Early in the decade of 1870-1880, Professor Day Seymour of Yale accompanied by the eminent Professor D'Ooge of Michigan University, visited Athens. They found a town with less than half the present population, everywhere reminiscent of the Turkish village of thirty-five years before; a town in which public conveyances were conspicuous by their absence, or at least represented only by a few dilapidated cabs, and a little railroad to the Piræus. The only means for visiting Argos, Sparta, Corinth, and other towns was by the little Greek coasting steamers, in which all species of humanity met on common ground. The Turkish frontier was but ten hours or so from Athens, and the novelty possible to life was added to by the imminence of Turkish brigands, who were liable to appear at any time. The Greek government insisted on sending with the two professors and their party, when they visited Phocis and Bœotia, an escort of soldiers. Mails were sent to Corinth from Athens in wagons under military surveillance. Athens had at that time no museum. Some sculptures gathered hereabouts were stored in

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the Temple of Theseus. The Germans had not then established their archæological school, and that of the French was closed because of the Franco-Persian war. Dr. Hill was then living, and his private library, not large in numbers, was about the only available collection of books in Athens. The University library was not then enriched with either philology or archaeology, nor were the books on hand so arranged as to be available. No handbooks of archæology had then been prepared. Two Greek professors of that time, Rhusopoulos and Kumanudes, were the most kind and valuable of counselors, and gave aid in the vernacular. The Turkish tower then stood at the entrance to the Acropolis, and Turkish cannon and shot and shell strewed the hill. Many of the heroes of the Greek Revolution were still living, and Finlay, the historian, was then in Athens.

The nineteenth century had reached the opening of its last quarter before (in 1875) the first classical archæologists of this country set out for Greece. These were two young men, Dr. Sitlington Sterrett and Dr. Alfred Emerson, both of Cornell University. Within these thirty-five years the knowledge of classical archæology has advanced from a mysterious, however distinguished, obscurity into the blaze of a very general, if not universal interest. Several causes

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have combined to contribute to this result. In our museums of fine arts the department of classical sculpture and antiquities has been made one of the most prominent as well as one of the most attractive and fascinating features, and the curators of these departments have mostly been scholars with a gift for still further contributing to public enlightenment by their illuminating lectures. The theme has already become one possessing a liberal literature, both in books and in the various special journals devoted solely to archæology, and the secular press, far and wide, reproduces much of this information. Yet making liberal allowance for these and for other helpful agencies, it must be recognized that the work and the radiating influence of the American school at Athens has not only enlarged, almost incalculably, the interest in classical learning, but that it also stimulates the ardor for higher culture in multitudes of students who do not look forward to any more direct share in its benefits. It also stimulates the desire and the resolve to share in these benefits, at whatever temporary sacrifice; and one finds at the school in Athens young men and women who "scorn delights and live laborious days" for the sake of enjoying these rich and fruitful opportunities.

The school by no means limits its aim to specialists in archæology. A still larger and

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stronger and ever present aim is to so encourage such a knowledge of archaeology as will illuminate and vitalize classical study, and inspire with new energy the teaching and interpretation of literature. It is a school of classical studies. It is a center that acts as a magnet to draw students and thinkers to Athens. Its students go forth as teachers into almost every State in the union. They are to be found in our universities, our colleges, our public schools, from Maine to Texas and from Massachusetts to California. The first woman student in the school at Athens entered in 1886, and now on an average about one third of the number are women.

In October of 1812 another beneficent influence came into the life of this institute in the arrival at Athens of Dr. Jacob Schurmann, president of Cornell University, as Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Hellenes. It was the Sabbatical year of the distinguished president, who succeeded Dr. Andrew D. White at Cornell, and whose notable administration has so lent itself to the further development and lofty progress of educational ideals. The presence in Athens of so distinguished a scholar, whose interest in all that makes for the success of the American school is so keen and so discriminating and so wisely directed, has been one

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of the fortunate influences in its more recent history.

The American school has made one especial contribution to classical culture in its investigations into the history and the construction of the Erechtheum, discovering some new data and bringing together much that has before been widely scattered through the literature of various languages; all this knowledge is condensed into a book that will soon be published and available to all who are interested. This achievement alone is an important one in the work of the school.

A Greek specialist, M. Belanos, one of the foremost architects of the day, is now engaged in some restorations for the Propylæa; and in this intricate undertaking he has been assisted by Mr. Dinsmoor of the American school, who is an architect, and whose power of divination, it might almost be called, into the lost mysteries of ancient construction, has proved valuable on more than one occasion. "Nothing is more gratifying to the American visitor in Athens," writes Professor D'Ooge under date of June, 1913, during a visit to the American school, "than to find how greatly esteemed by the Greek scholars and by the other national schools of archæology is the work done by our American school. Its contributions to the his-

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tory of the buildings on the Acropolis are recognized by European scholars as of the greatest value. The most recent of these has just appeared from Dr. Hill, on *The Older Parthenon*, in which he shows that all previous reconstructions, notably that of Dr. Dörpfeld, are erroneous, and that the building destroyed by the Persians was a hexastyle, and not an octastyle temple, and had a cella almost as long as the temple built by Pericles."

The new power gained by a sojourn in Athens under scholarly auspices and in the atmosphere of higher culture is of an order that defies analysis. No thoughtful man can deny that Greek studies are the foundation of all liberal education. "The culture of the nineteenth century may fairly be called a culture that owes its greatness largely to a thorough appreciation of the unique excellence of classical Greek work. . . . The supremacy of Greek studies is a fact that no man can contest," says Dr. Mahaffy. The great scholars of the world come to lecture before these schools in Athens,—the American, the British, the French, and the German. There is a cordial spirit between all of sharing these wonderful opportunities. A savant from Oxford or from the Sorbonne, or from any of the noted universities of Germany, appears at the lecture hall of one school, and the students of all

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the others are present in his audience. The very atmosphere is instinct with the immortal thought of the ages. The student becomes familiar with the country, the language, the people, the monumental ruins, the museums, whose rich collections are the treasure of the world; and such experiences are assimilated in the spiritual life, forming resources of power, of eloquent and effective achievement that elevates all life to the plane of nobleness. And as the supreme result of all higher culture one learns to relate his destiny to the divine leading; to hold fast to happiness, and hope, and faith in God.

VII

GREEK SCULPTURE AND PHILOSOPHY

“The silent pathos touched me, and I found
A solace for my vanished dream; for while
The summit strained toward the unreach'd star,
Deep in the earth its strong foundations lay.
And so, Aspasia, I will keep my dreams
And still aspire, if vainly! but no less
Perfect this hand within its lowlier sphere,
Be strong in my own strength, and compass here
Some part maybe of things attainable
Before the twilight closes to the night.”

SIR RENNELL RODD in *The Dream of Pheidias*.

SCULPTURE and philosophy would hardly be considered together in any usual study of the various forms of expression in national life; but, with the ancient Greeks, the relation between their art and philosophy must be clearly recognized. For the aim of each was the same, the expression of spiritual freedom. To this end were the noblest sculpture of Pheidias and Praxiteles, and the philosophy of Socrates and Plato. The highest achievements in architecture and the lofty dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles were also compact of the teachings of the philosophers. The fundamental contrast between Greek art and Romantic art is clearly

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pointed out by Dr. William Torrey Harris, who notes that while the former expresses freedom *in* the body, the latter represents freedom *from* the body; or, at least, an intense striving after such freedom.

“The martyr saints painted by Fra Angelico, and the dead Christs of Volterra, Michaelangelo, and Rubens, all show an expression of relief or divine repose, having in view the final liberation from the body,” says Dr. Harris. “Religion,” he continues, “is a higher form of spiritual activity than art. But Christian art is not so high a form as Greek art, because it represents freedom only negatively as separation from the body, rather than positively as full incarnation in the body, like the Olympian Zeus or the Apollo Belvidere.

“Inasmuch as art is the consecration of what is sensuous and physical to the purposes of spiritual freedom, it forever invites the soul to ascend out of the stage of sense-perception into reflection and free thought. To solve the mystery of self-determination in the depths of pure thinking is to grasp the substance, of which highest art is only the shadow. Thus the glorious career of Greek philosophy from Thales, through Heraclitus, Pythagoras, and Anaxoras to its consummation in Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, is the process by which inner reflection attains the same completeness and perfection that art had attained under Pheidias and Praxiteles.”



FUNERAL MONUMENT (VERY OLD)

National Museum

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Art has, moreover, a connection with philosophy that is revealed in the drama as well as in the sculpture of the Greeks. The dramas of *Æschylus* and Sophocles grapple with the problems of Greek life, the relation of fate to freedom, the limits of human responsibility, and the motives of Divine Providence. Any adequate comprehension of Greek life must give full emphasis to their noble theory that the true conditions of being are in the soul's occupation with that which is exalted and beautiful in literature and in art. Socrates regarded the divine element in man as the standard of departure in all measurement of human achievement. The universal divine element is seen as the measure of all. "This was the greatest discovery ever made by any human being," says Professor Thomas Davidson, "and the one that renders possible moral life, whether individual, social, or political. But there still remained the question: How shall this discovery be made the principle of social life? To the task of answering this, first Plato and then Aristotle addressed themselves."

The ideals of Greek civilization were those spiritual ideals which philosophy aims to teach. They conceived of the soul as truly occupied with the contemplation of all that was noblest in beauty and in aspiration.

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The Greeks saw gods in their blocks of marble; and sculpture was simply the art of liberation. This fact is the key and the clue to their marvelous, monumental art; to the sublime forms that are as instinct with vitality to-day as they were in the Golden Age. Greek sculpture cannot be regarded as merely in the line of interesting curios, as far removed from any connection with modern art and life as is a mummy in its decorated sarcophagus. For this sculpture was not only the vast volume of inspiration made visible; it is the treasure-store of the very spirit and principles of plastic art. Even the study of Greek sculpture from the statues in the Palazzo Vaticano in Rome suggests to the student this single and luminous truth: that the Greek artist evolved his figure from a memory impression. If one will himself experiment on this simple thing of looking at an object, and then, turning away, recall all that remains as a picture on his mind, and again compare this picture with the original, he will discover how curiously the mind eliminates certain details, and registers a mental picture which cannot be strictly relegated to either the ideal or the real, but which may yet be accepted as the true ideal unencumbered by the non-essential. There are few writers, whether of the great or of quite the reverse, who do not yet feel called upon, in

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using the oft-misinterpreted terms of “real” and “ideal,” to present their own particular understanding and intention in the terms employed. In this attempt at any excursion into a discussion of Greek sculpture, the term “ideal” is especially held as aloof from the mere un-real and the fantastic, as the real would alike be held aloof from the merely visible and tangible detail. One does not see a work of art by the aid of a tape-line. He apprehends it by spiritual insight. This spiritual insight was the vision of the Greek sculptors. It was the impression made by the subject, or by their idea of the subject, which they immortalized in marble. The first impulse was to do honor to their gods. Take, for instance, the figure of the Apollo Citharoedus in the Palazzo Vaticano in Rome, clad in his long robe, standing on an altar, the entire figure breathing the very atmosphere of poetic rapture and ecstasy, as a typical illustration. The appeal of Greek sculpture is invariably to the spiritual vision. The statue of Pallas Athene owes its peculiar distinction to the fact that in so unanalyzable a manner it combines the Homeric ideal of all womanhood. The statue of Sophocles found in the Museo Laterano in Rome is another of these creations of the spiritual image of life. It is totally free from detail of the non-essential.

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It stands as an embodiment of the intellectual ideal of the man. Ruskin applied unreservedly his rule that the art of sculpture can deal only with animate, and not with inanimate nature. "You must carve nothing but has life," he asserts. "It is the Greeks who say it," he added; "I would not assert it on my own authority; but whatever they say of sculpture, be assured, is true!" But the Greek sculptor did not so much eliminate the inanimate realm, — how could he, indeed? — as to modify and blend, in his conventionalized treatment. In this adaptation he found the way to completeness of representation. The Nike on the frieze of the Parthenon and the colossal Zeus in Olympia suggest the felicity of their resources in all semblance of reality. The Hermes of Praxiteles reveals with what extraordinary necromancy of art the utmost delicacy of modeling is yet dominated by the penetration of the sculptor who sees beyond.

To study the monumental art of Greece in the country to-day, in the richness of the statues, or remains of statues at local shrines, is to realize how the Greece of the past must have been one vast museum. It is said that the great centers of worship — Olympus, Delhi, and the Acropolis — alone possessed "such a vast population of statues as would stack all the museums in Europe

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to-day." When it is realized that these were immortal masterpieces, the loss by wars and depredations can be partly realized. The Persian wars were destructive; but still more fatal was the manner in which all Hellas was searched and ransacked, after the siege and fall of Corinth in 146 B.C., by the Roman emperors, and other grasping hands eager to seize great works to set up in Rome. Later, when Constantinople was founded, Greece and Rome alike were plundered by invaders. Many of the noblest works extant to-day owe their preservation (like that of the Venus of Milos) to the fact of their being hidden for ages.

Greek sculpture holds its supreme place in all art from its more perfect embodiment of the ideals and the aspirations of the people, and the fact that it was rooted in their religious consciousness. The significance of life was the keynote to their faith, and this conviction of the spiritual significance of existence is revealed in the speech of all the heroes of Homer, as well as in the statues of Pheidias and the philosophy of Plato. This realization of the true worth of life was instilled into the youth of the country by every means of education. "The great literary works of the nation were placed in the hands of the young, and the thoughts and ideals which had shaped the institutions of the state

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were made familiar to their thoughts and imaginations.” There is a suggestion in this fact that might well be imported into the educational system of to-day.

Greek philosophers have their definite chronology; but philosophy herself cannot be thus presented. No definite dates can ever be assigned for the appearance of great ideas. The spiritual achievements of humanity are attained by imperceptible degrees, and through series and combinations of influence that defy exact analysis. But it may be seen that Greek philosophy crystallized with Socrates and attained its highest spiritual expression with Plato. Yet before Socrates was Pythagoras, the founder of the loftiest system of education—that which holds harmony as its ideal—to be reached through temporal discipline, sustained and guided by divine revelation. Emerson insists that the name of Plato is synonymous with philosophy. “Plato is philosophy, and philosophy, Plato.” For his genius absorbed and re-stamped that of all others,—of Timæus, Heraclitus, Parmenides, and even of his master, Socrates; and besides these, he is “clothed with the powers of a poet.”

Pericles, of the Golden Age, died about 430 B.C., and Plato was born not far from that time; he was a youth of twenty when he first met

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Socrates, and for the next decade he was the devoted pupil of this great master. Plato was a traveled man for those days; he visited Italy, Sicily, and Egypt, where he is said to have stayed from twelve to fifteen years. Returning to Athens, he established the Academy. This must have brought the beginning of his regular instructions nearly to the year 480 B.C. when he would have been fifty years of age. He lived to be more than eighty. But the special interest of the present inquiry is as to the relation of Plato to the Greek life of the twentieth century. What has the philosophy and the sculpture of the Golden Age done for the Greeks of to-day? "Philosophy," says Emerson, "is the account which the human mind gives to itself of the constitution of the world." This account is to some degree modified with every succeeding century. Each generation makes to it some contribution. But Plato initiated to mankind (if he did not lead to its final conclusion) that gospel of spiritual freedom which is at the foundation of all worthy effort and effective achievement. In the words of Matthew Arnold on Emerson: "He was the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." These words may be fittingly applied to Plato, and it is in this sense that he is a living voice in the Athens of to-day, as well as in the entire

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civilized world. For in this life of the spirit is the basis and the guidance of the moral life of man.

The literature of Greek sculpture brings before us the statues of their gods and heroes. And the aim in these was not mere decoration, but to embody an ideal. Sculpture and religion were thus in the closest association. The Parthenon was consecrated by the worship of Athene, and the statue of the goddess symbolized all those virtues by which man should live and build up the state. Professor G. Lowes Dickinson, of King's College, Cambridge (England), writing on the Greek view of life says, regarding their sculpture:¹

“Let us take, for example, the statue of Zeus at Olympia, the most famous of the works of Pheidias. This colossal figure of ivory and gold was doubtless, according to all the testimony we possess, from a merely æsthetic point of view, among the most consummate creations of human genius. But what was the main aim of the artist who made it? what the main effect on the spectator? The artist had designed and the spectator seemed to behold a concrete image of that Homeric Zeus who was the center of his religious consciousness — the Zeus who ‘nodded his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the King's immortal head, and he made great Olympus quake.’ ‘Those who approach

¹ *The Greek View of Life.* Methuen and Company, London.



RELIEF OF APOLLO AND NYMPHS

National Museum

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the temple,’ says Lucian, ‘do not conceive that they see ivory from the Indies or gold from the mines of Thrace; no, but the very son of Kronos and Rhea, transported by Pheidias to earth and set to watch over the lonely plain of Pisa.’ ‘He was,’ says Dion Chrysostom, ‘the type of that unattained ideal, Hellas come to unity with herself; in expression at once mild and awful, as befits the giver of life and all good gifts, the common father, saviour and guardian of men; dignified as a king, tender as a father, awful as giver of laws, kind as protector of suppliants and friends, simple and great as giver of increase and wealth; revealing, in a word, in form and countenance, the whole array of gifts and qualities proper to his supreme divinity.’”

In all the immortal sculptures that have come down to our own day, this significance of placing before man the ideal of living is invariably recognized. Such majestic creations as the Theseus, and the Three Fates from the pediment of the Parthenon: the Hermes of Praxitelles, which was excavated as late as 1877, at Olympia; the Victory of Samothrace; the Venus of Melos,—all these and other marvelous works convey as definite a message to humanity as that contained in any tragedy of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*; or in any interpretation of the teachings of the philosophers, whose insights into the nature and meaning of life are the inheritance of the centuries. “Greek art,” says

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John Warrack, "is the worship of the wholeness of life;" and Aristotle has declared that even if it is impossible for men to be as Zeuxis painted them, "yet it is better that he should paint them so; for the example ought to excel that for which it is an example." It is most impressive to contemplate the truth that no student of Greek Art and philosophy can evade,—that instead of their ideas being of the nature that decline, as time goes on, they are, instead, of the nature of living seeds which germinate and grow, and are even now, in many respects, coming to fullness of life. As far back in the remote past as Hesiod we find the conception presented of a spiritual order peopling the realm of the unseen, who see and sympathize with mortals yet on earth, and influence them. Those who have lived worthy lives on earth become fitting guardians to mortals less developed; Heraclitus asserts that "all things are full of souls and spirits;" Thales and Plato teach in various places a similar theory; and Plato expresses a clear belief that they who are in the invisible can read the thoughts of men on earth, and find many ways of making their presence and influence felt. Pythagoras, too, teaches the same doctrine in similar terms, believing in the absolute communion of spirit to spirit under favorable conditions. The Greek art and philosophy

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teach that there is no limit to be placed on the advance of man in boundless knowledge; there are no limits to his possibilities of achievement, and that all the vicissitudes of his training and experiences are to enable him to "turn the eye of his soul upward and look at the very good itself, which is the universal source of light."

It is less as knowledge, in the sense of intellectual acquirement, than as suggestion and energy that may be transmuted into new power in life, that the study of Greek art and philosophy commends itself. Such study creates for one who gives himself to it a new and more lofty sphere of thought; it introduces him to a greater breadth of intellectual interests; it inspires all life and endeavor with new and loftier significance, and thus he may

"Take, for a worthier stage the soul itself;
Its shifting fancies, and celestial lights."

VIII

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE IN GREECE

“To pass from the study of Homer to the business of the world is to step out of a palace of enchantment into the cold gray light of a polar day. But the spells in which this enchanter deals have no affinity with that drug from Egypt which drowns the spirit in effeminate indifference; rather, they are the remedial specific, which, freshening the understanding by contact with the truth and strength of nature, should both improve its vigilance against decay and danger, and increase its vigor and resolution for the discharge of duty.”

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

A NATION'S literature is, by virtue of some spiritual alchemy, the most potent and penetrating among the controlling influences of any period of history; and its quality is an unerring touchstone of the life of the day. It is the glory of Greece that she is not alone living on her splendid and unrivaled past, but that the same eager idealism that manifested itself in the philosophy of Plato and the sculpture of Pheidias pours its force to-day into forms of literary expression. The dominating insistence of lofty ideals has never lost its vitality. The phenomena of the stellar universe where velocities and energies in furious career are yet holding each other in check,—where perpetual

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movement creates perpetual readjustment,—is typical of the Grecian kingdom for the past twenty-four centuries. Art, philosophy, and ethics have united in this influence. Poet, prophet, and philosopher have never lost their spiritual sway. The wish of Admetus, that the voice and music of Orpheus were his that he might charm the daughter of Demeter and her lord with his songs and thus bring them forth from Hades, is typical of the mental attitude of the Hellenes through every age, and of an attitude that was never more ardent than in the twentieth century. The immortal literary monuments of Greece have never lost their controlling power over the people. The high and universal order of general education insures intellectual susceptibility and the spiritual genius of the Golden Age is held as the illumination and the living ideal of contemporary life. The comprehension of modern Greece in any adequate degree is only achieved by following the Hellenic race from an early date. Modern civilization owes to that of the Greek an incalculable debt and the problems of contemporary life relate themselves, almost without exception, to those that confronted the dwellers on the shores of the Mediterranean more than two thousand years ago. Dr. Platon Drakoules, a Greek who retains active interests in Athens although

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for some years he has made London his home, responded to an invitation from Oxford to deliver two lectures¹ on matters pertaining to the literature of his country. In his opening address Dr. Drakoules observed that, "The Greek mind considers youth as endless, and life as deathless," and he proceeded to say:

"This belief has been the determining fact in literary history, and has existed for centuries as the dominant passion of the race. . . . The great majority of Greeks have never ceased to believe that they are destined to become for a second time a great nation, and a great force in the destinies of mankind. . . . Whatever may be the political importance of contemporary Greece, and whatever may be her fate in her present ordeal, her reappearance as an independent nation with a special character, with a literary activity that often betrays the impress of true Hellenism, with a language that consists in the development of elements deeply rooted in the heart of that older form of Greek, is a most remarkable phenomenon, the production of which can be traced to the conscious desire of the nation to resuscitate itself. I may say in this place that modern Greek literature is a product of the conscious endeavor of modern Greeks to regain freedom in the same way as ancient Greek literature was a product of the genius which the ancient Greeks had for free-

¹ *Neo-Hellenic Language and Literature.* Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Company, London.

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dom, limited as that freedom was to a portion of the community."

This freedom, the freedom of the spirit, is alluded to by Plato in the *Phædo*, in which he represents Socrates as saying: "Whosoever seem to have excelled in holy living, these are they who are set free and released from these earthly places as from prisons and fare upward to that pure habitation and make their dwelling-place in yonder land. . . . Therefore we must do our utmost to gain in life a share in virtue and wisdom. For the prize is noble, and the hope is great." This freedom, being of the spirit, may be attained during the sojourn in the physical world, and its liberating energy is the power of thought.

The kingdom of Greece now includes more than two and a half million people, besides those Greeks who live in various other countries. For more than two thousand years their language, their traditions, and their religion have been transmitted from generation to generation, and from century to century in an almost unbroken chain. It is a curious fact that during this period the Greek language has undergone less change than has the English language in the period between Chaucer and Tennyson.

Contemporary Greek literature ranges over

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the usual forms of history, biography, fiction, poetry, and essays; and while there is work in nearly all these lines not lacking in claim to distinction, little of it is known to the world in general for one reason: the literature of the Greeks of to-day is not published in books, but in periodicals. Not, of course, exclusively, but so largely that a liberal share of the poetry, creative romance, essays, and history are issued in periodical form in the daily or weekly press. In Athens the daily newspapers are matter of far more importance than their legitimate function, or, rather, legitimate function of the daily press in other cities,—that of giving the news of the day. With a population of hardly two hundred thousand, there are not less than eighteen daily newspapers, with several weekly journals. They are published in Greek and in French; the latter being chiefly sought by the visitors and sojourners. Among the more important morning papers are the *Athenai*, the *Acropolis*, the *Chronos*, *Patris*, *Neon Asty*, and *Kairoi*, while the leading afternoon journals are the *Experini*, the *Ephemeris*, and the *Hestia*. One journal, entitled *Roméos*, is devoted exclusively to poetry, and its editor, George Sourës, is also its sole contributor. M. Sourës is a marked character in Athens. He is a wit, he is extremely versatile, and his gift

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of good-humored satire has made him a popular favorite. He is by no means always too fastidious for the less critical, while his undeniable cleverness makes the reading of his unique weekly sheet a matter of information which few can afford to miss. The advertisements sent to his paper are transformed by him into rhyme, so that every announcement and item, as well as his own matter, appear as verse. M. Sourès has an extraordinary instinct for the kind of commentary the people like to read, and his paper is the most unique thing on the continent. He is said to be a native of Chios, one of the islands, but he himself denies any knowledge of his birthplace. It is to the daily press that the Greek, for the most part, looks for his science, his fiction, and his history, as well as for the news of the moment. Popular fiction is an unfailing feature of the newspapers; not less are the lengthy and learned scientific treatises and archæological records.

In the spring of 1913 the London and Paris journals arrived from seven to nine days after their publication. Ordinarily the time on the way would not be so long, but on account of the war the harbor-lights in all the ports were not permitted to burn, so the steamers coming from Trieste down the Adriatic, or from Marseilles and Naples, must lay off all night outside any

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port at which they were scheduled to stop, if they did not arrive in time to clear by daylight. Even at best, the London papers would be nearly or quite a week reaching Greece, and this isolation from great centers contributes greatly to the establishment of a world of its own in Athens. Greece is practically an island, subject to all the delays and unforeseen exigencies of communication by water alone, since she has no connection by rail with continental Europe. The cable and telegraphic service of Athens are very precarious, and the city journals are not large subscribers to these conveniences.

There is an exclusive news service called *L'Agence d'Athènes*, which supplies the Bourse and other public places. It is really a bureau of information served to the government and finance, to hotels, and the more important clubs. The editor is a well-known and highly-esteemed Greek, M. Perdikides, a man of accomplished culture, high intelligence, and polished courtesy. Few visitors in Athens fail to meet this distinguished journalist, whom to know is by way of a liberal education. Athens has more than one woman journalist, of whom the most important is Mlle. Jeanne Stephano-poli, the editor of a semi-weekly journal called *Le Messager d'Athènes*, which has a large circulation all over Greece, and to some extent

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in France, and is owned by M. Stephanopoli, the father of the clever editor. Another journal in the French language, which holds a high rank as an authority in literature, politics, and finance, is *Les Nouvelles de Grèce*, of whom the editor and proprietor is M. Zographides, who was educated for the bar, but has yielded to his taste and capacity for a high order of journalism. The *Neon Asty* is an offshoot from the old *Asty*, and the policy of its editor, M. Kaklamanos, is currently said to be, in a manner of the utmost simplicity, that of the opposite view. The policy of this Athenian publication reminds one of the musical accomplishments of the man who knew two tunes; one of which was "Old Hundred," and the other was n't! *The Kairoi* (The Times) is the oldest journal in Athens, although it dates back only to about 1875. The revenues of an Athenian journal are somewhat hampered from the fact that if a subscriber is also an advertiser, he expects his advertisements to be inserted free of charge. A corresponding method in America would involve a singular discrepancy in the counting-room, and would not tend to the cheerfulness of those who manipulate its finances. One of the evening papers of Athens is the *Astrape*, (Flash-of-Lightning), a title that would not be inappropriate to some of our particularly en-

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terprising dailies in the United States. The *Acropolis* is one of the ablest and most reliable of morning papers in Athens, and is eagerly sought. Its editor, M. Gabrilides, is an authority on economics, and he cultivates a vital interest in the ethical problems of society at large. He is particularly well informed regarding economic and financial enterprises in foreign countries; and his information to date during the inception and early progress of the Panama Canal was singularly accurate and full, and presented in a dispassionate manner that made his journal a really greater authority on the matter than were many of the American journals.

A semi-monthly magazine, the *Panathenaia*, is a literary review with illustrations, and with much critical excellence. The Historical and Ethnological Society also issue a journal at irregular intervals, something after the manner of the publication of the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy" by its founder and editor, the late Hon. William Torrey Harris, whose distinction as being for many years the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the United States was second to his great distinction, both in his own country and in Europe, as the leading Hegelian of his time.

The Greeks do not share the prevailing taste

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for fiction, preferring of all literature that of history. Historical work occupies almost the same generally popular place in Greece that novels do in America. For the Americans are essentially a novel-reading nation, and one in which light fiction is more in demand than in any other country. Next to history, works of science are most in demand in Greece. Chemistry and medicine are the two branches in which the greatest interest is manifested, with jurisprudence as a close second to medicine. The proportion of physicians and lawyers to the population as a whole is so large that accurate statistics would seem wildly exaggerated. More of the young men go to Paris and Vienna for special study in these two professions than in any other line.

Modern Greece has produced no great novelist, although Spiridion Zampelios is a writer of distinction in the art of fiction. The scene of one of his works is laid in Crete, and the social panorama, with all its subtle values, is portrayed. M. Zampelios is also one of the most able of the translators among Greek men of letters. That rare gift of the divining power renders him an especially sympathetic translator, as was Longfellow. Among the well-known writers of the short story are Drosines, Karlavitzos, Ephthaliotis, and Xenopoulos.

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Few modern writers in Greece have equaled Spyridion Tricoupis, the author of an incomparable history of the Greek revolution. A monumental work is a *History of the Greek Nation*, in five large volumes, by M. Paparregopoulos, first published some twenty-five years ago, and of which over twenty thousand copies have been sold. Another notable Greek history is by Professor Lampros, and it has met with phenomenal success. The author is one of the most famous lecturers among the Greeks, and at his courses on mediæval and other epochs of history the hall is crowded. Another learned and popular lecturer on historical themes is Professor Karolides, whose university lectures, though given to the students, also attract a large following of the citizens.

Biography, both in its completeness and in memoirs, receives much attention in the latter-day literature of Greece. The life of Gennadios Scholarios, the assumed name for the priesthood of George Kortesios, who will be remembered as the first patriarch after the conquest, and the priest of whom it is said that he might "have saved Constantinople from the Turks, but that he preferred to save Orthodoxy from Catholicism," has been written by Tryphon Evangelides, and ranks as among the most important works in biographical literature. The

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memoirs of Spyridon Pilikas and of Alexander Rhizos Rhangabe (written by his son) are among other notable works.

Philology is another favorite pursuit among Greek writers, who are never weary of discussing classical language; and the *History of Greek Literature and Language* by Professors Mis-triotis and Kontors, the *Greek Metres* by Professor Semitelos, and work of this nature by M. Bikelas and M. Polites (the latter the editor of a Greek Conversational Lexicon), are all works that merit attention. M. Bikelas is a versatile author, who has made a name for himself as a poet, an essayist, a writer of fiction, and a translator, besides his contributions to philological scholarship.

There was a group of learned Greeks who were religious teachers and social reformers and intense patriots, rather than, in the strict sense, men of letters, and yet whom no attempt, however fragmentary, to comment on literary activities in Greece could omit. They were a group that stood for culture, for classical scholarship, and for moral ideals. They included the Patriarch Kortesios (Gennadios Scholarios), already mentioned, and Eparchos, George Gemistos, Laskaris, Mousouros, and others less known, who drew around them men enthusiastic in their devotion to new ideals of human-

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ity and with a passion for reform. Of these George Gemistos, a native of Sparta, was attracted to a special study of Zoroaster. He assumed the name of Plethon (full), and devoted himself to expounding the differences between Plato and Aristotle. He embraced the Platonic philosophy as the rule of political life, and he gave himself to profound study and teaching of ethics and sociological applications. Plethon's teaching came to the knowledge of Cosimo di' Medici, in Florence, and fascinated that powerful leader of Florentine life. The Platonic Academy in Florence, founded by Cosimo (il Vecchio), held its meetings in the famous *Orti Oricellari*, after the death of Lorenzo (il Magnifico), the site of which until within the past century could still be visited, the entrance being in the *Via della Scala*. Under Cosimo (Pater Patriæ) the meetings of the Platonic Academy were among the most brilliant literary splendors of Florence. Although the grounds of the *Orti Oricellari* were sold to the Marquis General Venturi, and a new street cut across the site of the palace, the grottoes still remain in the garden, and a subterranean Pantheon may still be visited. Cosimo di' Medici and his school regarded Plethon as the greatest man of the fifteenth century. Plethon established a college of initiates and introduced

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some of the ancient rites of the Eleusinian Mysteries; but he incited the intense hostility of Gennadius Scholarios, and his comparatively early death closed the controversy.

The two men who are said to have created modern Greek literature are Koraës and Regas. They were not only literary, but political men, somewhat as Mr. Gladstone stood for both letters and statesmanship. Regas was born about the middle of the eighteenth century in Thessaly, and both Regas and Koraës were not only writers of incalculable influence, but are regarded as the two great leaders of the cause of political independence of Greece. In a biography of Regas the author says of his instructors that in them was combined a love of letters with a love for country, and joining these two aspirations in all their teaching, they kept alive the national hopes. "The lives of these two men, could they be written," continues the biographer of Regas, "would be the secret inner history of the Greek people during the years of slavery, at a period when to the casual observation of strangers it seemed only a question of time before they would be merged into the race of the conqueror and all individuality wiped out." Regas was, indeed, a felicitous combination of the seer and the reformer. He had the infinite strength, as

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irresistible as it is enduring, of a profound inner conviction of the reality of divine decrees. He believed in God and the divine law. In accordance with this law must life be lived, and all efforts carried forward. Regas was the Sir Galahad of his time.

“His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.”

His poetry was inspired by the purest and the most intense patriotism, and by his lofty conceptions of destiny. He was thus easily first of the modern national poets. His character reveals itself in his words to the Bey Parvanoglou, whom he set free, and to whom he said: “Do not fear, friend, either the menaces or the armies of any tyrant. You will have the help of that God who hears every day the groaning of myriads of men, beholds their tears, and who will not leave evil doers unchastened. He who is inspired to resist tyranny, and is moved with the desire to set free any of God’s creatures,—to take them out of the power of impious tyrants,—lo! God is with him; then, what need he fear?” Like most heroes, Regas was also a martyr, and in the midst of his enthusiasm for devising plans to liberate Greece, he fell into the hands of the Austrians and was imprisoned at Trieste. Shortly after, the Austrian Government put him in the hands of the Turks. There

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were few deliberations or delays, and in 1798 he was put to death by a Turkish decree. But the Hellenic ideal for which he lived and died could not be extinguished. The last words of Regas were: "I have sown the needful seed; the day of fruition is not distant."

The keynote of Greek inspiration as expressed in poetic form is almost invariably that of religious feeling or of an intense and romantic patriotism. The poetry of sentiment, of interpretation of nature, or the poetry of love, in the highest personal sense, is far less known in Greek literature. This is a curious and a very striking fact, which is indefinitely suggestive of character. The strongest emotions of the Hellenes seem to be awakened by deeds of daring. The neo-Hellenic literature owes its origin, indeed, to the struggle of the nation and the church combined, to liberate Greece from the Turkish rule. The impulse to wrest Greece from this domination by Turkey assumed the two-fold form of an enthusiasm for general education, funds for which church and people united to provide, and in the lofty poetic expression, known as the *Klephtic*.

"The picture presented by Greek activities between the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries shows these prominent points," says Dr. Drakoules. "A vigorous and well-regulated

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university at Constantinople, under the ægis of the patriarchate, sets the example of founding schools in various parts of the Greek world. An endless series of publications on all subjects, and especially editions of classic authors with a view to their ideas, not restricted to grammar, as hitherto, engenders a craving for reading; and probably to that cause is due the fact that the modern Greeks, after the Anglo-Saxons, are the most voracious readers. A class of learned and ardent men, who from interpreters of the Sultan become hospodars or princes of the Danubian dominions of the Porte, having thus, in the graphic expression of Rangaves, 'fashioned a scepter out of their own chains,' found colleges and academies in which the best of the Greeks have taught; they translate foreign works, collect libraries, and speak invariably in the purest Greek possible. These are the Faniarotes, so called from Fanari, the then fashionable suburb of Constantinople, and the seat of the patriarchate after the conquest. During this period nearly every Greek town could boast of an efficient college, and the men whom these colleges produced exercised a very great influence on the moral tone of the nation. They inspired in it a principle of self-help, which replaced the old Byzantine disposition of *laissez-faire*. By their earnestness, initiative and faith, they succeeded in transforming within two generations the mode of thought of their race. A refreshing current of idealism permeated the Greek world through their exertions."

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The death of Regas only intensified the ardor of the Greeks for wider knowledge and for freedom. The effect is seen to be so marked, indeed, that it recalls to the student of this period the lines from Emily Dickinson:

“A death-blow is a life-blow to some;
Who until they died did not alive become.”

The influence of the man after withdrawal from the physical world is often far more effective. So it was with that of Regas. Another school of instructors and inspirers at once sprang up. Eminent among them were Bardalachos, Konstandas, Proios, Photiades, Gennadius, Philippides, Doukas, and Psallidas. Like the war troubadours of another age and another clime, they went about, not singing songs, but lecturing in the colleges at Janina, Corfu, Smyrna, Salonica, Adrianopolis, Larissa, and other places; inculcating with brilliant energy and unfaltering purpose the highest ideals of liberty, equality, national brotherhood,— the absolute fraternity of one hope, one faith; and “all the sceptered spirits of the past” seemed to unite in their efforts. The impassioned love of liberty that has characterized the Greeks from the days of Pericles to the present time, has been unintermittent, unbroken, unchanged, unless it were to glow with a constantly renewed ardor, through all the centuries.

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Among this group of the new teachers of the age, and greatest among them, was Koraës. His name stands resplendent in the history of modern Greece. His work was twofold, for the purity of the language, and for the moral elevation of life. Two schools of language followed the national movement in literary activity: that of the Purists, who aimed to restore the classical tongue, and that of the Romaic (vernacular), which has never been taught, from that day to this, but which is universally spoken, and has been evolved as the romance languages have been evolved from the Latin. This Romaic may be considered as on parallel lines with the modern European languages, and only the fact that no great writers have arisen to employ it and embalm it in a literature has prevented its taking the same place in Greece that the language bearing the stamp of Dante and his school has taken in Italy. But the efforts to adapt it to contemporary literature have been too inconsequential to achieve that purpose. Koraës considered that the classical purity of the language went hand in hand and was inseparable from the moral elevation of the race. The prevailing national sentiment of the Greeks has always agreed with the convictions of Koraës. It has been the aim, never for a moment obscured, to imitate the classical

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writers, and to keep alive and in constant use their diction. In this fastidious demand the Greeks had a worthy modern successor in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. "The wonderful instrument,—the great organ, language," was to him the same transcendent and all-important vehicle. "An artist who works in marble or colors has them all to himself and his tribe," said Dr. Holmes; "but the man who moulds his thought in verse has to employ the materials vulgarized by everybody's use, and glorify them by his handling. I don't know that you must break any bones in a poet's mechanism before his thought can dance in rhythm," continued the Autocrat, "but read your Milton and see what training, what patient labor, it took before he could shape our common speech into his majestic harmonies." Elsewhere Dr. Holmes has declared that he always thought it natural that any celestial message should demand a language of its own, "only to be understood by divine illumination," and in this faith he was at one with the Greeks. The relation of literature and language is hardly more identical than that of language and life. When a nation's current literary expression in the daily press and in the concoctions under the guise of fiction degenerates into the language of hoodlums, a corresponding degeneration of the general

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life can hardly be escaped. A people's language is the unerring touchstone of its quality of life. All who uphold and long to perpetuate and still further exalt noble standards will sympathize with the Greeks in their appreciation of the beauty and dignity of the ancient diction. Such attraction does it possess for the cultivated people that for more than forty years past they have adopted it for use in the schools, in the universities, in Parliament, in the language of all the state departments, and for exclusive use in the pulpit and in religious teaching. This fidelity is largely due to the influence of Koraës. The common literary dialect that was much in vogue at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a dialect greatly influenced by the Romaic, was taken by Koraës as the basis of his efforts for the reformation to classic standards. So influential were his efforts that a little resumé of his personal life cannot fail to interest all who trace this problem of language in Grecian history. Adamantios Koraës was a native of Smyrna, where he was born in 1748, the son of a merchant, and a grandson of a noted poet and scholar, Antonios Koraës. The youth received his early education at the Evangelical school in Smyrna, under the leadership of a priest, Hierotheos Dendrinos, of Ithaca. Adamantios Koraës became a doctor of medicine and took

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up his residence in Paris, where he became famous for his philosophic and philological works, and his splendid editorship of the classics. He was distinguished as a scholar; and his essential aim and purpose were the restoration and rebuilding of the Greek tongue.

“He based his reform not on any abstract principle but on a practical fact of linguistic science,” says Dr. Drakoules, in allusion to this remarkable man, “and did within a few years what ordinary carefulness in speaking would only have done through ages. His school effected the reform, guided by the knowledge that the Greek language possesses a wealth of forms very intelligible to all and full of life, and therefore fit to replace the importations forced into it by historical events which reminded of days of ignorance and degradation. On the other hand its characteristic modernity in the analytical nature of construction was retained, because this is not a result of corruption, but a natural development of tendencies inherent in all language. Discrimination between what is corruption and what is development has been the guiding principle that restored the language to a form which is more classic and more elegant than the New Testament Greek, though less classic than Plutarch. This gift of discrimination is what those Greek philologists lack who, while there is no idealizing influence on the popular language such as Dante’s was on the Italian speech,” continues Dr. Drakoules,

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“want us to recognize certain forms and expressions which have no other claim on our attention except that they grew on the lips of people who have not had the opportunity to learn how to speak their own tongue. Just as modern art depends on classical models for its perfection, so the modern Greek language depends on the Attic dialect for purity. . . . The unreformed language resulting from want of proper education is still in use, but its area is decreasing every year, and it is dying out under the influence of good journalism, school and college lectures, political and other debates, sermons, and, not least, reading of foreign books, which are always translated into the reformed diction.”

It must be kept in mind that this divergence of the Greek into the pure and the Romaic really began as early as the tenth century. The aspects of the struggle of to-day between the two forms is the evolutionary outcome, or, rather, continuance, for the final outcome is not even yet revealed. For Greece has a strong argument for the Romaic in the existence of a rich and forcible feature of the Klephtic poetry, in which the vernacular is enshrined with an undeniable charm and richness. This is a vigorous literary inheritance that cannot be ignored. Poets themselves give preference, so far as this school of modern Greek poetry is concerned, to the Romaic form in which it is



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given. The residence of Koraës in Paris continued through the period of the French Revolution, which he regarded as a crisis that owed its entire inspiration and controlling causes to Hellenism. To him it was the manifestation of a resolution to realize the ideals of Greece. To what degree is the present ideal of France in her watchword of "*Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité*," indebted to Hellenic inspiration? The question is not without interest.

The Klephtic poetry was largely of Ionian origin. The most celebrated single poem is the *Ode to Liberty* of Dionysios Solomnos, who lived between 1798 and 1857, during which period he produced more than one volume of poetic work. He was born in Zante, of a family distinguished in Crete, and as a lad of ten years he was sent to Italy, where he was educated in the Italian language, in which most of his early poems were written. Returning to his native country when a youth of twenty, he entered with unbounded enthusiasm and fervent patriotism into all that made for the national progress. His *Ode to Liberty* so mirrored the spirit of the Greek Revolution that the opening stanzas have been set to music and are the national song of Greece. This *Ode*¹ (translated

¹ *Poetry of Modern Greece; Specimens and Extracts.* Macmillan and Company, London.

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by Florence MacPherson) consists of more than eighty stanzas.

For its motto Solomnos prefaced it with the lines from Dante:

*“Libertà vo cantando, ch’ è si cara
Come sa chi per lei vita rifiuta.”*

The opening stanzas are as follows:

“Well I know thee by the keen edge
Of thy terror-striking brand,
Know thee by the piercing glances
That thou dartest o’er the land.

“From the sacred ashes rising
Of the Hellenes great and free,
Valiant as in olden ages,
Hail! all Hail! O Liberty!

“All thy land with gladness shouted
Greeting thee with fervent will,
And their mouths outspake the raptures
That their inmost bosoms fill.

“And unto the clouds uplifted
Our Ionian Isles their voice,
Waved aloft their hands well-showing
How they at thy sight rejoice.”

The poet alludes to the United States in one stanza:

“Heartily with joy salute thee
That free land of Washington,
Mindful of the bonds that fettered
Her own limbs not long agone.”

And still another stanza in this lengthy poem runs:

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“Dewy breezes of the morning,
Here no more abroad ye toss
Unbelievers’ crescent banners,
Wave the standard of the Cross!”

Making all due allowance for the signal loss poetry must always sustain in translation, it is yet difficult to see in these stanzas anything quite justifying the enthusiasm they excite in Greece. Comparing this ode with the patriotic poems written by Lowell; the ever thrilling and fiery lyric *The Present Crisis*; the *Commemoration Ode*; and the vital songs of Whittier in the national stress and storm; to say nothing of other poets, American, English, German, French, Italian, . . . if one still further extends the field of comparison, the work of Solomnos seems less great than the estimation in which it is held. But the versification in another tongue is responsible for almost any poetic loss. It is said that in a poem entitled *Lampros* Solomnos revealed exceptional power, and an ode that he wrote on the death of Lord Byron at Missolonghi, in 1826, is much quoted in the latter-day Hellenic literature.

Constantine Kokkinakes, a poet who was born in Chios in 1781, and who lived until 1831, is the author of a famous *War-Song*, whose *motif* was the brotherhood of the Hellenes; and Andreas Kalvos, a native of Zante, born in 1790,

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is well known for a vivid *Elegy on the Sacred Battalion.*

“Never may storm-clouds
Pour down heavy showers,
Nor the harsh, blighting blast
Scatter the blessed
Soil that enshrouds you.

“But with her silvery tears
May the rose-rob'd Maid
Ever bedew it;
Here everlastingly
Forth blossom flowers.

“Fortune that left from you
Laurels of victory
Wove of the myrtle
And sorrowful cypress,
For you, other crowns.

• • • •
“Hellenes of your birthland,
Your forefathers worthy,
Hellenes, was there one of you
Who rather had chosen
A grave void of glory?”

Two brothers, Alexander and Panagiotes Soutos, natives of Constantinople, and belonging to a distinguished Greek family, were both poets and men of letters, producing romances, drama, and lyric and narrative poems. The brothers were both educated in France and Italy, and their poetic work shows unmistakable influences of Beranger and Lamartine, and also of Byron. But they hold a distinctive place as the writers who initiated the romantic school

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in modern Greek literature. A poem entitled *The Roumeliote Veteran*, by the elder Soutos, closes with these lines:

“And through all, upraised to Heaven steadfastly our eyes
had we
But unto the tyrants never would we bow our neck or knee.
You remember, O my comrades, will you keep in mind the
story
Of our hero days of glory!”

A poem on the death of Miaoules, by Panagiotes Soutos, contains this stanza.

“Thou on our strand art buried, by the grave
Of great Themistocles,
Thy shade with joy will view the white-foamed wave,
His path of glory and thine own, the seas.”

Another poet of the century just passed was Alexander Rhizos Rhangabes, born in Constantinople in 1810, and who was educated in Germany. He has served Greece as envoy to Berlin, and besides his poetic work he has written much on education and archaeology, in which science he has distinguished himself as one of the authorities of his country.

George Zalakostas was born in Epirus, but educated in Italy, where his father removed in 1807, when the future poet was but three years of age. He became an officer in the Italian army, but died in 1857, at the age of fifty-three. His most important poem is called *The Straits of Prevesa*, and he did some notable work as

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a translator, the songs in Sir Bulwer Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii* being among his translations.

Aristotle Valaorites, born in Leucadia in 1824, and educated at Corfu and in Paris, is ranked as the most typically national poet of modern Greece. He was a descendant of a noted Epirote captain, who enlisted under the standard of Venice to fight the Turks, and who afterward lived in the Ionian Isles, where he died in 1718. His grandson, the poet, never forgot his lineage, and was devoted to Epirus as his true fatherland, whose vigorous dialect he loved to employ in his poems, and whose general life, the life of the peasants, fishermen, and shepherds, he studied, that he might become their interpreter. "Above all," says his biographer, "Valaorites sought out and strove to reproduce the legends and records of the struggles of the armatoloi and klephts against the Turks. He was an enthusiast for 'the Great Idea;' the dream of his life was that the Greeks should win back in a second war of liberation the whole inheritance of their fathers." He died in 1879, leaving several volumes of his works, the most important of which bears the title of *Mnemosyna*. One of his most ambitious poems has for its theme a tragic episode at the court of Ali Pasha.

Dr. Theodore Aphentoules, a Cretan, and

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later a professor in the University of Athens, is especially the interpreter of Crete in song. He was born in 1835 and died in 1893, leaving a high reputation as a savant and a patriot, as well as of a poet with much claim to distinction. In his connection with the University of Athens he united the chairs of medicine and botany.

Achilles Paraschos is a genuine Athenian, born and educated in Athens, who has been one of the most popular poets in Greece for the past forty years.

George Drosines is another of the poets whose lyrics are highly regarded in Athens, and who has written much prose in the way of stories, sketches, and folklore. Among his best-known lyrics are *The Fortune Teller*, *The Osier Bough*, *Snows*, and some personal poems of an order not common in Greek poetry.

Perhaps the best English translations of modern Greek are those by Elizabeth Mayhew Edmonds and by Florence MacPherson, both of whom are highly commended by Dr. Drakoules. This eminent Greek also commends the poems of Achilles Paraschos for their spirit, originality, and strong nationalism. Dr. Drakoules points out that the ceremonial rites of the church play a great part in the work of this poet, and he quotes the first lines (in translation) of a poem addressed to the Virgin:

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“Within thy quiet church I come again,
O Virgin Mother! all my griefs to tell;
I long to speak to thee of my heart’s pain;
None other have I, as thou knowest well.”

Two Greek poets who died in early youth, Dimitrios Paparegopoulos (a son of the distinguished historian) and Spiridion Vassiliades, both lyrists, have left a pathetic promise of genius unfulfilled. Dr. Drakoules regards Vassiliades as being somewhat akin to Euripides in the quality of his dramatic talent. “One of the sweetest of natural singers,” says Dr. Drakoules, “was Elias Tantalides, a native of Constantinople, who was deprived of his eyesight when quite young. There is no tone of discontent or impatience in the large number of poems that he wrote, which reflect a gentle disposition. A stanza from his *Hymn to May* may be cited as a single instance of regret. His remembrance of bygone days, when he was able to see and gather flowers in the early hours of Mayday, embitters his feeling so as to call his present life ‘a wretched existence instead of a desirable death,’ yet in that very stanza he describes his calamity as ‘divinely ordained,’ and the last word of the lines embodies his philosophical interpretation of it as a heaven-sent chastisement. Tantalides was one of the most learned of men of the age,” continues Dr. Drakoules, “and lectured in the Theological

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College of Chalke at Constantinople, to the end of his long life."

One of the most perfect lyrists that Greece has produced is George Vizienos, whose charming little picture of a spring evening in Athens, translated by Mrs. Edmonds, is as follows:

“The sun to the west declining
Is hidden in clouds of gold;
A softly murmuring zephyr
Sheds odorous sweets untold.

“The owlet her cry beginneth
Now the song of the birds is still,
And a quiet mist o'er-shadows
The outlines of each hill.

“A comely flock descendeth
The mountain; a well known song
Is sung by the whole of the workers
As together they move along.

“With their ditty the pipe doth mingle
And the bleating of the sheep,
While the air is full of the echoes
Their tuneful bells aye keep.

“See the lake where the sturdy fishers
Draw merrily to the shore —
One with the anchor laden,
While others the tackle store.

“With the strong oar's measured beating
The boat is drawing nigh,
The foam of the waters circling
As the creaking keel goes by.

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“When the pale moon forthwith lavishly,
Upon earth’s every height,
In the midst of the thrilling silence,
Sheddeth her lambent light.

“And the stars, their looks down-bending,
With longings for secret love,
Caress on the face of the waters
Their reflection from above.”

The island of Cephalonia has the distinction of producing the most notable humorists of Greece, the most famous of whom is Andreas Laskaratos. There are, too, a group of younger poets, whose work gives promise, among whom are Strategos, Kambyses, Stephanou, Polemes, Mano, Zetouniates, Palamas, and others.

Athens has not lost her classic love for poetry. Homer called the divine Athena of the Parthenon “the goddess of many thoughts;” and the poetic expression of thought is now, as then, held in reverence. The art of poetry is encouraged by the University of Athens, and is fostered by competitions, and by prizes offered by citizens. But the latest poetic expression reveals a tendency to contemplation and to philosophic speculation which is a result of the growing influence of Western ideals. The production of dramatic poetry is not very great, although Rhangabes, Zampelius, and Angelos Vlachos have all made some contribution to the creative drama; but more notable than these is the enthu-

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siasm for translating great foreign masterpieces, as plays from Shakespeare, rendered with singular artistic perfection by Demetrios Bikelas, and the translation of *Faust* by Probelegios.

Athens, as studied in this second decade of the twentieth century, still maintains herself as the city of genius whom Pindar celebrated as "the city brilliant, immortal, violet-crowned, like the Muses and the Graces."

IX

ETHICAL POETRY OF GREECE

“Quietly, over the tomb of Sophocles,
 Quietly, ivy, creep with tendrils green;
And roses, ope your petals everywhere,
 While dewy shoots of grapevine peep between
 Upon the wise and honeyed poet’s grave,
 Whom Muse and Grace their richest treasures gave.”
(*Simias of Tieges.*) Translated by LILLA CABOT PERRY.¹

MR. GLADSTONE somewhere speaks of “the great business of understanding a poet;” and there is perhaps no way so direct to the understanding of a people as to study their poets. The goddess Athena is said to have pacified the Furies by promising them a local sanctuary on the Acropolis and the reverential consideration of all the citizens. It was thus that the Furies became the Eumenides, the “Propitious Ones,” and their sanctuary in the cleft of the Areopagus, not far from the theater of Dionysus, became the haunt of choral harmonies and celestial grace; a devastating force was changed into creative energies powerful for good,—such was the wisdom of the divine Athena.

¹ From *The Garden of Hellas*. The United States Book Company, New York.

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The Christian poets of Greece, held in reverence by all her citizens, exerted over men this same beneficent power, because the reverential regard they incited forged that direct relation with the life of the citizens which enabled the poets to foster high endeavor and to fructify and bless all noble deeds. The poet's word is, indeed, by some magic of spiritual alchemy, one of the most potent and penetrating of the controlling influences of life. It is the power that essentially reinforces the spirit with the stimulus of hope and faith, and arouses that creative energy which shapes the fulfilment of all noble purposes. For at poetry's "divine first finger-touch," life renews itself. It is poetry, too, which above any other art, touches life with joy, and joy is the distilled elixir of working power. It is the force which is able to conquer and prevail. It is the one invincible energy. Into this radiant atmosphere do the poets lead us; the atmosphere of confidence in one's own ability to achieve, held in perfect receptivity to the divine guidance and aid. For when the human will is united and made one with the divine will, all the powers of earth and air shall not prevail against it. This faith is essentially Greek in spirit. It breathes from their entire literature of poetry like fragrances from a rose garden. What renewal of the

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spirit may not be gained from this stanza translated from a Greek poet:

“A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this coast,
Bids you set sail;
Full many a gallant ship, when we were lost,
Weathered the gale.”

It is the artist who, of all other helpers and guides, keeps up “open roads between the Seen and Unseen.”

Poetry is as a vital germ implanted in the soul, whose development not only focuses new energies, but transforms the entire nature. A completer poetry may always adjust life to a new center.

“And plant a poet’s word even, deep enough
In any man’s breast, . . .
. . . you have done more for the man
Than if you dressed him in a broadcloth coat
And warmed his Sunday pottage at your fire.”

It is by a visit to the holy hill; a scent of thyme that clings about one, reminiscent of the excursion, that life calls again in “some transformed new voice.” Poetry is the direct message to the spirit. As such the Greeks held it in reverence.

For the art of the poet must not be mistaken for the merely æsthetic. Mrs. Browning, whose reverence for her vocation was so supreme that she exclaimed:

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“I, who love my art,
Would never wish it lower to suit my stature,”

has pointed out that not until the period when Homer, “the sublime poet of antiquity,” struck the first poetic notes in praise of honor and patriotism and awakened the people to the “sense of the high attributes of the Deity — not until then did the seed of every great quality, long dormant in the souls of the Greeks, burst into bloom, and Greece began to give those immortal examples of exalted feeling . . . which have since astonished the world.” Mrs. Browning notes that “man seems then to have first proved his resemblance to his Creator, and the birth of Poetry was the birth of all kindred arts.”

Greek poetry was no spontaneous outburst of song. Edwin Percy Whipple, in one of his penetrating criticisms on literary art, pointed out that “easy writing by no means insures itself to be easy reading;” that the art which lives is apt to require an infusion of industry as well as of inspiration. This truth is revealed in the work of the Greek poets. Their art was not that of an instantaneous projection. The most important and perhaps the most remarkable feature which is recognizable in every Greek poet is the indefatigable study and untiring work given to each production, as surveyed from Homer to

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Theocritus. Professor Mahaffy declares that nothing would seem to a Greek poet *less* worthy than spontaneous production. He asserts that the Greek poet despised what we call an untutored genius.

In a course of lectures on Greek life and literature given before the Lowell Institute in Boston in the autumn of 1908,¹ by the Reverend Professor Mahaffy, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and one of the most eminent authorities on Grecian history, literature, and sociology, the learned speaker gave a very interesting analysis of the early literary methods and ideals of the Greeks. In one of these scholarly and deeply interesting addresses Dr. Mahaffy said:

“We hear talk, indeed, of ‘divine madness,’ and the inspiration of the muses; but so far as we know they never inspired an ignorant man, and never taught an educated man to violate the traditions of his school. This studied work comes before us in its full artificiality in the Homeric poems. It is more than doubtful whether such a language was ever spoken. It is full of strange forms, and the mixed dialect was that invented or perfected by a school of bards, who did not profess to reproduce ordinary speech, but something far higher and better, which only the educated poet could compose. And when I use the term ‘artificial,’” he notes,

¹ *What have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?* G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York.

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“I must say a word in explanation of my meaning. It is not the proper province of art to attain to a perfect representation of nature, but to a representation of perfect nature. For example, the more the art of sculpture was developed in Greece, the more they attained to the representation of a perfectly natural, but an ideally beautiful figure, such as the Hermes of Praxiteles. The last triumph of a great actor is to produce perfectly human nature in its general features, if not in its ideal features; and so the philosopher exclaims in wonder at the plays of Menander, ‘O Menander and human life! which of you has copied the other?’ . . . Greek poetry was always developing in schools possessing fixed traditions. . . . If any man thought to break loose from these, and write in a manner wholly free and unchecked, he would get no hearing in Greece.”

According to this theory, it was fortunate for Walt Whitman, the most indifferent of poets to outer form and rhythmic values, that his life did not fall within this period. Dr. Mahaffy is too profound a critic to deny that there may be successive methods; and he outlined, indeed, many other modes of expression among the Greeks themselves, whose underlying currents of thought were too vital not to break forth under many varieties of literary form.

As time went by, epic poetry exhausted itself, and Homer and Hesiod were succeeded by the

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lyrists. There came Tyrtæus, Xenophanes, Archilochus, Terpander, Mimnermus, Alcman, Alcæus, Sappho, Theognis, Anacreon, Ibucus, Simonides, Pindar, and Callistrates, not to mention others who are not without claim. The dramatic school arose, forever immortalized by Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Philemon, Menander; and the Alexandrine school, in which Theocritus, whose songs share the fame of Pindar's in their sweetness; Bion, Moschus, Apollonius, Lycophron, and others recur to the mind.

To refer with any degree of adequacy to the great tragic poets of Greece would require a volume of itself; and it is within the scope of the present book to touch only upon the ancient literature in its relation to the contemporary life. The immortal tragedies of Greek literature must be studied in their entirety, and if commentary and commentator are required, they are not wanting among the great classicists of modern literary art.

Greek translators have pronounced Theocritus to be peculiarly difficult to fairly represent, as out of his *Idyls* only some thirty fragments survive. He is believed to be a native of Sicily, born in Syracuse about 270 B.C. and to have passed much of his early manhood in Alexandria, then the center of culture and learning. It is

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easy to see, in the Arcadian sweetness of his song, reminiscence of the romantic loveliness of this enchanting island; and it is not less obvious that the refinement and charm of Alexandrian brilliancy contributed to his gift their strong impulse. He seemed one entitled to recognition as an artist in his production as well as a poet of lofty endowments. In Mrs. Browning's translation of *The Cyclops* both the scholarly culture and the human tenderness of Theocritus are strikingly revealed:

“And so an easier life our Cyclops drew,
 The ancient Polyphemus, who in youth
Loved Galatea while the manhood grew
 Adown his cheeks and darkened round his mouth.
No jot cared he for apples, olives, roses;
 Love made him mad; the whole world was neglected.

• • • • •
“Come to me, Sweet! thou shalt have all of those
 In change for love! I will not halve the shares.
Leave the blue sea, with pure white arms extended
 To the dry shore; and, in my cave's recess,
Thou shalt be gladder for the moonlight ended, —
 For here be laurels, spiral cypresses,
Dark ivy, and a vine whose leaves enfold
 Most luscious grapes; and here is water cold,

The wooded Ætna pours down through the trees
From the white snows, which gods were scarce too bold
 To drink in turn with nectar. Who with these
 Would choose the salt wave of the lukewarm seas?
Nay, look on me! If I am hairy and rough,
 I have an oak's heart in me; there's a fire
In these gray ashes which burns hot enough;

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“ And, when I burn for *thee*, I grudge the pyre
No fuel . . . not my soul, nor this one eye, —
Most precious thing I have, because thereby
I see thee, fairest!”

And is there, in all the literature of reference to other languages, a lyric more exquisite than this transcription, for a volume of Theocritus, by Austin Dobson? ¹

“O Singer of the field and fold,
Theocritus! Pan’s pipe was thine;
Thine was the happier Age of Gold!

“For thee the scent of new-made mould
The bee-hive and the murmuring pine,
O Singer of the field and fold!

“Thou sang’st the simple feasts of old,
The beechen bowl made glad with wine,
Thine was the happier Age of Gold!

“And round thee, ever-laughing, rolled
The blithe and blue Sicilian brine,
Thine was the happier Age of Gold!

“To-day our songs are faint and cold;
Our Northern suns too sadly shine;
O Singer of the field and fold!
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.”

Of the sustained sweetness and contemplative power of Bion, his *Lament for Adonis* is perhaps the best example; and in the translation made by Mrs. Browning these qualities are singularly preserved:

¹ *Greek Lyric Poetry: An Anthology.* Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, Boston.

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“I mourn for Adonis — Adonis is dead,
Fair Adonis is dead and the Loves are lamenting.
Sleep, Cypris, no more on thy purple-strewed bed;
Arise, wretch stoled in black; beat thy breast unrelenting,
And shriek to the worlds, ‘Fair Adonis is dead!’

• • • • •
Love him still, poor Adonis; cast on him together
The crowns and the flowers: since he died from the place,
Why, let all die with him; let the blossoms go wither,
Rain myrtles and olive-buds down on his face.
Rain the myrrh down, let all that is best fall a-pining,
Since the myrrh of his life from thy keeping is swept.
Pale he lay, thine Adonis, in purples reclining;
The loves raised their voices around him and wept.”

From Aristotle John Addington Symonds makes the following translation:

“Earth in her breast hides Plato’s dust; his soul
The gods forever ’mid their ranks enroll.”

Among other translations made by Mr. Symonds is this fragment, also from Aristotle:

“Virtue, to men thou bringest care and toil;
Yet art thou life’s best, fairest spoil!
O virgin Goddess, for thy beauty’s sake
To die is delicate in this, our Greece,
Or to endure of pain the stern, strong ache;
Such fruit for our soul’s ease
Of joys unfading, dearer far than gold,
Or home, or soft-eyed sleep, dost thou enfold.”

Theognis was a poet who gave high counsel, if he may be estimated from the standard of the following lines, translated by John Hookham Frere:¹

¹ *Greek Poets in English Verse.* Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, Boston.

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“Entire and perfect happiness is never
Vouchsafed to man; but nobler minds endeavor
 To keep their inward sorrows unrevealed;
 With meaner spirits nothing is concealed.
Weak and unable to conform to fortune,
With rude rejoicing, or complaint importune,
 They vent their exaltation, or distress,
 Whate'er betides them, grief, or happiness;
The brave and wise will bear with steady mind
The allotment, unforeseen, and undefined
 Of good or evil, which wise gods bestow
 Promiscuously, to those who dwell below.”

Sir Edwin Arnold translates from Sappho these lines addressed *To One Who Loves not Poetry*:

“Thou liest dead and there will be no memory left behind
Of thee or thine in all the earth, for never did'st thou bind
The roses of Pierian streams upon thy brow; thy doom
Is now to flit with unknown ghosts in cold and nameless
gloom.”

Shelley’s exquisite quatrain, from Plato, will be recalled by all who love poetic art:

“Thou wert the morning star among the living,
 Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
 New splendor to the dead.”

From Archilochus is the following translation, made by William Hay:

“Tossed on a sea of troubles, Soul my Soul,
 Thyself do thou control;
And to the weapons of advancing foes
 A stubborn breast oppose;
 Undaunted 'mid the hostile might
 Of squadrons burning for the fight.

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“Thine be no boasting when the victor’s crown
Wins the deserved renown;
Thine no dejected sorrow when defeat
Would urge a base retreat;
Rejoice in joyous things; — nor overmuch
Let grief thy bosom touch
Midst evil, and still bear in mind
How changeful are the ways of human-kind.”

Greek poetry, from the Homeric to the Alexandrine, ranging over the four general divisions of the Epic, Lyric, Dramatic, and Alexandrine, is a reservoir of thought. For the national expression was ethical as well as artistic, and counsel and epigram are presented in poetic form. The poet was not alone the interpreter; he was the guide, the monitor, the inspirer of life. In the translations of Plato made by Professor Jowett occurs this passage, typical of Plato’s wise counsel:

“When the boy has learned his letters and is beginning to understand what is written, as before he understood only what was spoken, they put into his hands the works of great poets, which he reads at school; in these are contained many admonitions, and many tales, and praises, and encomia of ancient famous men, which he is required to learn by heart, in order that he may imitate or emulate them and desire to become like them.”

The poets even of those days were not without their convictions of relative excellence. Plato

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deplored the influence of Musæus (the poet who was said to have been the founder of the Eleusinian Mysteries), because he felt that both Musæus and Orpheus embodied mere superstition in their books. Aristophanes, however, honored Musæus, as did Virgil in a later time; while Pindar enthusiastically declared that Orpheus was the father of song, sent by Apollo. The songs of Orpheus were invested with mystery as well as with significance, and the *Orphica* became as a sacred book to Greece. Yet we find Aristotle, according to Cicero, denying even the existence of Orpheus.

The study of Greek poetry comprehends the very spirit of poetry, as revealed in the epic, the lyric, in tragedy, in comedy; Homer, blind, yet illuminated the way; Pindar glorified the beauty of nature and life and gave choice inspiration to all the poets to come, by the sweetness of his voice; Sappho, clad in her singing-robcs, with "leavings of the lilies in her hair;" Æschylus, thrilling all the ages with his heroic ideals; Aristophanes, whose fantastic merriment still echoes in the air; Euripides, "the human," with his sensitive response to every emotion of life; and Gregory Nazianzen, who questioned the problems of the soul,— these and many others are still incorporated into the literature that is immortal. "Wonderful it is," says Mrs.

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Browning, “to look back thousands of years away, where whole centuries lie in dust, the sounding of their trumpets and the rushing of their scythed chariots are stilled . . . blind Homer spoke this Greek after blind Demodocus, with a quenchless light about his brows, which he felt through his blindness. Pindar rolled his chariots in it, prolonging the clamor of the games. Sappho’s heart beat through it, and heaved up the world’s. Æschylus strained it to the stature of his high thoughts. Plato crowned it with his divine peradventures. Aristophanes made it drunk with the wine of his fantastic merriment. The latter Platonists wove their souls away in it, out of sight of other souls. The first Christians heard in it God’s new revelation. . . .”

For a certain rhythmic music of these poems of the mighty past, Mrs. Browning felt that we ask in vain. “The subtlety of this ancient music, the variety of its cadences, the intersection of sweetness in the rise and fall of melodies,” she says, “are as utterly lost to this later period as the digamma was to an earlier one.”

The religious poets, of whom Christus Patiens and Gregory Nazianzen are the more notable examples, have left some lyrics that haunt the memory. “You may cast me down

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from my bishop's throne," exclaimed this Gregory, "but you cannot banish me from before God's." He is pictured as carrying both hands full of trailing branches from the banks of the Cephissus, from the very plane-tree under which Socrates sat with Phædrus and talked of beauty to the cadence of the rising and falling of the leaves. Poet he was, if the production of thirty thousand verses could entitle him to that rank; not all this mass by any means worthy to endure, but a proportion characterized by exaltation, devotion, sweetness, and pathos. His finest expression is a lyric called *Soul and Body*.

These Christian poets of Greece made on Mrs. Browning a profound impression. "We want the touch of Christ's hand upon our literature, as it touched other dead things," she writes — and from them she made a number of translations. There was Synesius of Cyrene, a disciple of Plato, a man "who loved Hypatia and Plato as well as he loved truth, but who loved beyond all other things to have his own way!" The worthy Synesius is said to have refused a bishopric, perhaps because that office would have limited his enjoyment of his favorite luxury, and on the whole, he regarded life as better worth the living if embellished in his own way rather than by a bishop's throne. At all events,

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Mrs. Browning, who evidently knew him much better than most of us do, declares his poems to be "holier and more abiding" than those of even Anacreon. Comparatively little of the poetry of Synesius has come down to us; but the great woman-poet of England found the fragments that have drifted down to the nineteenth century, when she wrote of them, to hold "the attar of a thousand rose-trees." Something, also, of the phraseology of Plato and Plotinus she detected in his poems, with the added grace of "wonderful rapture and ecstasy." As the Greeks have always maintained that "it takes a god to recognize a god," so it may take a poet to recognize a poet.

Mrs. Browning included the *Ninth Ode* of Synesius among her numerous translations from the Greeks, and she gives some transcriptions from Amphilochus (the bishop of Iconium), and from Eudocia, the wife of Theodosius, of the fifth century, who "wrote only such Christian poems as Christians and poets might rejoice to read, but which perished with her beauty, as being of one seed with it."

In the same seventh century (B.C.) was George Pisida, of the Metropolitan church of St. Sofia, who was half the poet of the church and half poet of the court; and whose devotion was almost equally divided between the Arch-

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bishop and the Emperor Heraclius. Pisida knew the secret of beauty.

At Damascus, in the eighth century, was John Damascenus, "who wrote acrostics on the chief festivals of the church which are not much better, although much longer, than acrostics should be." But there is from him one Anacreontic hymn, in a translation by Mrs. Browning, which is not only profoundly touching in its pathos, but the more interesting in that it bears a curious kinship to the *Andrew Rykman's Prayer* of Whittier. While the poem of Whittier is in no sense an imitation, the two are yet, both by the peculiar rhythm and somewhat in significance, closely allied. The *Hymn of Damascenus* opens thus:

"From my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul stained everywhere,
O my Jesus, take my prayer!
Sturn me not for all it says,
Not for words and not for ways,
Not for shamelessness endued!
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would!
Or teach me, which I rather seek,
What to do and what to speak."

Michael Psellus; John of Euchiata, a bishop as well as a poet; Philip Solitarius, of the end of the eleventh century; and Theodore Proddro-

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mus, of the twelfth; John Tzetza and Manuel Philæ, of the fourteenth century after the Christian era, complete this school of Greek poets, save one, Maximus Margunius, closely akin to Nazianzen. A hymn written by Margunius, and translated by Mrs. Browning, closes thus:

“Take me as a hermit lone
With a desert life and moan;
Only Thou anear to mete
Slow or quick my pulse’s beat;
Only Thou, the night to chase
With the sunlight in Thy face!
Pleasure to the eyes may come
From a glory seen afar,
But if life concentre gloom
Scattered by no little star,
Then, how feeble, God, we are!”

With Margunius there passes the last figure of this notable group.

With the Greeks, poetry was essentially the expression of the phenomena of life, rather than a criticism upon those phenomena. Of them all, Empedocles is perhaps most calculated to impress the imagination. He brought to poetry that secret of magic that invests his verse with nameless and compelling fascination. His comprehensive grasp of the archetypal powers that contribute to the mystery of being; his freedom and sweep in poetic utterances; his wonderful versatility, darting straight as light to the significance of the hour, — all combined to incite

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the enthusiasm of the populace to whom he was philosopher as well as poet.

Sophocles, of all the great tragic poets of Greece, has become the most familiar to the popular recognition because of the not infrequent dramatic portrayals of his noblest work, the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and the still greater familiarization of the general public with this work by the recitals given. Greek culture, and even more especially the culture of Greek poetry, has exerted an influence as powerful as it is immeasurable on modern life. The forces of the past can never be definitely separated from those of the present. The stream of human life flows on endlessly, and the stars that looked on Marathon look down upon Gettysburg!

Hesiod, in his *Bacchus and Ariadne*, proclaims the immunity of time to any inroads of those two subtle and mighty factors, death and age.

“The golden-hairèd Bacchus did espouse
That fairest Ariadne, Minos’ daughter,
And made her wifehood blossom in the house;
Where such protective gifts Kronion brought her,
Nor Death nor Age could find her when they sought her.”

The traditional counsel to “Count no man happy till he dies,” is condensed from a passage in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, whose translation runs:

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“. . . From hence the lesson learn ye
To reckon no man happy till ye witness
The closing day; until he pass the border
Which severs life from death, unscathed by sorrow.”

The Greek poets sang for gods and men and for all time. Greek poetry and philosophy are the treasure stores of all the ages. They are the radium of literature. Till the sun grows old and the stars are cold, will this living flame endure, lighting the course of the adventure of the soul on earth. Greek thought is a vital, potent force that is translated, transmuted, diverted in a thousand channels of new expression, but with its archetypal significance unchanged. “The body is the implement of the soul, and the soul of God,” said Plutarch; and in our own Emerson we find this essential truth proclaimed in his own beauty of expression; we find the great astronomer, Benjamin Peirce, saying to a Lowell Institute audience: “Man is a machine for the conversion of physical into spiritual power.” Poet and philosopher have proclaimed this thought in many ages and many tongues; and this is but one slight illustration of the way in which almost all that is greatest and most enduring in philosophy and ethics is found in the literature of these wonderful people whose life invested Greece with her fadeless glory.

In turning from this aspect of Greek life, one can but recall with a smile the story of Lucian’s

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interview with Homer, when they met in the Elysium Fields.

“I went up to Homer, the poet,” he writes, “when we were both at leisure, and after making other inquiries I asked him further about the rejected verses; whether they were written by him? And he declared that he wrote them all.”

So it would seem that even in Paradise the enigmas of poetic production and problematic authorship are discussed among the Immortals.



THE MONUMENT OF THRASYLLUS

X

THE CHARM OF CORFU

“Ah, poets! leave the sordid earth awhile;
Flit to those ancient gods we still adore;
‘It may be we shall touch the Happy Isle!’”

ANDREW LANG. . . . From the Greek of Homer.

A SEA of brilliant, luminous blue; an atmosphere whose perfect transparency suggests some interior of pearl and alabaster; the very faintest hint of golden light in the crystal air, and cliffs of richest violet, rose-shadowed, rising against the sky, — a country in which, as Euripides pictured, one is “ever delicately tripping through the pellucid air;” an aëreal country, whose valleys and defiles are all aglow with pink of oleander blooms, and where the fragrance of orange-blossoms burdens the breeze; on whose summer shores

“What time the Teian made divine
His wreath of roses drenched in wine,
The Lesbian sang her woman’s woe
In bars of passion we but know, —
It echoes still across the tears
Of twice a thousand silent years.”

This is Corfu!

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The Mediterranean voyage, if it does not, indeed, abound in enchantment, offers the voyager renewed pageantry of beauty; wonderful Algiers, a city of sun-flushed marble, on emerald hills, overlooking the resplendent waters; Taormina, a dream of loveliness seen against the snow-crowned peaks of Mount Etna, across a sapphire sea; Amalfi, where

“Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay,”

Naples, from whose terraced heights the view over the incomparable combination of sea and sky and islands and peaks that arrest the sunset splendors, is the marvel of a lifetime; these and other of the dreams of beauty the traveler knows; and still, with his first view of Corfu, new visions arise.

The Ionian Islands are five in number: Corfu, Leucis, Ithaca, Cephalonia, and Zante, aggregating a territory of more than a thousand square miles, with a population of some three hundred thousand, which in winter receives some accessions by the foreign visitors to Corfu. The precipitate white cliff which is the fabled scene of Sappho's leap is some eight miles from the town, whose narrow streets and lofty houses, with a royal palace of white Malta stone, and extensive gardens surrounding almost every villa, are singularly attractive to the tourist.

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There are some twenty thousand inhabitants, two or three good hotels, and drives and walks of exceeding charm. A Greek necropolis was discovered in 1843 near the coast, and the tomb of Menecrates identified. The entire region is Homeric in associations; and sauntering about in the sunshine, encompassed by Homeric legend and song, one seems to hear (in that beautiful paraphrase by Edith Thomas),

“Born in Ios, dead in Smyrna.
Violets for his dawn of being;
Myrrh to waft his soul out-passing!”

As a resort Corfu is easily accessible from continental Europe, and the sail from Trieste is a charming voyage of only some thirty-six hours. From Marseilles, down the Mediterranean, through the Straits of Messina, and around the foot of Italy into the Adriatic, is as alluring a sail as one could ask; or, making port at Naples, the voyager may cross to Brindisi, about eight hours by rail, and sail from there, in some twelve hours more, to Corfu. From whatever direction the island is approached, it is equally beautiful, with the mountainous heights rising in irregular and picturesque masses; with its myriads of valleys covered with the luxuriant verdure of vines, and the gray-green olive-trees. Corfu is enshrined in legend and romance. It is the land where Ulysses sought safety after his

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disastrous voyage from the island of Calypso, and where he encountered Nausicaa and her maidens, who befriended him. The fabled gardens of King Alcinous, the father of the Princess Nausicaa, still exist in the imagination of the visitor; nor is it difficult to identify them with the entrancing gardens of the present, with their tropical luxuriance of magnolias, which seem to be in perpetual bloom, and the stately palms, the eucalyptus, the orange and lemon trees whose blossoms make the air all fragrance, the papyrus, fig, and olive trees. And if the sojourner is of a sceptical turn of mind and disinclined to accept all the myth and legend that invest Corfu, how can he be but convinced when he is taken in a fairy boat over to the little island of Pontikonisi, which was originally the Phoenician ship that brought Ulysses, and which was instantly changed into stone by the irate Poseidon. The virtues of Penelope found favor in the eyes of the avenging gods, and with the island before one's eyes, and under one's feet, who can continue in doubt of the impressive story?

If there is any possession that the traveler should cherish and guard above all others, it is his store of illusions. Money and luggage and various other impedimenta, if lost, can be replaced; but to lose one's illusions is to be poor indeed. No possession is so invaluable. Illu-

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sions are like a magic veil that one may fling over any point, always adjustable, and always ensuring the maximum degree of enchantment. Now enchantment is really what one travels for. It is, like beauty, its "own excuse for being." As for knowledge, — an encyclopedia and an atlas will supply knowledge anywhere. It is not necessary to sail the high seas for this acquirement. To get the most out of one's saunterings about this planet, one wants to believe in the impossible, and to travel with a liberal outfit of illusions. They are, indeed, the only order of impedimenta that afford an unmixed joy, for the reason that even to the supernatural vision, the absolute second sight of a custom-house officer, they will pass undetected. They are the one thing you need not "declare." The one thing, too, which, undeclared, does not subject you to imprisonment for life, or to capital punishment, according to the law of the celebrated land of the brave and the free. There was an American gentleman whose occupation in life was to travel in Europe, and who was equipped, among other felicitous acquirements, with a wide familiarity with the languages of the several countries in which he variously sojourned; but whenever offering any counsel as to ways and means of travel, which many of his less experienced *confrères* constantly sought from him, he always

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gave advice quite the reverse of that of the wise man who is on record as favoring the getting of understanding. This wary American voyager commended in the highest terms the advantages of ignorance. If by any chance you were the unfortunate possessor of knowledge, he advised its concealment. When he himself, at the various European ports, was asked by the Angel with the Flaming Sword that guards the customs, as to what he conveyed about with him, he always, he said, affected to be utterly ignorant of the tongue in which the interrogation was made, and assuming a vacant and dejected expression of countenance, he would simply clutch the front lapels of his coat and exclaim, "*Roba! roba!*!" On this the Angel lowered his flaming sword, assumed an expression of pitying tolerance, and the apparently ignorant and forlorn traveler was passed through without further ceremony. It is not, however, intended to suggest this attitude as one that could be assured of success in the port of New York.

To return to illusions. These must not, by the way, be confounded with *delusions*, than which there is nothing more pernicious. But the illusion is an innocent and harmless article, which is capable, under encouraging treatment, of affording incalculable enjoyment.

Of all places to which the adventurous may

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journey while on this sublunary sphere, Corfu is the one of all others where illusions are the most desirable, not to say necessary, of possessions. There is not only the island which the angry god turned into stone, and the lake Kalikiopoulos, on whose shore Ulysses was cast, and rescued by the philanthropic Nausicaa; but there is the promontory of Leukas, from which Sappho took her fatal leap, impelled by the despair of unrequited devotion: a bold headland, shimmering in sunset rose above a violet sea, at least to the tourist who has the happy prompting to behold it at that particular hour. Cephalonia, a neighboring isle, is the birthplace of Aphrodite. On Ithaca all the sites of the *Odyssey* are absolutely discovered, according to the convictions of the discoverers, who, being Dr. Schliemann and Sir William Gell, hold undisputed authority; even the stone looms used by the nymphs are in actual existence, so one's illusions need not be drawn upon there; reality may be substituted. Corfu has a saint, whose body is believed to have been miraculously preserved during fifteen centuries, and which is taken from its silver casket two or three times a year and followed by a long procession of Greek clergymen about the town. Saint Spiridion heals the sick, blesses the olives and the grain, walks on

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the water to ensure the safety of the sailors, and performs other beneficent offices. In relation to Saint Spiridion, one's resources in illusion are not without value. This saint was a bishop in Cyprus and died under the persecutions of Diocletian. His body was taken to Constantinople, whence it was brought to Corfu and enshrined in the chapel of a church called by his name. The body, consigned to a silver sarcophagus, may be seen on occasions, privately, for a fee of forty francs, and gratuitously on holy days, when the populace throng the church from sunrise to sunset, kneeling before the sarcophagus and pressing on it the most fervent kisses in attitudes of devotion. The miraculous preservation of a veritable body is one of the spectacles in Italy, also; as in Assisi, where the body of the nun, Santa Clara, in her nun's habit, is shown in the church dedicated to her name; and in Naples, in the church of San Domenico Maggiore, where the alleged body of Vittoria Colonna is shown by the sacristan, in a sarcophagus whose wooden top is partly eaten away, placed in the high balcony in the sacristy by the side of the sarcophagus containing the body of her husband, Fernando Francesco d'Avalos, Marchese di Pescara. Vittoria Colonna died in Rome, and her body was first entombed in the ancient church of Santa Ana,

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now long since destroyed. Whether the body in the sacristy in Naples alleged to be hers is so, — *chi lo sa?*

The alleged body of Saint Spiridion is, at all events, quite as wonderfully preserved as are those shown in Assisi and Naples. It is related that Bishop Spiridion was one of the famous Council of Nice, and that he illustrated the doctrine of the Trinity by holding up an earthen pitcher and calling attention to the absolute unity of earth, fire, and water in its composition. Many are the superstitions that prevail in Corfu, and he who is a collector of these may add to his repertoire. It is, however, true that these are not taken too seriously by a larger portion of the population, but are regarded as observances that do no harm, and that may be of possible good. Corfu without her legends and myths would lose half her fascination. Yet beyond these are the authoritative historic associations.

Corfu has been the scene of great events, conducted by great men. Themistocles took refuge there during his exile from Greece; and Aristotle came, “and was so charmed with the island and its people that he persuaded Alexander of Epirus to join him.” Among other illustrious names connected with Corfu are those of Titus, after the conquest of Jerusalem;

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of Cæsar Augustus, the most beneficent of Roman Emperors; of Diocletian, the persecutor of Christianity, and Helena, who, on her way to Palestine in search of the true cross, landed on the island and tarried at Corfu. The Emperor Nero is known to have lingered here; Cato came, and Tibullus; and what more likely than that Cicero, who more than once visited Attica, paused on this lovely island in his journey? For the noted naval battle between Corinth and Corcyra, 657 b.c., the triremes lingered in the bays and coast indentations. And "here was passed in review that splendid armament which was destined to perish at Syracuse — the Moscow of Athenian ambition — and four hundred years later the waters of Actium saw a world lost and won. Here again, after the lapse of sixteen centuries, those Christian powers met while all Lepanto dealt to the Turkish fleet — so long the scourge and terror of Europe — a blow from which it has never recovered."

There are seven islands of the Ionian group, of which Corfu, formerly known as Corcyra, and called Scheria by Homer, is the largest and most important. Though only forty miles in length and some twenty in width, it has over seventy miles of sea-coast, so numerous are the indentations. There are now about a hundred thousand inhabitants, Greek, with a liberal pro-

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portion of Italians, and some English; besides the floating population of visitors and sojourners that include English, French, German, Austrian, and occasional Russian and American travelers. The Greeks of Corfu are of a high order of intelligence; their sons are mostly educated at the University of Athens, not unfrequently adding study in Italian and German universities, or at the Sorbonne of Paris, and occasionally at Oxford. Since the end of the British Protectorate (in 1862), Corfu has advanced in a manner to fully justify the confidence expressed by Gladstone.

The island of Corfu is peculiarly identified with the Homeric world. Odysseus sailed in one night from Ithaca to Corfu; and to the present day the Homeric poetry exercises the most ardent influence on the imagination and the minds of the Greek residents. The reverence for Homer is hardly less than that shown in classical times. The youth of to-day in Corfu may almost emulate the example of Alexander the Great, who, when on his eastern campaigns, is said to have always carried with him a copy of Homer, placed in a rich Persian casket, and which Aristotle, his tutor in boyhood, edited for him, the edition being thus one of unusual value.

The history of Corfu has been singularly eventful. The battle with Corinth in 432 B.C.

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led to the Peloponnesian war; the Romans took possession of it in 229 B.C.; in 1295 A.D., when the Crusaders divided the Byzantine Empire, Corfu came under the rule of the Venetians; these were succeeded by the kings of Naples and later by the powers of Epirus, who held the island till 1797. After that it was occupied by the French until 1815, when, at a treaty made in Paris, in November of that year, the entire seven islands were united in the Heptanesos, or seven-isled state, under the name of the United States of the Ionian Islands, and were placed under the immediate protection of Great Britain. This government lasted, with increasing dissatisfaction, for forty-eight years; and in November of 1863 the islands were incorporated into the kingdom of Greece. This final consummation, so joyfully hailed by the Ionians, was largely, if not wholly, due to the wisdom and far-seeing spirit of Mr. Gladstone.

When the treaty of 1815 was signed in Paris, the Powers were not especially concerned either in the welfare of the Ionian islands or in any particular advantage accruing to Great Britain, but rather to preserve the islands from falling under more objectionable rule. The Ionian States were to govern their own internal organization, with a "Lord High Commissioner" from England to adorn the Governor's palace

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and act as the general head of affairs. The impressive title of this nominal head of affairs was abbreviated by the Greeks to the designation of "the Lord High." The Duke of Wellington regarded all this arrangement as a dubious one; he declared it would prove "a tough and unprofitable job," and so it turned out. Various "Lords High" came and went, and mostly — went. Their going was apparently the only popular act of their administration.

"My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you," said Polonius to Hamlet. "You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal," returned the Dane, and the people of Corfu would have united in sympathy with the sentiments of Hamlet. This order maintained itself, however, after a fashion, until 1849, when there came a decided outbreak of demand that the Turks be driven out of Greece and the English out of the Ionian confederation. Sir Charles Napier, who was living in Cephalonia about 1820, during the last days of Byron in Greece, described the people as being, among the richer classes, lively and agreeable, the women possessing not a little beauty and native wit, though without much education; the poorer people hardy and industrious, and withal intelligent, — full of pleasant humor and vivacity. The higher classes were

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then mainly Italian in origin. But during the succeeding thirty years or so, things steadily grew worse. Roads, aqueducts, piers, and other essential works were falling to pieces without repair or renewal. There was a large deficit in the revenue. The official class scrambled for the petty offices.

Sir John Morley, in his biography of Gladstone, relates that a senate of six members was chosen, drawn by the High Commissioner from the assembly. "The forty-two members of the assembly met below galleries that held a thousand persons," continues Sir John, "and nothing made their seats and salaries so safe as round declamations from the floor, to the audience above, on the greatness of the Hellenic race and the need for union with the Greek kingdom." It is told that even the municipal officer in charge of education used to set as a copy for the children a prayer that pan-Hellenic concord might succeed in driving the English away.

In the autumn of 1859 a proposition was laid before Mr. Gladstone to undertake a special mission to the Ionian islands. Sir Bulwer Lytton was one to suggest that Mr. Gladstone's fame as both scholar and statesman might not inharmoniously blend with such a service to the Crown. Sir Bulwer wrote to him on the matter

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a letter (appearing in full in the Gladstone biography), urging that “to reconcile a race that speaks the Greek language to the science of practical liberty” seemed a task “that might well be a noble episode” in Mr. Gladstone’s career. The life-long interest that Mr. Gladstone had manifested in Homer, and in all that pertained to Grecian history, now gave rise to some facetious discussion. Sir John Morley remarks that Lord Aberdeen did not share the picturesque view of Sir Bulwer. “It is clear,” wrote Lord Aberdeen, “that Bulwer has sought to allure you with vague declarations and the attractions of Homeric propensities. . . . I doubt if Homer will be a *cheval de bataille* sufficiently strong to carry you safely through the intricacies of this enterprise.” Mr. Gladstone’s biographer, however, declares that “the wanderings of Ulysses, and the geography of Homer, prevailed in his mind,” and notwithstanding various and varied parliamentary counsels from his *confrères*, Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by his wife, set off in the late autumn for Corfu. This winter of 1858–1859 is still memorable in the island for Mr. Gladstone’s sojourn. To what degree the English lover of Homer was haunted by the shades of Thucydides and Xenophon does not appear; but it does appear from Sir John’s narration that Mr. Gladstone’s land-

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ing at Corfu was invested with elaborate ceremony, a salute of seventeen guns being fired in his honor, and the particular "Lord High" then in power (Sir John Young) with his staff met him personally at the pier. Apparently the Greeks from the first regarded Mr. Gladstone in the light of their heaven-sent benefactor. Sir John Morley notes that Mr. Gladstone first of all made a cruise entirely around all the Ionian islands, and says:

"This shook him a good deal with respect to two of the points, Corfu and Ithaca, on which it has been customary to dwell as proving Homer's precise local knowledge. The rain poured in torrents for most of the time, but it cleared up for a space to reveal the loveliness of Ithaca. In the island of Ulysses and Penelope he danced at a ball given in his honor. In Ceph-alonia he was received by a tremendous mob of a thousand persons, whom neither the drenching rains nor the unexpected manner of his approach across the hills could baffle. They greeted him with incessant cries for union with Greece, thrust disaffected papers into his carriage, and here and there indulged in cries of 'Down with the Protectorate! Down with the tyranny of fifty years!'"

The great statesman could not but recognize what evil had been wrought in the half-century, nearly, of bad government. He realized, how-

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ever, and made due allowances for the state of excitement of the popular mind.

Age and infirmity prevented the archbishop from coming to pay his respects to the eminent British statesman, so after his levee Mr. Gladstone with his suite repaired to the ecclesiastical palace. In the Gladstone biography this interview is described as being exceedingly picturesque. The archbishop seems to have been invested with his full splendors of ecclesiastical robes, in gorgeous hues, and he was attended by all his clergy in their priestly vestments. He was an old man, with the flowing white beard so frequently met with among the clergy of Greece; and his grace and dignity of manner made a strong impression upon Mr. Gladstone. The archbishop's special desire was to urge the wish of Cephalonia to be united to Greece, "and there was something very affecting," says the narrator, "in the tremulous tones of the old man saying over and over again, '*questa infelice isola, questa isola infelice*,' as the tears streamed down his silvery beard."

Later Mr. Gladstone made a journey to Zante; the occasion was made a festa, and the people came out in masses, with bands of music playing and flags flying in the wind, and all the bells ringing vociferously. Boat-loads of people filled the harbor; and Sir John Morley, revert-

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ing to the wonderful scene, notes that the very air was vocal with enthusiastic shouts, from a people wrought up to intense feeling, of "Long live Gladstone! Long live the Philhellene!"

There was another scene vividly pictured by Mr. Gladstone's secretary, which Sir John includes in this great biography: the scene of the reception given to Mr. Gladstone at the palace of the Commissioner, which is thus related:

"Every room and passage was thronged. The excitement was great. . . . and as soon as Mr. Gladstone had taken his place, in swept Gerasimus, the Bishop, followed by scores of priests in their picturesque black robes, and tendered to him the people's petition for union with Greece. But before he could deliver it, Gladstone stopped him and addressed to the Bishop and the assembled throng a speech in excellent Italian. Never did his beautiful voice ring out more clear or more thrillingly than when he said '*Ecco l'inganno.* . . . The priests, with eye and hand and gesture, expressed in lively pantomime to each other the effect produced by each sentence, in what we should think a most exaggerated way, like a chorus on the stage, but the effect was most picturesque."

A brilliant banquet was given to Mr. Gladstone the next night; again, a special performance at the theater; and after four days in Corfu he sailed for Athens and visited the university, where the students immediately pre-

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sented him with a petition praying for the union of the Hellenic kingdom.

Mr. Gladstone was, of course, profoundly impressed. In his diary he wrote: "The whole impression is saddening. It is all indolence, decay, stagnation. The image of God seems as if it were nowhere. But there is much of the wild and picturesque."

Mr. Gladstone did not underrate this problem. "While you seem," he said, "to be dealing only with a few specks on the map of Europe, you are really engaged in solving a problem as delicate and difficult as if it arose on a more conspicuous stage." He recognized how eminently gifted were the Greek people. He did not underrate their earnestness. Finally he offered (and this was at a sacrifice which all familiar with English history of that time will estimate at its true value) to serve as commissioner himself for the limited time he felt that office would be required. Already, it would seem, he agreed with the general demand of the people of Corfu and the other islands for union with their own country. He certainly realized its justice and sympathized with its spirit. The reply from England ran: "The Queen accepts. Your commission is being made out." The English press published mocking articles about Mr. Gladstone's admiration for the countrymen of

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Miltiades, and compared his journey to those of Ulysses and Alcinous. The satirists suggested that he be made king of the Ionian islands.

Many complications ensued which are full of interest to the Greeks in their enthusiasm for recalling their eventful history during the nineteenth century. Mr. Gladstone's characteristically judicial attitude did not lead him to enter into fantastic demands, while yet his sympathies were largely with the populace of Corfu and the other Ionian islands. At that time Sir Peter Braila, who afterwards served as Minister from Greece to England; and two brothers, bearing the renowned name of Themistocles, were residents of Corfu, and they were among the most influential advisers for the cause of independence from British control and for union with Greece. There were influential statesmen in England, however, opposed to this, Lord Palmerston being one; and the Queen, in reply to the appeal made to her, could not then see her way to abandon the obligations she felt she had incurred; but the tumult and turmoil came to an end at last, like all earthly things, and the final result was that Corfu gained her persistent demand, and was united to the main country in a bond that has not, apparently, ever been lessened.

Napoleon declared that Corfu has the most

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beautiful situation in the world. It is not difficult to agree with him. The white city climbs the hillside, with towers and balconies silhouetted against the bluest of skies. At the summit of the highest hill, on the colossal rock, is the citadel, crowning the town, and itself seen against San Salvatore, a peak three thousand feet high. The intense coloring that flames all over these picturesque ranges is rendered still more beautiful by the wonderful hues on the surrounding seas. Towards sunset, mountain and defile and town are bathed in a soft, golden light. The crests of the hills are touched with rose color, and the myriad palms are shadowy in their dark outlines. Far on the horizon rise other peaks on islands in the sea that seem a dim mirage.

“The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks,
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. . . .”

From the balconies of the hotel *Belle Venise*, which is charmingly located in a picturesque place on terraced hills, the scene is one of the most beautiful in all Europe. There are several comfortable hotels and *pensions* in Corfu, the rates being about the same as those of Naples, Capri, and Amalfi; but the *Belle Venise* quite justifies its name and is a favorite with Parisians, who have discovered the charm of Corfu for a

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winter's stay. The drives are most attractive. In contrast to all the rest of Greece, Corfu is provided with splendid roads, which signal attraction is due to the English occupation. Cabs are numerous and very moderate in price, well-appointed, and with drivers who, for the most part, are remarkably obliging, and are as intelligent as they are courteous. One may drive all over the island. The walks are also alluring to the saunterer, the vistas always disclosing some new beauty. The temperature is so delightful that a stay in Corfu is one of the best means of physical invigoration. The mail service is much better than at Athens, as the London mail reaches Trieste within two days, and there are steamers almost daily from Trieste or Brindisi. Mail from London and Paris, sent by rail to Brindisi, is due there within three days, and twelve more hours brings it to Corfu.

It is said there are not less than four million olive-trees on the island. Orange, lemon, and fig trees abound, and produce fruit of the finest flavor. The table supply therefore, of hotels and *pensions*, is among the best to be found in Southern Europe.

One can regale himself with all sorts of classic excursions, on foot, by carriage, or boat, to Homeric haunts. The adventurous, whose earthly paradise it is to climb mountains, will

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find the ascent of Monte San Salvatore, of Monte Ercole, and the Pylides, sufficiently exciting. The views from all these heights are incomparable. There are various old castles, half ruined convents, and ruins, rocks, and rivers in general, all over the island. Among other attractions is the Villa Achilleion, built for Elizabeth, the Empress of Austria, in the Italian renaissance style, in 1890. After her death in 1898, it was purchased by the German emperor, who is very hospitable in admitting visitors to the luxuriant gardens and the extensive park, which descends in terraces to the sea, and contains much sculpture in fountains, marble stairs, and pergolas, and decorative designs in rare plants.

The esplanade of the town is adorned with a monumental group in honor of John Capo d'Istria, a native of Corfu, who was one of the most notable leaders in the Greek Revolution. But he shared the common fate of the hero, and was assassinated in 1831, and honored by a monument sixty years later. The figure is a noble work of art, draped in the folds of a long cloak, and placed on a high pedestal, whose inscription records the gratitude of the succeeding generation, who apparently understood his efforts far more truly than did his immediate contemporaries.

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The esplanade in Corfu is a spacious and pleasant piazza, with an avenue of trees, and winding walks; one shaded road leads to Mon Repos, the summer resort of the King of Greece. The former residence of the "Lords High," then known as Government House, is now used as the municipio. There is, too, a very beautiful sea view from one part of the esplanade, and beyond one finds a stately arcade with shops, after the manner of Milan and Naples. The church of Saint Spiridion is the most notable one, though it has no particular beauty of art to commend it; there are other Greek churches and an attractive English chapel, Holy Trinity, with a resident rector. The streets are narrow, but clean; and on the hills about there are numerous private villas with lovely grounds. Almost all languages are spoken. Italian and English are as prevalent as Greek, and French is almost universal. Corfu has her own university, and schools abound. Corfu has much of the sunny gayety that so signally characterizes Naples, and of which one feels the absence in Athens. The people are boundlessly hospitable; they are temperate, moderately industrious, and not without enterprise. The well-to-do visit Athens, go frequently to Italy, and even so far afield as France, England, and the United States. They are particularly fond of Paris, in which taste they

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are by no means alone. The poorer people among the Greeks have no such thrift as the *contadini* of Tuscany and northern Italy, and which so essentially characterizes the French and the Swiss. The Greek reads his newspaper and sighs for other realms to conquer than his vineyard or olive orchard.

Fruits and flowers abound in the utmost profusion on the island. Besides the olives and grapes, the yield is large of peaches, pears, melons, almonds, — everything, almost, except currants, which grow with such abundance in Zante, and will not thrive in Corfu. The flora, too, is the paradise of the botanist. There are the most unusual varieties of plants, hardly found at all elsewhere. And the flowering luxuriance of roses, myrtle, jessamine, oleander, magnolia, clematis, violets, cyclamen, and a thousand others exceeds description. The royal family are much beloved, and their visits are greeted with simple and fervent joy by all the populace. The designation of "royalty" is almost a misnomer in the simple and unostentatious household that King George and Queen Olga graced, and which will lack nothing of the same refined simplicity under the present sovereigns, King Constantine and Queen Sophia. In the early years of the decade of 1870-1880, Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman was the United States Minis-

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ter to Greece. Visiting Corfu, Mr. Tuckerman wrote:¹

“The church of Saint Spiridion is frequently the scene of ceremonials which are attended by the Royal Family. Here Te Deums are sung on the ‘name days’ of their majesties, and in celebration of the birth of the princes. On these occasions the King and Queen, aides-de-camp, and ladies of honor, stand within the choir facing the bishops and priests at the altar, while the standing stalls are occupied on one side by the chief officials of the State, and on the other by the members of the corps diplomatique. The nave of the church is filled by the military and the public. Not the least interesting portion of this glittering assembly is the group of officiating priests, chanting the service, their long hair, high black caps, and stiff brocaded vestments of rich and diverse colors, thrown shawl-like over the shoulder, forming a peculiar picture. The body of Saint Spiridion, enclosed in a massive silver sarcophagus, lies within a side chapel dimly lighted by a swinging lamp that is never extinguished. . . . It is a curious sight for the by-stander to observe the worshipers; the tattered beggar, the great lady, as they glide, self-absorbed, into the somber little chapel, murmur their prayers over the inspired relic, and cover the sarcophagus with fervent kisses.”

The processions of the Greek priests are frequent in Corfu, and form one of the most pic-

¹ *The Greeks of To-day.* G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York.

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turesque spectacles. In their richly-embroidered robes, holding aloft the cross and other insignia, carrying flaming candles, and accompanied by martial music, the procession is far more impressive than any of the religious observances that survive in Italy. On ordinary days the priests wear simply the black robe and tall round hat, always seen in the priesthood of Athens.

The archæologists seem eager to deprive the inoffensive tourist of as many of his legitimate joys as possible; and the learned Dr. Dörpfeld would persuade one, if he could, that the promontory of Leukas is not the one from which Sappho took her fatal leap; M. Victor Berard would further curtail the felicities of the visitor to Corfu by convincing him that the palace of Alcinous, and the entire Homeric scene of Ulysses and Nausicaa, was on some other part of the island than that with which one has associated it. Yet, after all, why should life be reduced to the level of the iconoclastic? Why should it not be adjusted to the simple and delightful basis of believing everything that is agreeable and picturesque, in wanderings and contacts, and refusing credence to all that is of a contrary nature? The witty Gail Hamilton declares that, as to her religious convictions, she adopted one invariable rule; she was a

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Calvinist; she did n't in the least know what Calvin believed, but if he could stand it, she could! This basis seems to appeal to one as a felicitous manner of disposing of the general perplexities incident to life. At all events, the erudite have not, as yet, fortunately, interfered with the joy of cheerful excursions to the tomb of Menekrates. However much his life may, or may not, have contributed to the joy of nations, it is certain that his tomb is an object of exhilarating pilgrimages. When one of the Venetian forts on the coast, a few miles outside Corfu, was destroyed in 1843, the soldiers came upon an ancient Greek cemetery, with funeral urns, and various relics, and a tomb formed of large blocks of stone, with a low dome, and an inscription that Menekrates, of Eanthis, lost his life by drowning; that he was the representative of his town at Corcyra; that he was the friend of the people; and that his brother and friends had erected this monument. The date is that of five hundred years before the Christian era. How long, however, the illustrious scholars of the world will leave us in peace to believe we are at the tomb of Menekrates is a question. They may not only abolish his last resting-place, but even demonstrate to us that there never was any Menekrates at all. When the Futurists succeed in reducing all human experience to

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right-angled triangles, what will be left of the will to live? Could even William James solve for us this problem?

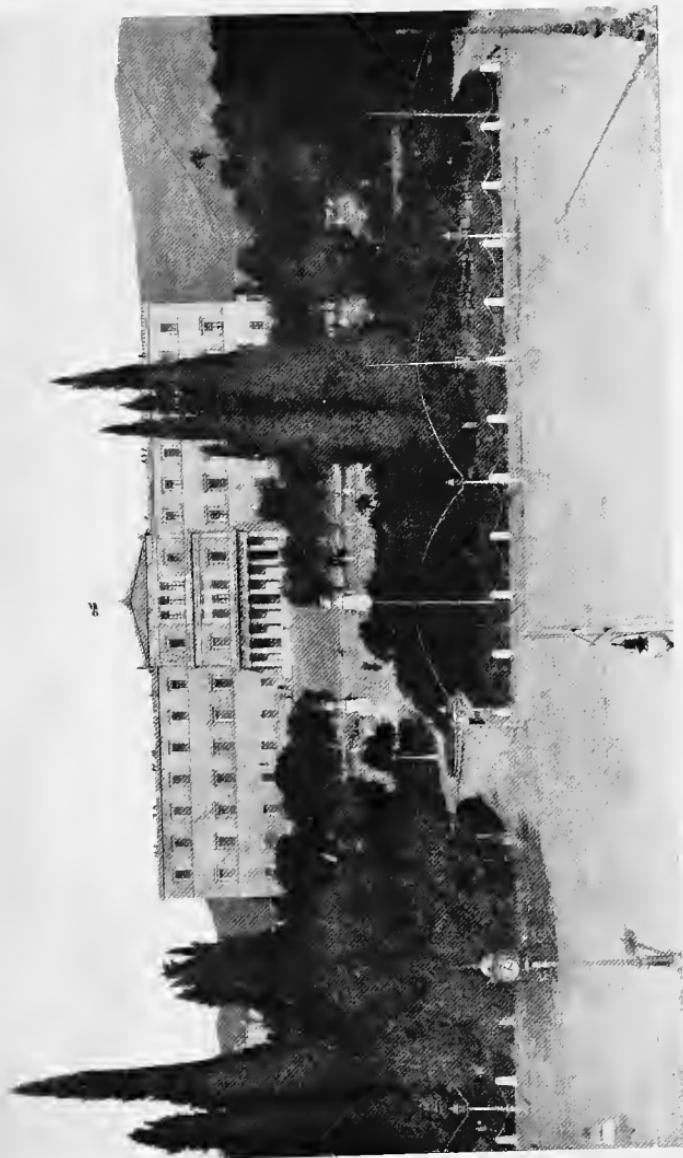
In the meantime, before these modern iconoclasts fall upon Corfu, tooth and nail, and divest her of all her harmless and enticing romances, it is well to make sure of one's visit to this entrancing island. The charm of Corfu can as little be captured and distilled into language as the perfume of a rose, or the shining of a star. It is the Isle of Enchantment. It is the romance of Europe. To fare forth to Corfu is to "leave the sordid earth," and "flit to those ancient gods," with the unerring conviction that thus one shall sail the Fortunate Seas, and touch the Happy Isles.

XI

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREECE

"The wife of Constantine the Great was Sophia, and there is a tradition centuries old which obtains wide credence, that 'When a Constantine and Sophia shall once more reign in Hellas, Constantinople will belong to the Hellenes.'"

THE general social life in Athens is not one of elaborate ceremonial, although the usual customs of European society prevail. The life of representation, so to speak, that of the royal and diplomatic circles, is one of refinement and unostentatious elegance. The royal family live in simplicity and are accessible to all proper credentials. The late King George and Queen Olga were in the habit of giving dinners fortnightly, and two or three *petites soirées* every month during the social season, and a magnificent ball on the New Year. This ball is the grand annual fête of Athenian society. The ball-room in the royal palace is a superb salon, one of the finest ballrooms in all Europe, and when all aglow with light and decorations, and filled with the Athenian women in beautiful costumes and men with their orders, the spectacle is one to be remembered.



THE ROYAL PALACE

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It will readily be recalled that the late King George (born in Copenhagen in 1845, the son of King Christian, and a brother of Alexandra, *Regina Madre*) came to the throne as a lad of eighteen in October of 1863, succeeding King Otho of Bavaria, who abdicated in 1862. He married Olga, the second daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolaievitch of Russia, on October 15, 1867, the marriage being celebrated at St. Petersburg. The king was then twenty-two and his bride sixteen years of age. Queen Olga was born at Palovsk on August 22, 1851, and she holds, among other titles, that of Chief of Second Squadron of the Russian navy.

Many trials had beset King Otho and Queen Amalie of Bavaria in their reign. When the Acropolis capitulated (on June 5, 1827) and all Hellas fell into the hands of Kioutagi, the Great Powers intervened, the Turkish troops evacuated the citadel in 1833, the Bavarian troops triumphantly entered, and Otho, elected king the previous year, was then seated. In February of 1834 Athens was chosen as the capital of the newly constructed kingdom, and in 1835 the present government was actually inaugurated. But this period ended in the insurrection of 1862, and the departure of Otho, who had been called to this position as a mere

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lad of seventeen. Honest at heart, and always with good intentions, he was yet chiefly indebted to Queen Amalie for the small degree of success that he had. Otho endeavored to make himself into a Greek, but unfortunately his only conception of this change was that of the external. He dressed in the Greek fustinella, but his inclinations and interests were entirely foreign, and at last he was forced to abdicate. The Greeks then desired to call Prince Alfred of England to be their ruler, but from a provision in the protocol, no prince from a country signing this document was permitted to accept the reign, and it was at last due to Lord John Russell that the youthful Danish prince was suggested for the place. The National Assembly at Athens united on this choice; his name was changed from William to George, for the hero and saint whom the Hellenes honor, and his qualities were such as at once commended him to the Greeks. His personal resources were placed on a liberal financial basis for so small a country, a civil list of two hundred and forty thousand pounds being at once settled on him by the National Assembly, and the Great Powers — France, Great Britain, and Russia — relinquishing the four thousand pounds each that the Greek treasury was to pay them annually, in favor of the young sovereign, thus adding

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twelve thousand pounds a year more to his revenue.

King George immediately began to identify himself in all sincerity with the interests of his people. He was frank and upright by nature; he encouraged the freest discussion and widest interchange of opinion and suggestion; in the garb and with the freedom of a private citizen he traveled all over Greece, meeting the people of all regions and of all classes, inspecting for himself the methods of every branch of public service. He talked freely with the peasantry, he shared the conditions of his life in a sympathetic and intelligent observation; he looked at affairs from the point of view of the poorest laborer as well as from that of a cabinet minister; and while he had his detractors, he yet, in the main, gained the confidence of his people, which he kept and increased, indeed, from his accession as a mere youth, to the end of his fifty years' reign, so tragically terminated at Salonica in March, 1913. Of the marriage of King George and Queen Olga there are five children, the crown prince, Constantine, now the King of Greece, born in Athens on July 21, 1868; Prince George, born at Corfu, June 12, 1869; Prince Nicholas, born in Athens on January 9, 1872; Princess Marie, born in Athens on February 20, 1876; Prince Andre, born in Athens

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in January of 1882; and Prince Christopher, who was born at Paulovsky (St. Petersburg) in July of 1888. He now holds the rank of sub-lieutenant in the Greek infantry.

Constantine, the present king, who besides being crown prince was also Duke of Sparta, married the Princess Sophia of Germany, a sister of Emperor William. Princess Sophia was born on June 14, 1870, and of this marriage there are now six children: Prince George (now the crown prince), was born at Dekelia in July of 1890; Prince Alexander, in 1893; Princess Hélène in Athens, in 1896; Prince Paul was also born in Athens, in 1901; Princess Irene, in 1904; and the youngest, a prince, born in Athens in May of 1913, soon after the accession of Constantine to the throne.

No event in the varied fortunes of the Greeks has been more fortunate than was the choice of King George. While sympathetic and capable of seeing a matter from various points of view, he was yet loyal to the measure he held best for the people, even if, for the moment, he sacrificed popularity for his convictions. He was an absolutely sincere man; and he had in him nothing of that theatrical temperament prompting him to be all things to all men; the temperament that sometimes gains a temporary popularity that ends in recognition of the tricks

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and treachery of the one who sacrifices all manliness and sincerity in order to gain a given end. King George had a stability of character which was not always recognized at its true value, but which, seen in perspective, will be more and more held in esteem. He was kindly and generous, with a keen sense of humor, and the contrast between his disposition and that of the present king is revealed by the anecdote that King George read the proclamation of Ferdinand of Bulgaria with shouts of laughter, while Constantine read it pale with anger.

Of the royal family, Prince George, the second son, married (in 1907) the Princess Marie Bonaparte, the only daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte. He holds the honorary title of vice-admiral in the Greek navy.

For some years Prince George served as Governor of Crete. At one time he was commissioned by the government in command of a flotilla to Canea, but following Greek reverses in Epirus, his expedition was recalled. After his trying experiences in Crete, though many Cretans desired him to again become their governor, he has preferred to live a retired life and is not met in Athens.

Prince Nicholas married, in St. Petersburg, in 1892, the Grand Duchess Hélène Vladimirovna, and lives in Athens, having the position

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of colonel-inspector of artillery; he was also aide-de-camp to his father, King George. Prince Nicholas and the Princess Hélène occupy a beautiful but unpretentious villa in the Rue de Cephissia, near the royal palace, and their three children, the little Princesses Olga, Elizabeth, and Marina, ranging from six to ten years of age, are frequently seen playing under the graceful palm-trees that adorn the grounds. Except that two of the military stand guard at the open gate, there is nothing to distinguish this villa from the other attractive residences in the street, shaded by the drooping foliage of the pepper-trees that line each side of the thoroughfare.

Princess Marie, the late king's only daughter, was married at Corfu in 1900 to the Grand Duke, George Mikhailovitch of Russia.

Prince Andre, the fourth son, married (in 1903) Princess Alice of Battenberg, and he holds the position of lieutenant of cavalry in Greece, and also that of an officer of the Guards of the Grand Duke of Hesse. Prince Andre and Princess Alice are especial favorites in Athens. They have two children, the Princesses Marguerite and Theodora, the former eight and the latter seven years of age, and both the prince and princess enter with youthful ardor into all the social life of the Greek capital. Princess Alice is one



THE ARCH OF HADRIAN, WITH THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS

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of the most democratic and easily accessible of all the royal family. She speaks Greek fluently, and her nearer friendships and social intimacies are largely with the people of the country. It is she who is usually sought as the patron of charities and good works of a local order, and her ardor and sympathy are potent in their aid.

Prince Christopher has strong affiliations with English society and passes much of his time in England.

The royal household of the late king was a modest one, consisting of the grand chamberlain, a chief of staff, two aides-de-camp, a grand equerry, and a secretary. The queen had usually two or three ladies of honor and one lady of the bedchamber, with a chamberlain and a secretary. Queen Olga has always devoted herself very greatly to helpful and sympathetic ministrations, for which charity seems too cold a name. Her personal visits to the sick in the hospitals; her frequent and unheralded appearance at the schools, and her efforts to aid the women by establishing various industries, one of these being known as the School for Women's Work, in a building near the Arch of Hadrian, have endeared her to the populace. The queen was also the originator of a plan to make small loans to the needy in

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Athens, at a mere nominal interest, thus helping many over some temporary crisis in their affairs. The carriage of Queen Olga frequently drew up before some hotel or other building, and she would step out, unattended, and enter for her errand or mission as simply as any lady of private life.

The assassination of King George in March of 1913 sent a thrill of sorrow throughout the civilized world. The tragedy not only shocked Greece and every Greek, whether in his own country or living abroad, but the Russian and English courts especially were plunged into mourning. The Empress Marie of Russia and Queen Alexandra of England lamented the loss of a tenderly beloved brother, and the Czar and King George of England mourned an uncle. In Rome the news of the tragedy was received with incredulous horror and with sincere sorrow. As the sad tidings came on the birthday of Pope Pius X, it was withheld from him for a little time, but the condolences of the Holy See were at once sent to the Greek royal family. In Berlin the court, as in Russia and England, was in personal sorrow for the loss of the king. The German, like the English and Russian courts, went into official mourning. King Constantine received his military training almost entirely in Germany, and Crown

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Prince George has served for the past few years with the First Regiment of Footguards at Potsdam, which he only left to join his father on the battle-field, in the late war. France had always been in strong sympathy with the Hellenic cause, and the murdered king was a frequent and a very favorite visitor to Paris. His visits were warmly welcomed by the populace, and he had many intimate friends among the French statesmen, of whom perhaps the chief was M. Clemenceau. King Constantine at once addressed a message to the Greek army as follows:

“ TO MY ARMY.

“The impious outrage upon the sacred person of the King deprives us all of our leader in moments very critical for the whole Hellenic nation. I am now called by Providence to succeed my father of imperishable memory on the throne on which he had so long shed lustre and honour. I bring this news to the knowledge of my Army, to which I have devoted my whole life, and with which wars, unsuccessful and successful, have indissolubly bound me. I declare to it that, marching always at its head, I shall never cease to devote my whole solicitude to the land and sea forces, whose glorious exploits have brought greatness and lustre to the fatherland.”

In Sofia an impressive memorial service was held for the lamented king, celebrated by the

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archbishop of the cathedral, assisted by all his clergy, at which were present King Ferdinand, the Corps Diplomatique, the members of the royal suite, the Premier, and Cabinet.

The session of the Sobranye was closed as a token of respect. The leading Bulgarian journals devoted appreciative and finely written articles to the tragic death of the Hellenic king, and reviewed in admirable expression the services he had personally as well as officially rendered to the Balkan League as a loyal ally. The grief in Athens was sincere. Whatever differences of opinion and policy had sometimes existed between the king and his people, it was universally recognized that he always strove to be faithful to duty. It is said that Frederick VII of Denmark, just before his death in 1863, said to the young prince who was about to become the ruler of the Greeks: "Keep always, Prince, your people's constitution, and they will be happy, and you will be happy, too."

The reign of King George was an essentially happy and beneficent one. Fortunate in all his domestic relations, the king had the good fortune also of his own high qualities, which were fully recognized by his people. Their differences were merely those of honest conviction on both sides, and while errors of judgment on the part of people or ruler are always to be reckoned with

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as possible, yet where such errors have no root in character, where they concern the intellectual outlook and aspects of affairs alone, but, on both sides, are guarded by moral uprightness, such differences can have but a passing effect. That they never lessened the essential respect and confidence of the people in their king is to their credit as well as to his own.

Upon the return of King Constantine to Athens, he was met at Phalaron by all the ministers of state, who expressed their sympathy and their loyalty. The body of King George was taken to the Metropolitan (the name applied to the Greek church), in whose sumptuous interior it was guarded by faithful soldiers until the time appointed for the last rites.

King George was especially interested in the conditions of republics, notably that of the United States, both in the problems of government and their solution, and also in the conditions prevailing because of the large number of Greeks in this country. The development of the provinces of Greece, and more particularly that of the Peloponnesus, were rarely absent from his thoughtful consideration. The essential simplicity and kindness of heart that characterized the late king is well illustrated by a little incident related by Charles Burton Gulick, Ph.D., of the Chair of Greek Lan-

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guage and Literature in the American school in Athens.

“At the Congress of Orientalists held in Athens last April,” related Dr. Gulick, “a reception was tendered to the delegates in the Aula of the university. The King was present, moving inconspicuously and, it must be added, in a somewhat frayed uniform, among the guests. While he was talking to a celebrated European professor, a distinguished American scholar, not recognizing the King, approached the professor and tried to present him to his friends. The professor waved him off, and when the other persisted, cried out irascibly, ‘Go away, man! Don’t you see I am talking to the King?’ The American, of course, withdrew in confusion, but it was not long before the King dismissed the professor, sought out the man who had been rebuffed, and asked to be presented to his party.”

The new king and queen are still occupying their villa in the Rue de Herodes Atticus, just at the back of the royal gardens, which are overlooked from the windows. The royal palace is undergoing extensive and much-needed repairs, so that it is now unoccupied. The villa which the king, as crown prince, had made his residence, is very attractive and artistic, without being in any sense palatial, or differing essentially from several of the other more beautiful ones of the city, save that the grounds are

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unusually spacious and charmingly laid out, and that two soldiers stand guard at the open gate. Their duty, however, seems almost that of inviting the passer-by in, rather than of keeping him out, if he lingers to gaze at the winding drive and trees and flowers in the grounds; for a courteous gesture invites him to enter and see them at nearer range. This is but another instance of the lovely and liberal hospitalities of the Greeks.

The marriage of Constantine and Sophia was celebrated in Athens on October 15, 1889. The ceremonial magnificence of the occasion is still vividly recalled by many of the guests present. From abroad came the Emperor William (the brother of the bride) and many other noted royalties. When this marriage was first arranged, the young princess applied herself assiduously to familiarizing herself with the language, both classic and vernacular, of the people to whom she was to go in a somewhat more near and personal relation than that usually held by a queen to her people. For the allusion to the "throne," which is a convenient and conventional expression, is still far from indicating the living sympathy and close human ties between the people and the royal family of Greece. On the part of the people, the superior intelligence of the Greeks, their universal education, and innate

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nobility of nature create a social trend in the entire nation that places life on a high plane. The Greek possesses that special endowment which Margaret Fuller so well called "the kernel of nobleness." That is a certain leverage of character which, though humanly liable to mistake and error, may yet always safely be trusted. With the plasticity of early youth, and eager sympathy, Queen Sophia (then crown princess) entered into close affiliations with the interests, customs, and national ideals of the country. Within two years after her marriage she united herself to the Greeks by the closest tie of all, the one of all others by which she became peculiarly endeared to them, — that of becoming a communicant of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Queen Sophia has back of her a wonderful ancestry. As will be recalled, her mother, the Empress Frederick, was the Princess Royal of England, and a woman of remarkable force of character. The Emperor William has said of his mother that she was the most brilliant conversationalist whom he had ever known. She had a strong as well as a complex character. When she married Frederick, Crown Prince of Germany, there seemed assured a splendor of future life befitting her exceptional powers. Of the subsequent events history tells the story, and an arresting chapter in life that story is.

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The Crown Prince of Germany, whose prospects seemed to comprise the most fortuitous elements of human destiny, was found to be the victim of an incurable malady of the throat. The great physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, was dispatched in hot haste by Queen Victoria to give an authoritative opinion as to the condition of the heir to the throne. By a law in Germany, no prince under the ban of an incurable malady would be seated; and the position of Victoria's eldest daughter would be very different if left as the widowed crown princess, than as the widowed empress, in case of fatality to her husband. The verdict of Sir Morell Mackenzie, as is well known, was favorable to his succeeding his father, the Emperor William, although the life of the Emperor Frederick was prolonged hardly six months after his accession to the throne. But his wife was thus left as the Empress Frederick, with all the prestige of state.

The Princess Royal of England became the Crown Princess of Germany at almost the same early age as when her daughter, the Princess Sophia, became the Crown Princess of Greece. The latter was, however, more mature, even though a year younger at the time of her marriage. Yet the Empress Frederick revealed even at the time of her marriage, when she was barely

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seventeen, much of that power of decision and grasp of situations that so pre-eminently characterized her in later years, and which are notable traits of her daughter, the new queen of Greece. One of the most intimate friends and a lady-in-waiting of the Empress Frederick, in her youth, was the Countess Walpurga, Hélène Hohenthal, who afterwards married Sir Augustus Paget, for many years British Ambassador to Italy. For more than forty years Lady Paget was a notable figure in Florence, and her recollections of her life at court were most interesting. Lady Paget recalled a curious tragic vein in the Empress Frederick, which seemed strangely foreign to her youth and happiness; and which manifested itself in a passionate clinging to the immediate moment and an almost superstitious distrust and dread of the future. A striking incident is that once, as a girl of fourteen, she made a drawing of a young woman bending over a dead soldier on a Crimean battle-field,—a tragic forecasting of her imagination. She had a very accurate memory; she loved music, and while not herself a great reader, she was fond of being read to, while she occupied herself in drawing. She was the daughter of the greatest queen the world has ever known; she was destined to be herself the empress of a mighty nation. Yet, in Lady

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Paget's opinion, as sometimes expressed to a friend, the Empress Frederick had, from her early and idolized girlhood, an unconscious intuition of the sorrow and tragedy that awaited her closing years. This is the more interesting, as her daughter, Queen Sophia, is said to have a strain of similar half-prophetic insight in her character. She has also inherited somewhat of the great good sense that characterized her grandmother, Queen Victoria, and that capacity for affection that so remarkably characterized the royal family of England. Compact she is of many strains of illustrious ancestry; her marriage, though one of favor in statecraft and diplomacy, was consecrated by the strongest mutual affection. She is a notable character, and there can be little doubt that an integral and important element in the destiny of Greece is in having, as queen of the Hellenes, a woman who brings to Greek life such a combination of powers and purposes which vitally relate themselves to the welfare and progress of the country. That sense of duty to his people which the brief reign of her father, Emperor Frederick, gave him little time to apply to affairs of state, is a signal quality of Queen Sophia.

King Constantine is of mingled Danish and Russian heredity. The combination of such ancestry—the strength, clearness, and fine poise

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of the Danes, with their genius for culture; the fire, romance, artistic tastes, and splendor of life of the Russian—offers theme for meditation. In his accession are possibilities of entirely new and unforeseen destinies. The personality of the new king is in striking contrast with that of his father. Essentially he is a Greek. To a wonderful degree environment has overcome heredity. Some of the Athenian sculptors of the day, when modelling the bust of the present king, called attention to his profile as that of the typical physiognomy of the Greek. He has the romanticism of temperament, the profound seriousness of the Greek,—a seriousness in strong contrast with the natural gaiety of the Italian. The king is said to have much of the spirit of the Crusaders. He is deeply religious; he devotes much time to prayer; and it is a significant and an impressive fact that men who have been the greatest forces in the world of affairs have been men of personal devotion.

With this temperament of the mystic, Constantine unites that of the soldier. The two are by no means mutually exclusive. The king was a child of the camps. He was early accustomed to long marches and to the sacrifices of the military life. The victories of Salonica and of Janina were due to his splendid military genius

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and tactics, and he led the main Greek army to these triumphs. King Constantine has the power of a great personality. One of his soldiers, meeting him in the street, said: "When I see you, I pray."

Constantine comes to the throne of Greece at a psychological moment. He had just achieved military renown and was at the height of popularity for his brilliant and successful conduct of the campaign. Sixteen years ago, in that gloomy period of 1897, he was held largely responsible for misfortunes of the army, and there was distrust if not hostility in the attitude of the people to him. The reverses in Thessaly were not really more disastrous than those in Epirus, in which he had no part; there was the defeat at Larissa as well as the panic at Pentegegadia; there was an element of alarming insubordination and disorder and lack of organization in the army everywhere; the Greeks had entered headlong on their struggle with Turkey, with little adequate preparation; they had rushed in, *testa lunga*, as the Italians say; but all the mingled blame of the just and the unjust fell then on Crown Prince Constantine. Now here was where he revealed his mettle. He was neither cast down nor destroyed. The martial Russian courage stirred in him. The self-determination and sturdy

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persistence of the Danes reinforced his endurance. Back of all these, and greater than all, was the strength that is always that of the devotee. He had bread to eat that they knew not of. Meantime, he accepted his misfortunes without resentment. Perhaps he recognized in them a process of the refining discipline of trial.

If the prince was unjustly assailed, his answer was in turning to the army with a still more incessant devotion. He gave himself, personally, to new details of its organization. He was a born soldier, and he has the instinctive military tactics of his Russian ancestry. A year or two before, Greece had even insisted that the crown prince and his brothers should withdraw from the army. Still later the prince was appointed (by M. Theotokis) Commander-in-Chief of the Hellenic army. His faithful devotion and his real ability were thus recognized. In the rebound of popular feeling, he became almost the idol of the country. But as misfortune did not undo him, so neither did all the acclaim of the hour cause him to abate one degree of his untiring attention. He had received his baptism of tribulation, and it had only strengthened and developed his conspicuous abilities and noble qualities. Besides, he is not all Russian and Dane. He is Greek, too, in spirit, if not in heredity. Greece is, after all,

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his native country. He has with it affiliations closer and more intimate than would ever have been possible for his father, King George.

After the arrival at Athens of M. Venizelos from Crete, the position of the crown prince was definitely recognized. When he addressed that stirring message to the army, immediately after the assassination of King George, he might well assert that he was indissolubly bound to the army, to which he had devoted his entire life.

In the great responsibilities that devolve upon any ruler in the rehabilitation of a country devastated by war, the new king is aided by his wife, who is singularly calculated to be his companion, helper, and safe counsellor. That a Constantine and Sophia have come to the throne of Greece cannot but recall legends and associations and traditions of the Constantine of the fifteenth century, the last emperor of the Greeks in Constantinople, whose wife was also named Sophia.

This Constantine was the son of the Emperor Manuel Palæologus and of Irene, daughter of Constantine Dragasses, who held the northern port of Macedonia. He was born in 1494, "a man of pious and elevated mind." He ardently desired the union of the Greek and Latin churches, and he initiated the prepara-

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tions for a league of the Christian powers against the Turks. The final battle came on in Constantinople in May of 1453. The Turkish troops cannonaded the city.

“Prayers were going on in the churches incessantly with much fear and many tears. Great crowds pressed constantly to kiss the holy picture of ‘Maria, Mother of God,’ which, according to the legend, had once already saved the city from its enemies.

“Two days before the emperor had led that wonderful procession from St. Sophia, moving to the solemn pealing of the bells, to the more celebrated churches on their way to the walls. The priests, wearing their ancient and stiff vestments of gold brocade, carried many miraculous eikons, golden and jeweled crosses containing particles of the ‘Holy Tree;’ and were followed by multitudes,—men, women, and children, most of them barefooted, weeping and beating their breasts, joining in the chant of the clergy and the singing of psalms. The entire procession would stop while the clergy read special prayers that God would strengthen the walls of the city, and grant victory to His faithful people. The bishops blessed the soldiers, sprinkling them with holy water. . . . Later the emperor addressed the soldiers in touching words. He asked each and all not to spare themselves in defense of the glorious city. Turning to the Venetians, he reminded them that Constantinople had always welcomed them

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as sons. 'I pray you now,' he said, 'in this difficult hour, to show that you are indeed our companions, our faithful allies, and our brothers.' To all present he said: 'Let us work together to gain liberty, glory, and eternal memory. Into your hands I commit my scepter. Save it! Crowns await you in heaven, and on earth your names will be remembered honorably to the end of time!'

The bells rang for vespers. The emperor and his followers proceeded to the cathedral of St. Sophia.

"Constantine prayed with great fervor. He left his imperial chair, and approaching the screen separating the altar from the nave, he prostrated himself before the great eikons of Christ and the Madonna, and having passed some time in prayer, he approached every prelate present in the church, asked them to pardon him if he had ever offended any of them, embraced each one, and then went to the altar and received the Holy Communion. As a Christian emperor and as a Christian soldier, and in the sight of his people, he was preparing to appear before his God.

"When he turned to leave the church, the great congregation wept aloud. The vast interior echoed with the sobs of men and the wailings of women. Amid such sympathy, Constantine, himself deeply affected, walked slowly out of the church which his predecessors

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had raised as a grand monument of their glory and their piety.

“The emperor proceeded to the imperial palace where he had ordered all the ministers of state, all courtiers and servants to appear; and he said to them that no one could tell what the night would bring forth; he asked from each forgiveness for any harshness or injustice, and he then took a touching leave of them all.”

When at last the Turks entered the city, crowds of people hastened to the church of St. Sophia, filled it to suffocation, and fastened all the doors. The emperor was besought to fly to the harbor, where ships awaited to convey him to safety. He refused to go. “God forbid that I should live an emperor without an empire!” he exclaimed. “As my city falls, I will fall with it!” To his companions he turned and said: “Whoever wishes to escape, let him save himself if he can; and whoever is ready to face death, let him follow me.” Some two hundred Greek and Italian nobles followed him closely. The Turkish army “mowed down the troops as if they were grass.” The emperor’s Arabian steed was killed under him, and he proceeded on foot. At last he fell, mortally wounded.

Then came that marvelous scene, unique in all history, enacted in the church of St. Sophia.

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“. . . The Turks broke open the principal entrance of the church. The splendid interior of the sacred building made on them no impression. They proceeded to pillage it, blazing as it was with gold and silver ornaments, and the men were roughly bound with ropes. The saddest scenes of human agony were enacted, under the grand cupola, amidst the resplendent marble columns, and on the beautiful mosaic pavement of the magnificent church. It was a picture which, with all its wealth of beauty and horror, and all its richness of form and color, still awaits the brush of a great artist. No other event in history, unless it be the fall of Jerusalem, can be compared with it.

“Before the arrival of the Turks the altar was filled with the Greek clergy, some of whom were reading the morning service. When the Turks broke open the doors, the priests had mysteriously disappeared. A legend runs that one of the church walls near the altar miraculously opened to admit the priest carrying the sacred chalice, and closed after him. According to this legend, the same priest will re-appear, coming out from the same wall, on the day in which a Christian emperor again rules over Constantinople!”

While the Sultan gave orders that the head of Constantine should be exposed on a column of porphyry that stood in open space, in order that Constantinople should see that he was really dead, he also gave the Greek clergy permission

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to bury the emperor's body with all the honors due to his imperial dignity. And to mark his own respect for Constantine, he ordered that the oil to be burned in a lamp at the grave of the last Greek emperor should be restored perpetually, and the expense defrayed from his own treasury.

To this day, near the Weffa Mosque, stands an old willow-tree bending under a mass of climbing roses and tangled vines. In its shadow is a slab of white marble laid flat on the ground, bearing no inscription. But at the head of this grave is placed an oil lamp, which is lighted every evening. Through the wild growth of tangled greenery the visitor, on any night, may behold this light shining through the leaves. This is the grave of the last Greek emperor—the grave of Constantine!

To all students of history who recall this thrilling story; to the Greeks, of whose national life it is one of the most heroic and poetic chapters; to the new king and queen who are now to rule over their beloved country, whose progress and happiness are their deepest interest and to whom their united devotion is fervently given,—to each and all, can it be wondered that there lingers in memory the legend that when a royal Constantine shall wed a Princess Sophia, and they together shall

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rule over Greece, their son shall reign at Constantinople!

Greece has now reached a new era, if not a new crisis, in her eventful history. As this book goes to press, the problems of the boundary line of the several countries involved in the late war are in process of discussion, if not of immediate settlement; but the passing of European Turkey seems assured. Not only naturally, but inevitably, both Greece and Bulgaria covet the possession of Salonica. This is a point that combines within itself peculiar advantages. Salonica is the chief port of the *Ægean*; it is the point from which there is unbroken railroad connection with all continental Europe; it is a city verging on two hundred thousand inhabitants, and with a foreign trade exceeding twenty millions a year. But Salonica is essentially, in every aspect, both of commercial and religious and social life, a Greek city. Were Athens once joined with Salonica by rail, she would become accessible from all Europe, instead of being, as now, practically an island, because only reached by water.

After the three severe battles which the Greeks fought to gain Salonica, and their signal victory in February of 1913, there could be no thought entertained on their part of relinquishing its possession. But the present dis-

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tinguished Prime Minister is too eminent a statesman not to ardently desire to further, by every means in his power, the strengthening of the Balkan League by commercial agreements, railroad service, postal arrangements, and all matters of policy for mutual benefit. In fact, the alliance itself between the Greeks and Bulgarians was a *coup-d'état* of M. Venizelos. There was a time when the Premier was missed from his haunts in Athens. Inquiry was met by the assertion that the great statesman was fatigued, and had "gone to the mountains." So he had. To the Balkan mountains! He departed without making any confidants as to his purpose. But his purpose was to secure this alliance. Bulgaria is one of the greatest military strongholds in Europe. Had she sided against the Greeks . . . who could foresee the issues? It was his policy to secure her co-operation, and this purpose was triumphantly achieved in absolute secrecy and silence. When this alliance became known to England, the Minister to Greece from Great Britain was called to account for not having informed his country beforehand, and report goes that he only narrowly escaped dismissal for not being aware of a diplomatic movement of such importance which, all the same, he could hardly have known, unless he had possessed some hid-

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den powers of divination, or unless the country to which he was accredited had still been able to offer such conveniences in the way of super-normal information as those formerly existing at Delphi. In the lack of an oracle, the diplomat had certainly no means of knowing a movement that, until its conclusion, had been revealed to no one.

The truth is that in the Premier a new source of power has dawned for Greece, and it is hardly too much to say, also, a new force for the entire world of diplomacy and statesmanship. M. Eleutherios Venizelos is a native of Crete, where he was born in 1864; he was educated at the University of Athens, and later pursued special studies in Lausanne. As a youth, his interest was centered in all that pertains to statescraft and diplomatic achievements. One of the most prominent of the political men of Crete, Dr. Demetrios Sphakianaki, became an intimate friend and close associate of Venizelos, and in 1896, when the Cretan revolt was initiated, and the Cape of Malaxa was bombarded by the Great Powers, Venizelos held the fortress at the head of a devoted group of men whom he had inspired to join him. When Prince George assumed the governorship of Crete in 1898, Venizelos became one of the council to the prince, then serving as high commis-

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sioner; and so valuable did he make himself that his conspicuous ability was widely recognized, not only in Crete, but by the progressive party in Athens, who invited him (in 1899) to the capital. Immediately his influence began to be felt as a factor in the times. M. Venizelos is endowed with the magic gift of power. Of him could most appropriately be predicated Emerson's lines:

“His tongue was framed to music,
And his hand was armed with skill.”

That his heart is “the throne of will” has been abundantly attested. One secret of his remarkable success is perhaps to be read in his compliance with the counsel of the oracle of old: “Enlarge not thy destiny; endeavor not to do more than is given thee in charge.” M. Venizelos knows the magic power of concentration. He knows how to discriminate between the essential and the non-essential of the moment. He has a keen sense of values. He does not allow one measure, however potentially important, to encroach at the wrong time on another, which lies entirely in the realm of the immediate. “Concentration,” says Emerson, “is the secret of success in polities, in war, in trade, in short, in all management of human affairs. One of the high anecdotes of the world is the reply to Newton of the inquiry

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as to how he had been able to achieve his discoveries. ‘By always intending my mind,’ was the reply.” M. Venizelos could perhaps make a similar assertion. One amusing instance of this, which is related with keen appreciation in Athens, is that during one of the most absorbing periods of late affairs in Greece, Crete suddenly thrust certain demands upon the Premier for his immediate attention, as a native of the island; and to avoid the Scylla of turning away from the matters he had in mind, and the Charybdis of offending his countrymen by refusing their request, he dissolved Parliament! Disraeli himself could hardly have made a more ingenious stroke of policy. Like that astute diplomat, who, when he was asked how he had always managed to preserve the confidence of Queen Victoria, replied: “I never deny; I never contradict; but I sometimes forget!” Venizelos, on this occasion, forgot that his countrymen had made a demand on the attention of Parliament, and calmly closed the session for the time being. The air of Athens is vocal with various stories of the brilliant methods of the Premier. His strength has been conserved for those supreme achievements of which Greece stood most in need. Many of the reforms he has introduced and championed to a triumphant success have left the country

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breathless with admiration and wonder, and have left them, too, on a nobler plane of citizenship, which was the aim of the work. His reorganization of the Greek army has been one of the most remarkable events in the military history of Europe. He has done this, also, with the aid of the judicious and able counsel he has known how to secure, without a great national expenditure,—rather, indeed, with actual economy. In one item regarding the provisioning of army horses, his method has saved Greece, it is estimated, some eighty thousand dollars a year.

The revision of the Greek constitution has been directly due to the personal work and influence of Venizelos; that the courts have been made free from undue political sway, and that the electorate has been enlarged, is due to him. It is little wonder that a nation of enthusiasts, like the Greeks, should acclaim this man as the “saviour of Hellenism!” But of all his achievements, that of fairly creating the *entente cordiale* with Bulgaria, both the conception and the execution of the measure, must always remain as one of the vital achievements in modern statecraft and one of the most clever and far-seeing in diplomacy.

When one compares the Greece of to-day, even though plunged into the great problems

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of the settlement of a complicated war, with the Greece of 1897, hardly sixteen years ago,—when Athens was in confusion and internal tumult; the Turks clamoring in Thessaly; Epirus the scene of warfare and disorganization; when all that made for progress was, for the time being, arrested, the signal advance of the Hellenes is remarkable. “The peculiar type of civilization which we call Hellenic,” said the distinguished Greek scholar, Dr. Cornelius C. Felton, “is not a name, but a prodigious and splendid reality, which has controlled the course of intellectual development for twenty-five centuries. The apparent resurrection of Hellas is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our day. There can be no doubt that the old Hellenic blood still flows in Hellenic veins!”

During the late war between Greece and Turkey, the women of the royal family, as well as the king and the crown prince, were much in evidence in the battle-fields. Queen Olga and many of the great ladies of Athens, including Madame Schliemann among others, followed the ambulances, and gave personal attention, as well as sympathy, to the wounded. Princess Marie fitted up a yacht with her own funds for the aid of the wounded soldiers and to carry supplies, and she remained with it constantly herself, her special aid being M. Metaxas, who

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had formerly served Greece as Minister to England for fifteen years, and later as Minister to Italy. M. Metaxas was a special friend of King George, and at his death he said: "I have lost not only a sovereign, but the kindest and most considerate of friends."

The splendid military genius of King Constantine, as revealed in the war, the heroic achievements he has led, and his exceptional qualities have firmly established his place in the affections of his people.

It would not be more strange than many of the great world-movements and changes if, at no distant day, the cross should replace the crescent at Santa Sofia, and Constantinople again become the capital of the entire kingdom of the Hellenes. The heroism of the Greeks at Thermopylæ and at Marathon has been equaled by that of the Greeks of to-day at Salonica and other battles; and with the Constantine and Sophia now on the throne of Greece, the tradition of the centuries may be fulfilled, and Constantinople again belong to the Hellenes.

XII

THE PROGRESS OF GREECE

“Raphael, wishing to paint Greece, composed the immortal work, ‘The School of Athens.’ Under the porticoes, built by Iktinos or Pheidias behold Socrates laying the foundation of the dogmas of human morality; Plato and Aristotle opening to Philosophy its two great paths; Pythagoras revealing the properties of numbers; Archimedes applying them; and the illustrious crowd who gather around the masters to receive and transmit their words. Give life to that masterpiece of the greatest painter in the world, and, like history, you will regard with love those heroes of thought; you will listen with rapture to their voices, musical or severe; and you will say that the ancient Greeks, notwithstanding their faults and their misfortunes, made the most glorious stage in the progress of humanity.”

VICTOR DURUY.

ALL Hellenists agree that Greek nationality extends in an unbroken line from the pre-historic to the present age. While the earlier periods left no direct political inheritance, the genius of the race, in its intellectual and moral distinction, perpetuated its characteristics. Conditions, resulting from the extended conquests of Alexander the Great, combined to produce two types of Greeks: those of Europe and of Asia; and the cities founded by the Asiatic conquests of Alexander were stamped with Greek civilization. For a century and a half after Alexander, conditions were kaleidoscopic;

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freedom advanced and retrograded; but with the Roman conquest a new era began. From this conquest (in 146 B.C.), the history of Greece easily falls into four periods: that of the Roman occupation until about 716 A.D., when the Byzantine began; the Turkish domination from 1453 until 1821; the present period of the independence of Greece usually dates from that time, although not established with a settled government until 1835. Still, from 1835 until 1912-1913 will be ranked another historic period in the history of Greece, as that of the final and complete throwing off of Turkish annoyances and hindrances to interior progress. The Byzantine period was hardly so definite as to be assigned to severely statistical dates; yet it has left an impress that is not entirely effaced. "Two thousand years of the Greek nation were passed in Roman subjection, Byzantine servitude, and Turkish slavery," writes one historian, "and during all this time the history of Greece is uninteresting." It is difficult to follow the grounds for this summary conclusion. One who was at all fastidious in language would hardly choose the term "uninteresting" to describe the period of the Roman conquest; the Byzantine period was indefinite and indeterminate, but one leaving certain picturesque traces; and the period of Turkish slavery,

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that terrible period of oppression and cruelty lasting three hundred and fifty years, was still, seen in the true perspective of time, the period that generated the power that finally carried all before it; that fired the heroism of the Greek nature, until they sprang as one man, with the cry, as voiced by one of their poets:

“Far better 't is with the wild beast, than with the Turks to dwell!”

As the waters gushed from the rock under the touch of Aaron's rod, so that wild, free poetry of the Klephts gushed from the unconquered and invincible hearts of the people. The great forces of human life, both those we call evil and those that we call good, are all working towards diviner ends.

“That great, far-off, divine event
Toward which the whole creation moves,”

is one whose final achievement is approached by many avenues and many channels. The mystery of pain is a theme that has worthily occupied the most profound and the most devout thought of man.

“It must be borne in mind,” declares one of the most spiritual of counsellors, “that one of the greatest secrets of the spiritual life is that the Holy Spirit guides us therein, not only by lights, sweetness, consolations, and attractions, but also by obscurities, darkness, insensibility,

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contradictions, anguish, revolt. I say, moreover, that this crucified way is necessary; that it is good; that it is the surest, and that it leads us much more rapidly to perfection. An enlightened soul dearly appreciates the guidance of God, which permits her to be tried by creatures, and overwhelmed with trial; and she fully understands that these things are favors rather than misfortunes, preferring to die on the Cross on Calvary rather than live in sweetness on Thabor. . . . After purification in the purgatory of suffering, the soul will enjoy light through intimate union with God, who will make this world, exile as it is, a paradise for her."

For the immediate time such experiences seem, indeed, "not joyous but grievous," but St. Paul gives us the deepest philosophy of life when he shows how they work out for man the "fruits of righteousness," and "an exceeding glory for them which are exercised thereby." A nation is but the multiplication of the individual; and when the divine leading is recognized and followed, the spirit rises to a new and undreamed-of power, as of those

"Spirits with whom the stars connive
To work their will."

It was in somewhat of this spirit that the Greeks, for generation after generation of those three and a half centuries, resisted the perse-

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cution and degradation that menaced them. The Greeks are essentially a religious people, with a fervency and vitality of faith that applies itself to the most practical and immediate concerns of life. It may not always be formulated into a specific philosophy, but it is instinctive with the people.

The Roman conquest had been by no means wholly unwelcome to the Greeks. It was, perhaps, as a *dernier cri* that it was not unwelcome; for affairs were so far from being satisfactory to any class that the courage to accept a new rule with equanimity if not with welcome may have been largely the courage of despair; but they apparently held well-founded convictions that nothing could be worse, and therefore it might be better than the prevailing conditions. The policy of the Roman government was to permit the municipal independence and to interfere very little with the course of the Greeks themselves, if the taxes were paid. Guizot, in his great *History of Civilization*, points out that a measure which, in an age of good government, may be very bad, may, in an age of bad government, become really beneficent; and this truth was illustrated in the Roman conquest. Especially when the Emperor Hadrian came did the Greeks welcome him as their "saviour and founder." Nero had plundered the artistic

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treasures and almost laid waste the country. From superstitious fear of the Eumenides, he had avoided Athens; but elsewhere he had roamed, inciting constant warfare. With his colossal vanity he laid schemes to extract from the Greeks the flattery he craved, and by way of an empty reward he decreed the freedom of the Hellenes at one of the Isthmian games, a decree that had no applied value. In any event, it was at once cancelled by Vespasian, who restored the ruinous system of taxation. Then, in 114 A.D., came Trajan, and the hope of the country revived. He was received with marked honors, his statue erected at Olympia, and better conditions seemed to revive. For the time, Greece seems to have been almost carried away by her enthusiasm for Rome. A temple in honor of the Eternal City was even erected on the Acropolis; temples in honor of Cæsar and of Augustus were built in Sparta; yet, all this time, there was between the two nations that impassable gulf of incompatibility that may be temporarily bridged, but never concealed. The Greeks never lost their race consciousness of intellectual superiority. The Romans never lost their consciousness of domination. Notwithstanding this smouldering discord, the spirit of Greece was undaunted; it treasured its immortal expression in great literature; it held

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memories that were fadeless; it was alive in the personal consciousness of every citizen. Roman colonies were established at Patras, Corinth, and other of the commercial cities; but Greece never lowered her colors to the invader. The Corinthians gave themselves to Roman customs, even adopting the gladiatorial games; but Lucian records that when some of the Athenians were inclined to join in these, the philosopher Demonax forbade them, saying: "Let the altar of Pity be first overthrown!"

—With the coming of Hadrian, conditions were transformed. Here was a Roman emperor who was not a lover of brutal games, but who, on the contrary, was eminently in sympathy with the noblest culture in literary, philosophic, and artistic expressions. Not the wisest of administrators, Hadrian was yet in temperamental sympathy with all true greatness. His qualities were peculiarly grateful to the Greek genius. He was a soldier, but no such martial commander as was Trajan. Hadrian was a scholar first, and a soldier afterwards. In the pursuit of letters he did not rank with Marcus Aurelius, nor could he compete with Antoninus as "an instructor of life and example in manners," but he came near to the hearts of the people. They did not fail in appreciation of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and the influence of some of the

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sayings of this great expounder of morals and ethics may be recognized. The Greeks were well calculated to appreciate such passages of Marcus Aurelius as this:

“Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busy-body, the ungrateful, the arrogant, deceitful, envious, the unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I, who have seen the nature of good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong,— that it is akin to me. . . . I can neither be injured by any of them.”

This philosophy of Marcus Aurelius is essentially Greek, and it is the Greek spirit that has everywhere planted the germs of the enlargement and liberation of the spirit.

Hadrian had no claim to be considered among ethical teachers; but as statesman and tactician he exceeded Antoninus and even Trajan, in that he was more sympathetic with the Greek temperament. Trajan was a warrior; Hadrian was a man of peace, and still his ideals were those of conquest and for Imperial empire, as was the prevailing spirit of Rome. Between himself and Trajan the difference was more one of method than of final aim. An eminent English commentator says that Hadrian’s cosmopolitanism was in reality imperialism, and sprang



THE TEMPLE OF THE OLYMPIAN ZEUS

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from his desire to stamp everything with the imperial mark, and to conserve all things to the benefit of the empire. "He was a Philhellenist, not merely from sentiment, but from the conviction that Latins, Greeks, and even barbarians had all something to contribute to the common service." Gregorovius quite agrees with Lucian in his estimate of Hadrian's beneficial influence to the Greeks.

"No previous emperor of Rome had been in such close touch with them," says Gregorovius, "and changeable though he was, he remained faithful to his Greek sympathies. More lavishly here in Greece than in any other part of the Empire did he bestow the blessings of his liberality. With Hadrian there began for Athens an after-summer of its former splendor, a last renaissance, not of the republican life of the State, but of science and literature. It was, too, more fully developed under Antoninus, and continued, though with many interruptions, during the ever-deepening decay of Greece, until the extinction of Hellenism under Justinian."

The precise date at which Hadrian first visited Athens is not known, nor even at which port he landed; but from inscriptions his first visit is placed somewhere about the year 124 A.D., when he made a stay of some length. Hadrian found satisfaction here for all his ideal aspirations. In the charming pastoral scene, framed

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by the sea, Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnes, he could rest from his labors, and admire the sublime works of antiquity, whose eternal youth and beauty, in Plutarch's opinion, had defied the powers of time. They were still standing uninjured. Pausanias, afterwards, was astonished by the temples, the academies and gymnasia, the porticoes and squares, the citadel of Athens filled with votive offerings, pictures, and statues, and even Lucian, when in his youth he saw Athens for the first time, was amazed at the beauty and magnificence of the city, and at the number of its inhabitants. In Athens Hadrian could be an artist among artists, and he could dispute, in the halls of the academy under the plane-trees on the Cephissus, with philosophers who called themselves followers of the divine Plato. In Athens wisdom and simplicity were taught, as Lucian says in his *Nigrinus*, where he draws a contrast between her classic peace and the din of Rome, "with her ostentatious slavery, her formalities and her banquets, her sycophants, her poisoners, legacy-hunters, and false friends." In the patriarchal figure of the philosopher, Demonax, Lucian has drawn a picture of the happiness of a life of Athenian simplicity, and this sage may have been a man of thirty-five when Hadrian came to Athens. The emperor was here transformed into a Greek

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sophist and dreamer over the beauties of antiquity. Steeped in poetry and in sentiment, they are still a powerful attraction to every cultivated man who, in this place, full of consecrated gifts, has communion with the gods, the heroes, and the sages of Attica, as he wanders among the ruins of their temples.

The laconic style of Hadrian's biographers forbids us to see much of this prince, this most ardent lover of the Muses, in his intercourse with the Athenians. Spartianus sums up the events of Hadrian's first visit there in these few words: "After the example of Hercules and Philip, he took part in the Eleusinian Mysteries; he made many presents to the Athenians, and presided as Agonthetes." Victor Dupuy, in his glowing history of Greece, says:

"Hadrian was, without doubt, initiated into the mysteries of Demeter on his first visit to Athens. Augustus, also, had been allowed to share in these rites and, later, Marcus Aurelius. The ruler of Rome and of the world, attired as a Greek, did not disdain to fill the office of umpire at the games of the great Dionysia. The Dionysia were celebrated in March and April, consequently in the spring of 126 A.D., Hadrian was still in Athens. The Athenians were delighted to see the emperor seated in the theater of the great Attic poets, gravely awarding the prizes; but we do not know what pieces were then

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given. They were probably comedies of Menander, for the plays of Sophocles and Aristophanes were hardly any longer put on the stage, and there was no living poet who was able to write a respectable play."

It was doubtless in recognition of the honor Hadrian paid to the Attic theater that the Athenians erected twelve statues of the emperor, each phyle of the city being thus represented, and placed them in the auditorium. Like other great men, Hadrian has been misrepresented, and the assertion that in mere vanity he ordered these statues of himself placed, is apparently untrue. Hadrian was not without his interest in the occult. It is said that he interrogated the oracle at Delphi as to the real nativity of Homer, but the reply that he received was apparently quite as vague as many of the cryptic messages of the Society for Psychical Research. Nor was the shrine of Delphi then at its best oracular reputation. Nero had taken five hundred of the bronze statues from the temple of the sanctuary of Apollo, and one of the temples had been reduced to ruins.

It was during Hadrian's first visit to Athens that he made the plans for rebuilding the majestic temple of Olympian Zeus. He added significantly to the adornment of Athens with many temples and other buildings; he built an aque-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF THE OLYMPIAN ZEUS

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duct to bring the water of Cephissus to the city, and at Corinth he constructed aqueducts to bring to that city the water from Lake Stymphalus. Sparta was then the most important city in the Peloponnesus, and the visit of Hadrian there is established by an inscription. He was absent from Rome three years at this time, returning by the way of Sicily, where he made the ascent of Mount Etna to witness a sunrise. Gregorovius believes he has evidence that proves Hadrian to have been in Athens again in the year 132 A.D., and he assumes that the great temple of Olympian Zeus was then completed and dedicated. Not for centuries had Athens known any such magnificent festival as that of the dedication of this Olympieion. It was made a national festival, with representatives from every city in Greece, as the Olympian Zeus was the new religious center for all Hellas. The dedicatory address was delivered by Polemon of Smyrna, who was the most celebrated Sophist of his day.

The Greek Church now became as a powerful commonwealth within the Roman territory. It was in this fact that the astute Constantine saw his opportunity. To establish a close alliance between the power of the Romans and Christianity was his aim, and to this end he founded the city of Constantinople in 330 A.D.

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to be the capital of all Christendom. Officially the court was Latin, but it was in the midst of Greek surroundings and steeped in Greek influence. This change was one of mingled good and evil for the Greeks. A severe and burdensome system of taxation was initiated to support the splendor and luxury of the court of Constantine; but, on the other hand, well-organized systems of protection for the people, by the recognized authority of the law and of the clergy, ensured a safety of life and property unknown before. Then, too, Greece had the boundless prosperity of the Mediterranean trade. "The Greeks had in their hands almost all the commerce with the Black Sea and with the West. They carried to Europe the perfume, pearls, and jewels of India and Arabia, and above all, their spices, then largely used at table and for incense in churches . . . the silks of China, the tortoise shell of Africa, as well as the oils, fruits, and wines, the textures, arms, and jewelers' work of the Empire itself." Athens and other cities were also much benefited by the silk industry. Under Justinian, silkworms were imported into Greece from China, and this was a valuable source of revenue. The merchants in Athens offered costly and attractive wares of rich and gorgeously hued fabrics, embroideries, gold, and jewels.

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But the municipal system of Rome was imposed upon Greece, and the burden of taxation increasingly impoverished the richer land-owners. So, for two hundred years, until the reign of Justinian began, these conditions continued, disastrous and corrosive to all the national vitality. The disintegrating tendency was precipitated under Justinian, who in 529 confiscated all the endowments which Marcus Aurelius had bestowed on the four philosophical sects of Athens. With this act, the old splendor of Hellenic literature and art went down, but only went down as the sun,—to rise again.

The Crusade was succeeded by something less than a century of what was termed the Dukedom of Athens; and in 1453 the Turkish subjection closed over the land whose splendor was still to remain a permanent and rich possession for ages yet unknown.

During the Turkish domination from 1453 to the uprising of Greece in 1821 a period of midnight darkness fell upon this land of beauty, of nobleness, of genius unparalleled. This has been called with careless and undiscriminating phrases, the period of Grecian degradation. But Greece has never been degraded. Misfortune is not synonymous with degradation. Even the almost overwhelming wave of Slavonic immigration in the seventh century failed to efface,

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to any permanently disastrous degree, the great Hellenic traditions.

“O majestic Victory, shelter my life
‘Neath the covert of thy wings
Aye, cease not to grant me thy crowning,”

implored Euripides, and the spirit of these lines was always in evidence among the Greek people.

At this time many learned Greeks sought refuge in other countries; they acquired the language of the people among whom they lived, and many native Greeks wrote books in foreign languages; but it is an interesting fact to notice that they almost always reproduced the work in their own language also. In Greece the spirit of liberty, though stifled, was never killed. Groups of desperate men lived in the solitudes of the mountains. Two orders, known as Klephts and Haiduks, maintained a perpetual protest and unceasing struggle against Turkish tyranny. This life that had disengaged itself from all the usual restraints of civilization, in the municipal and conventional sense, was wonderfully productive of a certain poetry of its own. A typical lyric of this order is the *Song of The Klephts*:¹

“And have the Turks beset each pass, the Arnauts seized each way?
Yet Stergios is living still, he owns no Pasha’s sway.
While the high hills bear lasting snows, the Turks we’ll ne’er
obey!

¹ *Poetry of Modern Greece.* Macmillan and Company, London.

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“Our refuge and our camp we make where wolves have made
their lair;
Let slaves and bondsmen with the Turks the plains and cities
share.
The cities of our valiant men are desert, dale, and fell;
For better 't is with the wild beasts than with the Turks to
dwell!”

Florence MacPherson, who is the translator of the Greek poems collected in the volume from which these extracts are taken, has singularly combined a critical familiarity with the Greek language and original poetic gifts, thus rendering her transcriptions unique and unsurpassed in all the literature of foreign, poetic translation. Achilles Paraschos, a poet as well as an ardent patriot of the period of this struggle, interpreted the spirit of the time in a poem, which Miss MacPherson renders as follows:

“They know that they will fall unknown; they know
For them is waiting cold oblivion's bed;
And yet unflinchingly to death they go.
Ah! never for themselves they fought and bled.
For them wounds, hunger, graves, o'ershrouding night;
While other names shine in immortal light!

“Heroes unknown, doomed in the shade to fall!
If memory heed not your high sacrifice
God's eye, unsleeping, watches over all;
On deeds He looks, and ne'er on histories.
Heroes unknown, doomed in the shade to die,
If last below, you are the first on high!”

The Greek Revolution of 1821, lasting for five years, was no sudden insurrection, but the

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inevitable culmination of the rebellion that had smouldered and flamed forth, again and again, during nearly a century. The conflict ended with the fall of Missolonghi in 1826, and Greece declared herself free.

So far from being an “uninteresting” period in history, this struggle was one of the most dramatic vicissitudes. So remote, indeed, is this tumultuous period from being deficient in historic interest, that it fully justifies the enthusiasm of a distinguished Philhellenist, who wrote of this long resistance that it was “a struggle equal in duration to the war which Homer sang, and in individual valor perhaps not inferior.” Its ending was termed by this historian “a glorious close,” and “though her future destiny be yet obscure,” he continued, “Greece has emerged from the trial regenerate and free. Like the star of Merope, all sad and lusterless, her darkness has at length disappeared, and her European sisters haste to greet the returning brightness of the beautiful and long-lost Pleiad.”

In the earlier part of the period of Turkish domination, the conditions were less revolting than they grew to be later. One of the splendid heroes, whose name is immortal in Greece, was Constantine Kanares, the inciter and leader of a thrilling naval battle, whose victory decided

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the day. Kanares lived until 1877, and even served as Premier under the late King George.

At the time of this naval triumph, Kanares was a young Psarriote sailor, commanding a brulot. The Turks had been celebrating their feast of Ramadam, and the Grand Admiral had given a splendid entertainment. In the excitement of this revelry he had apparently become oblivious to the fateful proximity of the Greeks, who lay off in the harbor of Psarra. Kanares saw that if the Turkish fleet could be paralyzed before it could effect a junction with the forces of Egypt, the danger to the Greek islands would be incomparably lessened, if not entirely averted. The young commander had previously won some distinction at Erisso, but the feat that he now conceived of surpassed in boldness and heroism any preceding attack of war. A comrade, George Pepinis of Hydra, and thirty-two other sailors, volunteered to act with him. Kanares, with his supporters, all then celebrated the rite of the Holy Sacrament, and having consecrated themselves to the cause of their country, they fitted up two fire-ships to be followed by two corvettes and a schooner. They set forth at midnight; the brulot commanded by Kanares sailed directly to the Admiral's ship, grappled the prow, and instantly set her on fire. Sailing away, they shouted

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“Victory to the Cross!” They cleared the channel without a single loss. Soon a sheet of flame enveloped the ship of the Turkish Admiral; the Capitan Pasha sought to escape in a boat, but was killed by the falling of a mast. The conflagration was seen from the shore as a terrible spectacle, and all Smyrna was alarmed at the sight, and almost shaken by the appalling explosion that followed, when the Turkish flag-ship was blown up.

A grand celebration was held in Greece on the return of Kanares and his companions; the people turned out in a tumult of enthusiasm, amid the boom of cannon, the ringing of exultant bells, and the display of banners. Yet, in a hush of silence, Kanares and his men doffed their shoes, and thus walked to the church to render thanks to God for their great victory.

It is in reference to this splendid feat of Kanares that a Greek poet wrote the epitaph that follows. A translation is made by Professor Aytown.

“I am Constantine Kanares,
I who lie beneath this stone;
Twice into the air in thunder
Have the Turkish galleys blown.
In my bed I died, — a Christian,
Hoping straight with Christ to be;
Yet one earthly wish is buried
Deep within the grave with me,

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That upon the open ocean
When the third Armida came,
They and I had died together
Whirled aloft on wings of flame!"

Rhigas, the Greek poet, whose fiery war-songs thrilled and stimulated the nation; Andreas Miaoulis, the distinguished naval commander, and Marco Bozarris, are among the immortal names associated with the success of the cause; but Greece acknowledges that she owes her freedom from that period of oppression to Kanares and the band of intrepid leaders associated with him. The Sultans of the earlier time were notable men and able rulers, however unjust were many of the laws; but with the lapse of each century the conditions grew steadily more unendurable. Finally the tyranny became so great that the Greeks were forbidden to teach their language or their religion to their children. Nothing could more desperately inflame the feeling of the nation than this crowning outrage. The fire of Hellenism was by this fanned to a blazing conflagration, and the Greeks at once instituted night schools, which were carried on secretly, that the country should not be submerged in absolute ignorance. The patriot, Koraës, who was one of the ablest leaders of the cause of resistance to the Turks, and who had journeyed to Paris and to other parts of western Europe to plead the cause of

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Grecian liberty, addressed an assembly of his countrymen, in 1802, and with intense earnestness said to them:

“You are now the instructors and teachers of your country, but the time is fast approaching when you will be called upon to become her lawgivers. Unite, then, your wealth and your exertions in her behalf, since in her destitution she can boast no public treasury for the instruction of her children; and forget not that in her brighter days their education was a public duty intrusted to her rulers.”

It is little wonder that such a struggle should irresistibly incite the sympathy of poet, philanthropist, or reformer, of whatever race or clime. It is a cherished link between Greece and our own country that an American hero, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, should have volunteered his utmost aid to the Grecian struggle for independence and that his personal endeavor is associated with all that is noblest in that memorable time.

The brief Venetian mastery towards the end of the seventeenth century had been one not unfortunate for Greece, if there may be excepted the supreme loss of the ages in the destruction of the Parthenon; a loss that one can never believe was due to intention, but to a terrible accident. The Venetians brought with them



THE PARTHENON

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a far loftier conception of life, in all directions, than that which existed with the Turks, and this conception readily took root in the mind of the Greeks, to whom the Venetians were more or less temperamentally allied. This interlude is distinctly perceived as one of a nobler trend in national life.

The independence of Greece was declared in the Peloponnesus, on April 4, 1821, and in the June of 1822 the Greeks again took possession of the Acropolis, appointing Gouras, a Klepht, as its guardian. In the following October, when the Turks again besieged Athens, Gouras was killed. The Turks were repulsed, but not defeated; and it was not until the intervention of the Powers, in 1833, that the Turks were finally expelled from the citadel, the government established upon an acceptable basis, and Otho, the Bavarian, called to be the king, on which reign he entered two years later. Contemplated now in those true values which perspective alone lends, the story of Greece since the fifteenth century is a vital chapter in the world's history.

XIII

THE FIRST CENTURY OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE

“Happy of yore were the children of race divine,
Happy the sons of old Erechtheus’ line
Who in their holy state
With hands inviolate
Gather the flower of wisdom far-renowned,
Lightly lifting their feet in the lucid air
Where the sacred nine, the Pierid Muses, bare
Harmonia golden-crowned.

“There in the wave from fair Kephisus flowing
Kupris sweetens the winds and sets them blowing
Over the delicate land;
And ever with joyous hand
Braiding her fragrant hair with the blossom of roses,
She sendeth the Love that dwelleth in Wisdom’s place
That every virtue may quicken and every grace
In the hearts where she reposes.”

EURIPIDES. (From *Medea*.)

Not until 1935, still nearly a quarter of a century in the future, will Greece celebrate her first centenary of independence; for while with the fall of Missolonghi in 1826 she became free, it was not until nine years later that the new government, with King Otho on the throne, was established. At that time the progress of education, commerce, industries, and internal improvements was initiated, which, under the wise and steadfast administration of the late King

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George, fostered and stimulated social advancement. The Church has been constantly zealous in her spiritual mission, and perpetual prayer is offered in the Greek service for "the peace of the whole world, the stability of the Holy Churches of God, and the union of all." Again Greece is on the entering threshold of a new dynasty, and the present high standard of Athenian culture is one in complete harmony with the lofty traditions of her incomparable past.

In the philosophy of Walt Whitman there is thus expressed an arresting significance of profound insight in the lines:

"Have the past struggles succeeded? What has succeeded?
Yourself? Your nation? Nature?
Now understand me well; it is provided in the essence of
things
That from any fruition of success — no matter what,
Shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

In the history of no nation of the earth has this truth been more vividly demonstrated than in that of Greece. Her advance has been made by repeated struggle and warfare which, at the time this book goes to press, is still in progress. Out of each advance have arisen conditions requiring a new and greater struggle. But the characteristics of the Golden Age live in the country of to-day. There is seen the same impassioned love of freedom; the demand for an

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ideal civilization; the same ardor for scholarship; the intellectual vigor, the refinement of taste, the generous and abounding hospitality; the noble self-determination and personal dignity that marked the Athenians who walked with Plato in the groves of the academy; who accompanied Socrates and Æschylus and Euripides, and sang the songs of Pindar. However entralling is that story of the past, the pages of the future will bear a record not less thrilling or less momentous in its message to the ages yet to come. The Promised Land, however, is by no means within her immediate possession, though it has always been to her within that vision without which the people perish. King Constantine faces peculiar problems which no rational study of the conditions can fail to take into account. There are other questions in the twentieth century than those discussed by Socrates and Phædrus when they sought relief from burning summer suns in the groves on the banks of the Ilissus.

One of these questions is that of productions. Greece has large agricultural resources in some parts of the country, and especially in Thessaly. A feature of this region has been the very large estates held by a few owners and on which the appliances of labor, of proper implements, and of direct access to markets have been problems

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without immediate solution. Some of these estates have included from two to five villages; they have had a population of from twelve hundred to three thousand persons to support; but these extensive domains often include much wooded land and rugged mountain or hillsides, which are unproductive, or whose products, as, for instance, woods, are cut off from direct transportation to a market. The government has contemplated these conditions, and many schemes for developing a greater prosperity have been proposed, but few to which there were not inherent objections. The Department of Agriculture is one of the most vigilant of all branches of the government. The Minister is a man of eminently practical views; but since the war of 1897, conditions have been singularly stifled in the way of efficient and sufficient facilities for transportation, and in money to carry on public works. Much of the land requires irrigation. Of the products suitable to the general resources the olive orchards, tobacco, cotton fields, and the raising of currants take the lead. The latter has been so associated with the island of Zante that it has hardly occurred to those interested that it may be made a prosperous industry in other parts of the land. The cultivation of olives has increased in Greece, as it has in Italy, and still the demand keeps pace.

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The climate of Greece is peculiarly favorable for developing a large yield of oil from a given quantity of the olives themselves, a larger percentage than is derived from the orchards of Italy. Corfu is a place peculiarly favorable to the olive.

The vintage is another natural resource; within the past five years Greek wines have been advancing in consideration, and much that is exported under French labels is originally from Greece. In Athens a firm has established itself under the name of the Hellenic Wine and Spirits Company, with several branch establishments in other cities. This house handles a claret and two or three grades of port wine that find ready market.

The cultivation of tobacco has been experimental and is only at the present time beginning to be a success. For years there was a great loss of plants, owing to lack of rain or of irrigating facilities; and difficulties with labor added to the inability to develop this industry. In the year 1911, tobacco to the extent of over a million dollars was exported.

More than forty years ago, Greece determined to be independent of imported cotton, and set out to raise the plant. On the level plains, both on the Ionian islands, and in Thessaly, Bœotia, Argoli, and other parts of

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the country, the cotton industry took root, and has been a thriving one. The success was of a nature to encourage the work, and Egyptian cotton, held to be the best in the world, has been introduced. The climate of Greece is pronounced one of the best in the world for cotton, and the present head of the Department of Agriculture is an enthusiast on this industry, seeing in it greater revenue than in any other direction. His ambition now is to have Greece become the headquarters for cotton buyers.

In ancient times Athens enjoyed much prosperity from silk production; and an enterprising Greek lady, Madame Zlatanon, has of late years given herself to promoting its revival. A large structure in Athens known as the Zappeion Palace is devoted to the display and the sale of native industries; in the Zappeion a number of exhibitions have been made of the silks of Greece, which have enlisted much interest from foreign visitors. The fabric is essentially durable, and is largely in dark colors. The peculiar luster of which the French have the secret is hardly yet achieved in Greece. The royal family have been ardent and unsparing in their encouragement of silk culture.

The currant, which in America is chiefly regarded as a domestic product, a garden shrub for family use, in Greece assumes extraordinary

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proportions. From Patras to Corinth, and to the extremity of Cape Matapan, the currant is found. A quarter of a million acres in Greece are devoted to its cultivation. Enormous quantities are sold all over Europe to factories, which can or preserve the fruit, or which manufacture the jam which is so much in evidence in England. The great factories for biscuits of all sorts are also large buyers and consumers.

The recent war with Turkey has been the greatest blow to agricultural advancement. With the fiery patriotism of the Greeks, every man who could enter military service was eager to do so. A journey through the provinces discloses the fact that ninety per cent of the laborers in the fields, during this wartime, are women and children.

The condition of women in Greece is not one of oppression, but one lacking all the "divine discontent" that is supposed to open the gateways of larger life. No woman expects to marry without a reasonable dowry; and the efforts of father or brothers to provide this requisite are often pathetic. In Athens there are a number of women with more of the modern spirit of larger demand and assertion; nor do they meet with any opposition in the way of entrance to the professions, or of obtaining the best educational opportunities; but the majority of Greek

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women know, and at present care, little for any life beyond that of the domestic and household rounds.

With the conclusion of the war with Turkey, and that of the present struggle among the allies, one of the most immediate problems to be considered is that of internal improvements, and especially the development of transit facilities. Is it realized that Greece is, practically, an island? There is still lacking a hundred and seventy-five miles of the railroad which would connect Athens with continental Europe; and one of the most valuable results of the late war is the acquisition of Macedonian territory, through which to build the remainder of the road that shall link Athens with the transcontinental line from Vienna to Costanza. At the present time the visitor in Athens is informed that mails "for Europe and America" will close at such a time; the former being apparently a country quite as remote as the latter. This fact is emphasized when the sojourner discovers that the latest copy of the London *Times* is nine days old on its arrival; that the Parisian journals are only received seven or eight days after their issue; and that even the postal service from Rome is usually at least six days between the two cities. As inaccessible as an island must Greece therefore remain, until

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she completes her railroad connection with the great systems of European lines. When through trains run between Athens and Budapest, on through Vienna, Munich, to Paris, life in Athens will assume new aspects. At present Athens is only reached by water, and save for local transit and traffic, only two ports are available,—those of Patras and the Piræus. The latter is the port of Athens and only three miles distant from the city. The scheme of transit, however, from one's hotel in Athens to a steamer in the port of the Piræus, is a rather complicated affair. There is a cab to the station; the electric train (which, after all, only proceeds at about the leisurely pace of a donkey in Italy) to the Piræus; then another cab to the dock; thence a small boat to the steamer for which the voyager is bound. To sail from Boston to Genoa, or from New York to Paris, Bremen, or Alexandria, is a simple matter compared with the complexity of getting to one's steamer from Athens. If one decides to sail from Patras, there is a railroad trip of from seven to nine hours, with the felicity at the end of a more or less indefinite stay, waiting and watching for one's steamer. This experience is invested with the charm of uncertainty, even if it lack every other fascination. The steamer, coming down the Adriatic from Trieste, Brindisi, and Corfu,

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may appear at any hour of day or night within a latitude of forty-eight hours. During this time the wary voyager will do well to keep his lamp trimmed and burning, for it is in such an hour as he thinks not that his deliverance may arrive. If the steamer is late, her sojourn in the port is proportionally brief; the later she appears, the less time she lingers; and he who is not miraculously ready at any instant to be conveyed on board, by means of the precarious little boats, will thereby lose his passage and his passage money as well. So to board a steamer at Patras, either one coming down the Adriatic, or one coming in from Naples, and proceeding on to Trieste, is a liberal education in alertness. There is really only one royal road for reaching Athens; and that is by the steamers chartered for special parties under the delightful conductorship of eminent scholars and lecturers who make a specialty of these expeditions. These excursions, however delightful and offering great benefits in the line of knowledge and the most pleasant companionships, as well as ease and convenience, are still not always available to the average tourist, who must scramble for himself, as best he may, if he fares forth to visit Athens alone. At the best, Patras is about a day's journey from Athens, although two or three times a week there is a train called

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the *de luxe*, which reduces the usual nine to about seven hours; but detention in Patras is something from which the traveler would pray all the gods to guard him.

The metropolis of the Poloponnesus, with some forty thousand inhabitants, Patras is chiefly notable for possessing St. Andrew as a patron saint, with a cathedral duly dedicated to him, and a view looking across the gulf to Missolonghi, where Byron died. The town commands a splendid highway of the sea, and all around are high mountains of volcanic rock, bold and bare. The country adjacent is said to be rich in vineyards and olive orchards, and it is certainly picturesque. But the landing at Patras, in the small boats that threaten to be engulfed in the high waves, and from which the hapless passenger is dragged to the rickety pier, is one of those experiences of which a single trial is sufficient for a lifetime. Patras is accredited with being a thriving, commercial town, but there are occasions under which it seems to be rich in one opportunity alone,—that of being able to get out of it. To land at Patras on a cold and gloomy morning, with a sky like lead, and with the bald masses of rocky promontories seen through a dull, cold, gray air, is hardly the realization of the day-dream of Greece. But the landing cannot be said to be unexciting,

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although the quality of the excitement might leave to the fastidious something to be desired. The small and precarious boats, the turbid waves, the squalor of the "customs" establishment, the utter lack of system,—all these invest one's landing at Patras with conditions that savor of tragedy at the moment, and of comedy in after recollection. But by some miracle of dispensation one at last finds himself at the station, where he boards his train for Athens, assisted, apparently, by all the inhabitants of the town. After his tribulations and apprehensions, he is in ready sympathy with Bayard Taylor, who declared that he found Greece as cold as Lapland. At last the train swings off, and one is *en route* for Athens.

The cars are similar to those of continental Europe, but there is no heat. The wind sweeps wildly over the mountains, almost bending the trunks of great trees. With whatever warmth of wraps and furs, the voyager has yet a sensation of being clothed only in tissue paper, or some equally ethereal fabric, so penetrating is the chill wind. But the beauty of that journey following the Gulf of Corinth! One is conscious of a feeling of self-reproach in turning away from the close proximity of Olympia, most easily visited from Patras, which is the gateway for Delhi and Olympia. Crossing

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over to Itea, on the mainland, the journey to Delhi affords a splendid view of the snowy summit of Mount Parnassus. The scenery alone would amply repay one for visiting the shrine of the Delphic oracle, where the poets Hesiod and Pindar and Æschylus came, as did the statesmen Solon, Lycurgus, Socrates, and Xenophon; where Pindar's iron chair was guarded, and where, as the priest at night closed the temple, he would cry: "Let Pindar, the poet, go in to the supper of the gods." But do not all poets sup with the gods?

At Olympia, the excavations made within the past thirty years offer to the archæologist some of the most interesting and important disclosures in all Greece; notably the remains in the temple of Hera, described by Pausanias. The grandeur of the Vale of Tempe, from whose side rises Mount Olympus to the height of ten thousand feet, and where one may well fancy that the gods still make their abode, is alone worth the excursion; and between Olympus and Ossa, in a gorge unsurpassed in the entire world, dashes the river Penios. Pelion is opposite, looming up in the skies, and thus has originated the phrase: to "pile Ossa on Pelion." Every mountain peak is invested with legend and history.

From Patras a journey of some seventy-five



HEAD OF HERMES BY PRAXITELES

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miles by rail conveys the traveler to Olympia, where many important excavations of the ancient temples and shrines, and an interesting museum, allure the imagination; but when all the winds of high heaven are out in carnival over the snow-clad mountains, only the soul of the savant could summon courage to withstand its rigors. The utter desolation of these mountainous solitudes, with their bare eyries of towering rock, make it easy to believe that only the gods could inhabit them. For, of all the shrines of the Hellenic world, that of Olympia is the most impressive. That wonderful five days, at the beginning of the sacred month, when heralds had been sent to proclaim, all over Greece, the universal peace, and the sacrifices were offered to Zeus and the other gods under the solemn direction of the priests, was a season of Transfiguration. Here were the temples of Zeus and Hera and of the Mother of the Gods. Here gathered the crowds to listen to the narrative of Herodotus, as he retold the tale of the Persian wars. The spiritual conflict of which they were typical inspired the artist who created the divine Hermes. On this Olympian height all human vision was quickened and purified. In the temple of Zeus once stood that chryselephantine statue of the god, the figure forty feet in height, which, when completed

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by Phidias, was marked by a thunder-bolt from Zeus himself, to attest his approval of the work. The grasses and flowers of summer, the snows of winter, cover the ruined temples, the altar of Zeus, the fragmentary remains of the palace of Nero. But on a moonlight night they all quicken into being again; palace and altar and shrine and temple, and the statues of gods and nymphs. And the olive-branch of Olympia waves in the spectral air.

“And men will hymn your haunted skies,
And seek your holy streams,
Until the soul of music dies,
And earth has done with dreams.”

Leaving this wonderful place, descending the mountain again, one feels that the great god Pan is left behind,—a solitary watcher.

The journey from Patras to Athens is by the line known as the Piræus, Athens, and Peloponnesus. It follows the Gulf of Corinth, affording the traveler an admirable opportunity of seeing Greece. The scenery is among the most sublime in the world; the towering peaks of colossal rock pierce the very sky, and the far valleys might well be the approach to the underworld. The route passes Zachlorou, the station for the largest and most important monastery of Greece, the Megaspelæon, whose location in a huge cave on the slope gives it the appearance of simply clinging to the mountainside. This

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monastery, founded in the fourth century, is the richest as well as the oldest one in Greece. It is three thousand feet above sea level, in one of the wildest and most picturesque parts of the Peloponnesus. It was here that the Turkish commander, Ibrahim Pasha, was so long held at bay, and he finally gained access to the monastery only by letting himself down from above. There are still a hundred and fifty monks in residence, and the library contains some noted theological works, of which these are the only copies existing; on that account the monastery is frequently visited by scholars. The aspect of the vast building as seen from the railroad is sinister in the extreme, owing to three fissures in the rocks overhanging it, which at a little distance assume the shape of crosses.

The waters in the Gulf of Corinth are iridescent in color, changing from green and purple and rose, to gray and violet and amber, in the most bewildering fashion, and this on a gray day, when no color is borrowed from the skies. Not only the entrancing spell of the Titanic mountain scenery between Patras and Athens holds the traveler spellbound, but the wonderful engineering achievements, as well, impress him with the modern character of the life in the classic region he is traversing. Tunnels under the mountains, lofty viaducts passing from

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precipice to precipice, from which one looks down into the wildest of gorges far below; tracks skirting the serpentine windings of high cliffs, sustained by a wall that acts as a break-water to the vast gulf,—these are some of the aspects noted on this railroad journey from Patras to Athens. The railroad crosses the canal cut through the isthmus at Corinth, on an iron trestlework bridge, two hundred and seventy-five feet long, at a height of a hundred and fifty feet above the water. The canal cannot accommodate large steamers, as it is only sixty-eight feet in width at the bottom, and eighty at sea level, but over three thousand smaller craft pass through each year. The Italian ship *Stromboli*, with a tonnage of some three thousand five hundred tons, and a width of forty-three feet, is said to be the largest vessel that has ever passed through the canal. It was in 1881–1893, that this canal, connecting the Gulf of Corinth and the Saronic gulf, was cut across the isthmus. It is three miles in length, and at each entrance are placed brilliant electric lights that can be seen for more than six miles. The idea of such a canal suggested itself to Hadrian, and was also entertained by Cæsar and by Nero. The latter, indeed, actually entered on the work in 67 A.D., when “a great multitude of soldiers and prisoners assembled at the Isth-

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mus, and the Emperor himself, after chanting hymns in honor of the marine deities, made a few strokes with a golden axe. The soldiers and prisoners fell to turning up the earth and hewing the rocks, when Nero suddenly received news of conspiracies at Rome and disaffection among his armies, and he suspended the work."

Corinth is a city of nearly five thousand inhabitants, and is so favorably situated in commanding the land route from the Peloponnesus to continental Greece, and also in commanding the two harbors, that she can hardly fail to become one of the great emporiums of commerce. The precipitous mountains command a view of more than half the plateau of Greece, and it was from a grove on Acro-Corinth that Pegasus struck water by a blow from his hoofs on the rock. Sisyphus, too, was one of the early kings of Corinth, who, for some of his misdeeds, was condemned by Zeus to occupy himself in Hades by continually rolling up the side of a mountain a stone that at once rolled down again.

There are interesting excavations at Corinth, and many attractions, both of wonderful views, Athens itself being visible from one point in clear weather, and attractions of the growing commerce and importance of the city; it is a delightful locality for an early summer sojourn.

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Crossing on the high bridge over the canal, the traveler leaves the Peloponnesus for the mainland. The railroad sweeps breathlessly around sharp curves on precipices far above the sea and dashes into tunnels, to emerge at a scene whose sublimity of beauty makes one glance sufficient reward for crossing the Atlantic.

All this journey is magnetic with associations, but to arrive in Athens after dark in a cold rain is not so exhilarating as the truly classical spirit enjoins. Unfortunately, life does not invariably follow art with the accuracy that well-regulated life should, and what with the discouraging temperature and the general bewilderment, one fails to look for the Long Wall of Callicrates, or to wonder if he has passed through Colonus, the birthplace of Socrates, about a mile out of Athens, near the grove of which Antigone said: "This place is sacred, for it teems with the laurel, olive, and the vine. Within its very heart a number of feathered songsters make music." In entering the City of the Violet Crown one smiles, too, in recalling the derisive words of Aristophanes, who said: "Whenever foreign envoys wish to cheat us Athenians, they call us 'Violet-Crowned,' and forthwith we are all attention."

There are few countries of which the general student and reader has more dreamed and thought

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than of Greece. The marvelous tales of her gods have held one, as a child, spellbound; her mythology has been the fairy tales of earliest youth; her early religious poetry and her philosophy have spiritualized one's outlook on life; and the lover of Greece has been haunted by those words of the Priest of Egypt to Solon, as related in the *Timæus* of Plato: "She chose that spot on earth in which you were born, because she saw that the happy temperament of the seasons in that land would produce the wisest of men. Wherefore the goddess, who was a lover both of war and wisdom, selected and first of all settled that spot which was the most likely to produce men like herself."

So universal, so all-pervading and without exception is the law of evolutionary advance, that no experience in life seems absolutely startling at the moment it is encountered, however it may appear retrospectively; for the moment it seems in no way disconnected with the course of one's natural progress. So true is this that one may even be by way of reproaching himself, on occasions, for not feeling that which by all the accepted canons of romance he is confident that he ought to feel. That "lengthening chain" that at each remove we drag with us, misses no link.

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

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That which we have done apparently determines that which we shall do. It is, indeed, this constant series of selections that we make, the series of choices, that build up individuality, that construct character; and character determines events. It is, moreover, always within one's own determination to have the trinity of Power, Wisdom, and Activity govern his series of experiences, and to hold the symphony of living to that finer key of beauty and harmony. The chief surprise, the most entire novelty, is that sometimes one is not surprised where he had fully expected to be. It is a humiliating departure from the classic spirit that he feels he should possess, when his arrival in the city of gods and muses is, after all, impact of his ordinary life, and in the mundane struggle for a cab to his hotel, romantic glories are, for the time being, submerged. No theme of interest seems for the moment comparable with that of warmth, if, indeed, there is such a comfort yet remaining on this sphere, and to be ushered into the comfort of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, whose radiator heat in every room and corridor appeal to one for the time being as the supreme luxury of existence; to partake of the daintiest and most attractively served dinner, and to seek repose in a room as well fitted with every convenience and comfort as are our best

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American hotels,— all this is more enticing than would be the apparition of the Athena Parthenos, humiliating as the confession should be to any right-minded visitor to Hellas. But to waken in the morning with a miracle of Athenian sunshine flooding his room; to feel it perfectly natural, after all, that he should awaken in Athens, is rather, after all, as if he had lived there all his life and was about to step out into familiar scenes after a brief absence. It is more than possible that such sensations as these are hopelessly commonplace, and stamp their recipient as being far from endowed with the romantic turn of mind appropriate to the environment. It is also probable that his mood of exhilaration owes quite as much to the cheering influence of the radiator that admirably fulfills its purpose, as to his consciousness of being in proximity to the Acropolis. If the previous night were cold, the morning is far from comparison with the polar region. The sky is blue and the golden sunshine floods a transparent air. The bouquet of the matutinal coffee, and honey from Hymettus, make a breakfast in Athens one to be remembered. A veracious chronicle should perhaps include the fact that in hardly more than two or three of the hotels in Athens, the Grande Bretagne, the Angleterre, and possibly one or two others besides, does the American find

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due comfort. The others have no steam heat in the private rooms, although one or two of the most modern have introduced it into the corridors; the Athenian, indeed, regards the desire for heat in one's room as the sign of a perverted and fantastic taste; but if his guest must thus be indulged, he orders for him a microscopic fire of olive roots, which is about as efficacious in warming a room as it would be to light a candle. It is little wonder that Prometheus was punished for bringing down fire from heaven, when one considers the national repugnance to anything like a comfortable temperature.

Greece, however, is so on the very threshold of a new development in the details of living, that it is only a question of time as to when she shall be as well supplied with hostelries, in the capital, at least, as are Algiers, Naples, Rome, and Florence. When the railway connection with continental Europe shall have been completed, Athens will leap into the constant routes of the tourist. As has already been noted southern Italy is crowded to the doors with the tide of transcontinental travel. Every steamer to the Mediterranean ports has its resources of accommodation taxed to the utmost. To land in Naples without having already secured accommodations at a hotel is to perhaps drive to

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two or three before any can be found. Every hotel in Naples, Rome, and Florence is so crowded that living becomes actually a problem. Athens will take her place in this competition as soon as she becomes less inaccessible. Then numerous hotels, catering to American standards, will spring up as a matter of course. At present the food supply in Athens is one of the difficulties, almost everything requiring to be imported from without.

When the railway is completed that shall connect Athens and Constantinople and, by linking the Monastir-Salonica and the Ottoman railways, thus connect Athens with the continental train service, a new era will dawn for Greece. Swift and easy communication and transit are the most potent and important conditions of advanced civilization. All local interests, economic conditions, and domestic and national inter-relations are wholly dependent on these two factors of communication and transit facilities. It is difficult to conceive what the world would be to-day without the international service of the Atlantic cable; or what the United States would be without the great transcontinental lines that have opened the far West to the advancing tide of population and improvements, and have transformed wilderness and desert into homes and social centers

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with every facility for prosperity and advancement in knowledge.

The internal commerce of Greece is almost exclusively under the control of private corporations. There are now some eight hundred miles of railroads, owned by private companies. The expense of building them is enormous, because of the difficult engineering problems involved by the continuous mountain systems. The present struggle that now devolves upon Greece is largely in the line of internal improvements. The government has already expended much money and energy on the extension of good roads, on facilities for local and domestic transit, and on the encouragement of agriculture. The great need, or one great need, is for manufactories. These, however, are conditioned upon a supply of water power which, curiously, in so mountainous a country, is very difficult to obtain. To utilize and increase this source of power requires extensive and very expensive engineering.

The Greeks have a national genius for commerce. They succeed best in countries where conditions are advanced, for their intelligence readily allies itself with superior facilities. Greek immigration is both a loss and a gain to their country. On the one hand, if they lose citizens of the better class, such is the intense

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loyalty of the Greeks to their own land, that if they amass fortunes in other countries which they never could have made in their own country, a large part of this wealth returns in benefactions to Greece. As has been noted in preceding pages, they give a university, an academy of science, a stadium, a national museum, to their beloved Athens. One notable instance of Greek patriotism was the raising of the Lesbian Phalanx, in October of 1912, recruited from the natives of Mitylene, who live in the United States, to aid Greece in her war against the Turks. An eminent Greek, M. Athanassiades, of New York, was the treasurer and one of the chief leaders in this organization of two hundred and ten men, each of whom paid his own expenses, to go to the aid of Greece. They sailed from New York, in October (1912) and were received with acclaim at Athens. They were given a place of honor in the vanguard of the army pursuing the Turks. "All are men of the highest ideals," said M. Athanassiades of this splendid volunteer service, "they are men of courage and determination."

Mitylene, from whence these Greeks came to America, was the island of the *Æolians*, one of the most ancient branches of the Greek race. Lesbos, from which this Lesbian Phalanx took its name, reached a high degree of pros-

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perity and power; and this city is the birth of Sappho and Alcæus, of the musi Arion and Terpander, and of Theophras the pupil and successor of Aristotle.

Thessaly was ceded to Greece in 187 now has interior railroad connection, but to that time all the interior traffic of the country was, practically, carried on by means of sea. It was only nine years later (in 1 that the first railroad was constructed in Gr and until about 1892 all transit facilities were but slow and indeterminate progress.

dawn of 1913 saw seven railroad system
Greece, though only offering in the aggregate about one thousand miles, and these are all in private enterprise. The administration of six of these railways is in Athens; that of the Thessalian is in Thessaly. The six systems have their administration in Athens are Piræus, Athens, and Peloponnesus; the Hellas the North-West line; the Athens-Piræus; Attic (Kephissia); and the Pyrgos-Katakolon railway. The engineering problems to be mounted have been very great, and the development of the country traversed by these lines is slow, owing to the isolation due to the physical features of mountainous and unproductive regions. Up to about 1890 brigandage flourished as apparently the chief industry of some

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these remote regions, and no police control was possible. Since 1905, especially, the work of railway construction has made rapid progress in Greece, and now, as before stated, there is lacking a space of only one hundred and seventy-five miles to connect Athens with the lines of continental Europe.

It requires a voyage almost as long in duration to reach Athens from Marseilles or Genoa, as from New York to Liverpool. From Trieste to the Piræus is a voyage of four or more days; and between Brindisi, the nearest European port, and Athens, the time is hardly less than three to four days. In marine development Greece has fortunate conditions. Already the port of the Piræus ranks third in importance among the ports of Europe, and besides the Piræus and Patras, Greece has four other important ports. If one has gone to Athens by way of Patras, it is pleasant to vary the return journey by sailing from the Piræus either to Naples, or up the Adriatic to Brindisi or on to Trieste. The voyage is around Cape Matapan, among the Ionian islands, with their silver-blue shadows shimmering above ethereal mountain-peaks, while the scarlet oleander glows amid the aloe and cacti, and the gray-green of olive-trees. These islands seem a fairy-land rising out of a sapphire sea under a sapphire sky;

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all floating in that “surpassing ether,” as Euripides termed the transparent air. Although Plato gave the Piræus a bad reputation, as “the haunt of sailors where good manners are unknown,” it is a convenient landing-place for Athens, and the view of the mountain ranges, with their magic changes of color, redeems the port.

Athens has been so traditionally the city of a glorious antiquity, the theater of an historic past, that it seems an anomaly to regard her as a city of the future. Yet her outlook is towards progress and not towards retrogression. Her face is turned to the rising, not to the setting sun. The goddess Athena, “the goddess of many thoughts,” still watches from her Holy Hill over Athenian destiny. The law of evolutionary progression is as fixed and unchanging as the law of gravitation. When a country has experienced such tragic vicissitudes as those of Greece, there is, inevitably, a corresponding greatness of significant fulfillment. From the fruition of success in one endeavor springs the energy for greater endeavor. The torch of Greek fire is still carried aloft to be passed on to succeeding centuries, whose life will keep it aflame with ever-renewed devotion. The message of Greece to the modern world can never be misinterpreted. It stands for all that is noblest



THE GODDESS ATHENA

National Museum

ATHENS, THE VIOLET-CROWNED

in development and destiny. As life, both individually and nationally, rises higher, the enormous debt that is owed to Greek culture will become more conspicuously recognized. All that has made the Greek life of the past the supreme expression of mankind is immortal and can never be lost. It is in the lines of Erechtheus that may be read the prophecy, truer than Delphic oracle or poet's dream, of the Violet-Crowned city, the new Athens of the twentieth century:

"Thine shall be
The crown of all songs sung, of all deeds done;
Thine that full flower for all time. In thine hand
Shall years be as a scepter, and thine head
Wear worship for a garland. Not one leaf
Shall change, or winter cast thy crown,
Till all flowers wither in the world!"

THE END

